









Phillips Andover Mirror.

A LITERARY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY.



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The

Phillips Andover



Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Phillips Academy.

OCTOBER, 1893.

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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board, as occasion demands, from men who have showed marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the Contributing Board, will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial Staff.

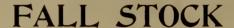
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Wol. 3.

October, 1893.

TAO. 1.

Old Phillips Forty Dears ago.

OU ask me for reminiscences of Old Phillips forty years ago. If I chose to ransack my memory, I could probably furnish more than you have space to admit. I graduated in '53, when Uncle Sam was in his prime. I was editor of the Mirror during my middle year. It was not published as now, but read at the Philomathean Society every Wednes day night. Though not printed, much interest was taken in it; and whether as brilliant in its composition as now it is not for me to say. But if I chose to give names of some of its contributors then, you would recognise models for the boys of to-day. Prof. Park, whom we boys regarded as the prince of preachers, was also in his prime. I wonder if you now hear such sermons as his on Peter, which held us spell-bound for one hour and a quarter, and we were sorry when it closed.

Moses Stuart and Bela B. Edwards both passed away during my academic life, and I shall never forget the occasion of their funerals. Daniel Webster also died, and we boys had a special funeral service of our own, with an oration by Prof. Sanborn of Dartmouth College. A short time before Webster died he delivered his last great speech in

Fanuel Hall. One of my classmates wanted to hear the great orator, and being too poor to afford car-fare, challenged me to walk to Boston and hear this last great oration. If I had known it was the last, I would have accepted the challenge, and I have always regretted that I never heard the great Daniel. My classmate, who was the champion speaker of our class, never regretted his forty mile tramp. He died early, after having been mayor of Boston, and in line for large political preferment. Daniel Webster was uppermost in everyone's mind, and our graduation present to Uncle Sam was a fine oil portrait of him by Healy, notorious for his portraits of Webster.

Perhaps the present generation at Phillips may be interested in the great rebellion which was going on when I entered the Academy, and which resulted in breaking up the old Commons boarding hall. The Academy corporation owned the old Phillips farm, from which subsistence was supposed to come to those boys who could not afford anything better. The farmhouse stood directly opposite what is now Prof. Churchill's house and No. 1 Latin Commons. It was the rule that all occupants of Latin and English Commons must board at this house. The board was supposed to be furnished at cost, and to come largely from the farm. The boys had an idea that the fare was not an equivalent for what they paid for it. This price was about \$1.50 per week. They resolved to start a club, and make one of their number the steward. The authorities forbade it, and war commenced. The club was started with good Mother Clough as cook, and the boys were ordered to return to Commons fare or leave the twelve houses. Indignation meetings were held, and committees appointed to wait upon Uncle Sam. He was inexorable, and one by one the houses were deserted, until there were but six rooms occupied in Latin Commons, and no more in English, I was left alone in No. 1 Latin Commons. Parental authority kept me there, and it became very lonesome.

The club at Mother Clough's was a success. The table was much better than in Commons Hall. At the close of the term when all bills were in and the steward had been furnished with his board free, the cost per week was only \$1.29, considerably less than under the old corporation

regime. This settled it. The boys were victorious. The twelve houses were thrown open and a second club was started. It may interest the present generation to know that at no time during my Andover course was the board higher than \$1.50 per week in the clubs.

We had base-ball and foot-ball on Andover hill forty years ago, but not after the present style. Base-ball was also called round ball, and the batter tha twas the most adept at fouls made the most tallies. The Theologues were not too dignified in those days to play matches with the Academy boys. There was some sport in those match games. Foot-ball was played on the field in front of English Commons. It was not tne scientific Rugby game. Sides were chosen, taking in as many as wished to play. The ball was placed in the centre of the field. The champion kicker of the side that won the toss, after a short run, kicked it as far as possible into the opponents' field. No one was allowed to hold the ball. He must kick or punt it. It was a game of kicking, and shins were terribly gored unless well protected. There was no running with the ball. It must be sent to goals by kicks or punts. Though not so scientific as the present method, it was fully as dangerous and exciting. It had one great advantage over the present game for the school at large. Every one could play, and if too many appeared on a bright Saturday afternoon another game was arranged. The benefit of exercise and fun was afforded to a much larger number than now.

I wonder if you now have a fire department? I well remember when the bright new Phillips tub was dragged up the hill for the first time and Uncle Sam read off at morning prayers the favored ones who were to run with the machine. I never felt prouder in my life than when I was assigned a position. For several weeks we faithfully drilled, and one cold, winter's night we astonished the town by our proficiency at a North Andover fire. But when number five Latin Commons burned down, either the tub or the boys would not work. We thought forty years ago the dormitories were unworthy of old Phillips, but I hear they are still doing service. I am glad to hear also that there is now the beginning of something better.

There were some politics in Phillips forty years ago. They were chiefly confined to elections for the Philomathean Society. The rivalry

was principally between the occupants of Commons and those who lived in private houses. Plebian vs. Patrician. The appointments for Senior stages were then voted upon by the class. So exciting was the election in our case that Uncle Sam tried to veto the result. His favorite was not elected valedictorian, and our class was the last one allowed this privilege. If success in after life is a criterion, in this case the judgment of the boys was the best.

Many more reminiscences crowd my memory, but I do not care to fill all your paper and here will "pause.". The pupils of Uncle Sam will understand the significance of that word "pause."

- William G. Harding, P. A. '53.



The Power of the Magician.

"AND this is the cause of those down-cast eyes, that troubled brow," said the magician slowly. "Thou sayst her father will give her hand to none but a millionaire."

"Even so, O father."

"Courage, my son. Knowest thou not my power? Yet, 'tis true I know not the secret of the 'Philosopher's stone.'"

The long shadows cast by the setting sun were gradually fading away. The magician was seated on a rude bench by the door of his hut. His back was bent with many years of toil, and his uncut, white hair clustered loosely around his face. Stern were his piercing gray eyes, yet with a kindly look showing charity towards all. He was clad in a loose gown, reaching nearly to the ground and giving a dignity to his appearance.

Lorenzo, his son, was standing beside him, tall and erect, with manly form and handsome face.

In the wilderness of India, far from any human being, these two had their lonely dwelling. Although it was now the two thousandth century, situated as they were, in the heart of the famous Tanganeron Jungle, no one ever came in sight of their isolated hut. But Lorenzo had travelled far and mingled with many men and maidens of different countries, and now he had come back to his lonely father that he might obtain his powerful assistance. For he had seen a maiden, fair, wealthy, and of high position, but her father had limited her choice. Her suitor must have wealth and position.

Suddenly the magician arose and entered his abode, his son following.

"Rest thyself, my son," he said, "and in the morning when the dew
is yet wet upon the grass, I will show thee the result of my magic."

Lorenzo threw himself on a rude bed of skins and soon fell into a peaceful sleep. The old man watched him for awhile and then turned to his task. Before him were his apparatus, flasks, and many jars and bottles of different chemicals, with his books of magic. The flickering flame

threw fitful shadows here and there. Now they would fall on the walls of the room, seeming to take weird and ghostly shapes, and now on the face of the sleeper quietly slumbering on his bed of skins. Strange noises and hollow echoes vibrated through the hut and gradually died away. Yet the slumberer moved not, so heavy was he with sleep; and the old man worked on, there, in the dead of night.

The magician turned from the experiment he was performing and gazed intently on the wall. Suddenly it broke away, and before him appeared a wonderful vision.

He started back! Surely this was not a house of residence. Had his magic failed him then after all those many years of study? Ah! now he understands. It is, even, a magnificent room of a mansion, ingeniously and cunningly arranged. Before him appeared an unbounded atmosphere. On all sides, above and below, this space, filled with an endless number of people, extended before him. Groups of persons, coming and going, surrounded with gorgeous chairs and couches, and all the elegant furnishings of a luxurious room, apparently with no support, appeared one above the other, up, up, until they were lost to sight. The spectacle was rendered still more gorgeous by a myriad of differently colored electrical lights which twinkled and glittered gaily, here, there, and everywhere; now blazing out their dazzling light from a confused mass of people and draperies, and now twinkling faintly far off in space like some tiny star.

This fairy-like scene had indeed puzzled and alarmed the magician at first sight, but his keen eye soon detected the method by which the illusion was produced. The exceedingly large room, for it was a room, appeared to have no walls or ceiling. But upon more careful examination the magician found that the sides of the chamber were of huge mirrors, as were the ceiling and the floor. The substance of which the mirrors were constructed was evidently not glass but some transparent material of the hardness and temper of steel.

Becoming accustomed to his surroundings, the old man noticed the occupants of the room. On his left appeared an elderly lady with pleasant countenance, now smiling in response to a young girl, evidently her daughter, seated opposite. The hard lines of the magician's face softened

and his eyes shone with pleasure as, gazing upon the latter, he murmured, "Ah! Lorenzo, thou hast chosen well; and yet 't is hard to part with thee."

He saw before him a young girl, surely not more than seventeen. She was gracefully reclining on a curiously fashioned divan. Her clear complexion showed to advantage against the dark background of the couch; her beautiful deep hazel eyes and the wonderful penciled eyebrows; her well-formed nose, and small mouth showing her teeth of pearl—all were surrounded by an abundance of wavy chestnut hair, clustered round her face and falling lightly over her shoulders. Her head slightly thrown back rested on a cushion of the divan, disclosing an exquisitely moulded throat. She presented a picture that might have well stirred the heart of one more stern than the old magician. But she was particularly pretty, when, in answer to a question from her mother, she, half-laughing, daintily nodded her head, raising and arching her eyebrows, an expression peculiar to herself and producing a wonderfully charming effect.

As the magician gazed, a gentleman of erect and haughty mien entered the enchanted room. His finely cut features, swift and piercing glance, bespoke a shrewd and cunning business man. His hard and firm mouth showed little mercy. Sinking wearily into a chair, he said, "I've won as usual. Three more fools will go home with empty pockets," and he smiled complacently.

The picture of loveliness upon the lounge, which, a moment before, was smiling happily, looked up sadly, and said, "O, how can you, father; you know——

The scene before the magician clouded over and vanished. He beheld only the wall of the hut. The stillness of the night remained unbroken, except by the monotonous breathing of the sleeper. But the old man was not satisfied. Taking his wand, he passes it back and forth before him. He rivets his eyes upon the wall. It breaks away, and the stange chamber appears as before. But this time the father of the girl is alone in the room. He is pacing nervously back and forth! He stops abruptly, and mutters, "It's their own fault! If they are fools enough to lose their money, I'm not responsible. No one shall prevent me! No!

not even God! Anyway, I don't believe there is a God. And if there is a God," he says, raising his voice to a shriek, and shaking his fist, "If there is a God, I defy him!"

Instantly a thousand echoes take up his words: "Defy him! defy him!" A thousand hideous faces all around him, above and below, glower in his. A million fists shake themselves in his face. He feels himself reel with terror! Now the voices grow louder and louder, "Defy him! defy him!" they shriek. The horrible grinning faces surround him! They suffocate him! The fists beat against him! A fearful din of voices sounds in his ears. He cries out for help! But there is no help. He calls for mercy from God! Ah! but there is no God. He clutches for support! They press against him! They stifle him! He gives one last desperate struggle, and then they beat him down—down—down!

The scene vanishes, and the magician is once more solitary and alone in his hut, save for the sleeper, Lorenzo. Sadly he resumes his neglected work, and tenderly he touches each piece of apparatus, which he loves so well, for he knows that his long-years of toil are finished.

The day dawns, and still the magician works on. He has reached the last stage of his experiment. Before him he holds a small vial of inky liquid. Taking a few grains of jet black powder, he drops them into the fluid. Gradually the color changes, and the liquid becomes transparent as water, clear as crystal.

How soft and refreshing is the morning air of the beautiful summer day, after the long night of labor! He awakens his son, saying, "Arise! for all is finished. The night has passed and the day has dawned, and now do I try if I have succeeded in my undertaking." Going to the door of the hut he brings a turtle, and places it on the ground before his son, saying, "Watch carefully! that thou mayest do even as I do and cause that which I cause."

He cuts slightly the left leg of the turtle, and then by means of a small syringe he injects a little of the contents of the vial into the wound. Slowly the animal begins to move around in a circle. Its speed increases. More and more rapidly round and round it whirls, until only a misty

ring can trace its course; gradually its speed slackens and the turtle stops.

"Thou seest, my son," says the magician.

The sun's rays shone on the magician's erect form, clad in his long robe, on the white hair, blown back from his face by a gentle breeze, as, casting a lingering glance on the rude hut which had sheltered him so many years, he faced the beautiful landscape made glorious by the first light of day. His keen glance seemed to penetrate into the very heart of the fiery orb, just above the horizon, to divine the mysteries of that far-off world. A strange light glistened in his eyes! Raising his arm, and pointing towards the horizon, he said,

"My son, before thee lieth joy, peace, and happiness. Go! seek them."

The old man grasped his son's hand in his, looked long and deeply into his eyes, then turned away from the morning light, and, injecting a portion of the magic fluid into his own thigh, he wandered, with ever increasing speed, back into the darkness of the night.

Sorrowfully his son gazed after his father until he disappeared in the distance. But in his hand he held the vial of wonderful power—the key to his fortune and happiness. Turning towards the hills, ablaze with the rays of the glorious sun, he too journeyd forth to seek his destiny.

Out on one of the famous race-tracks of England stood an old broken-down horse, which was probably causing more talk than the celebrated Dancy Pranks, with her wonderful record of one ninety-nine and four fifths. It was not so much this poor beast as the wager staked on him that caused the gossip, for it was known that a young man—a stranger to everyone—had wagered no less than a million dollars on this horse of his against Captain Meldron's famous mare. Should the Captain lose, an absurdity, he would be practically penniless.

To-day, among other exciting events, this wager would be decided, and although it was still early, the seats were crowded with spectators, all in holiday attire.

Five years had passed since Lorenzo's sad parting with his father

on that eventful morning. During these years he had entered in many horse races. Always winning, he had now accumulated his coveted million, and had come to claim his sweetheart. But he determined to insure the consent of her father, Captain Meldron, and for this reason he had challenged the race for such enormous stakes.

A buzz of excitement ran through the crowd as the two animals were led out on the track by their jockies. The Captain's beautiful mare was set off to advantage beside Lorenzo's miserable beast. Each rib of the latter stood out sharply and distinctly under his scarred hide. A bandage was tied over one of his eyes, and he limped slightly as he took his place near the mare.

The preparatory signal had been given when Lorenzo, stepping up to the judge's stand, said, "I always make a point of looking my horse over just before the start. You will allow me to examine him?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "there is no objection."

Going up to the horse, he patted him gently on the back, while he skilfully injected a portion of the magic liquid into the animal's thigh. The horse started slightly, trembled, and then remained sleepily standing as before. The spectators noticed nothing unusual, and Lorenzo took his place among the crowd.

The final signal is given, and they are off! How different from the fine start and great swiftness of the Captain's mare is the slow hobble of Lorenzo's miserable beast! But now the hobble changes to a trot. The speed increases. What! is the horse gaining on the mare? No! it cannot be. Yes! see! A cry arises from the sight-seers! Swifter and swifter he flies along the track! He nears the mare ahead! A cheer! He has caught up with her! A wild yell breaks forth from the spectators, for he passes the mare. The speed is terrific. The mass of faces above is held spell-bound! The jockey, no longer able to control the mad beast, grasps his neck, and clings for dear life. He nears the judge's stand. He passes it, and is off again! The crowd quivers with intense excitement. A second time he passes the mare. His hoof-beats thunder along the ground. With a whirl he comes down the home-

stretch. Three, four, five, six times! round and round he goes with fearful rapidity.

With a sigh of relief the spectators lean back in their seats, for he is slackening his speed. The race is finished, and the Captain is a ruined man. Next day Lorenzo applies again for the hand of his daughter, and of course, with far different result from his first attempt. But not till long after our hero's marriage does the millionaire know that Lorenzo and the poor youth were the same.

A. B. Emery.



The Russian Treaty.

HE latter part of last February the Senate of the United States set its seal of approval upon a measure that should make every patriotic and self-respecting American blush with shame; a measure which for harmful and far-reaching consequences can hardly find its equal in all the history of our legislation. I refer to the ratification of the Russian Extradition Treaty. This treaty was signed by Mr. Cleveland on the 6th of June and given to the public shortly afterward. Between the time of its ratification by the Senate and becoming a law upon the signature of the President the public eagerly discussed certain objectionable features which it was supposed to contain. Mass meetings were held in many places; resolutions adopted and sent to Washington; in fact, great popular interest was aroused. A notable meeting was that held in Philadelphia in the early part of April, at which representative men in the literary and religious world protested against its adoption. As a relief to the anxiety on the part of the people, Mr. Cleveland himself, and I think the Secretary of State, both expressed the opinion that upon the publication of the full text there would be found to be absolutely no ground for protest, and intimated that there were contained in the treaty no such provisions as had been claimed. Upon a minute examination, after its being handed over to the press, the comforting assurances given by Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Gresham were found not to be borne out by the facts.

The objectionable clauses causing so much adverse discussion, are: First, that relating to forgery; and second, that which makes any attempt upon the life of the Czar or member of the royal family an extraditable offense. The first is open to especial criticism. Objections have been clearly and forcibly urged in the press, but they cannot be too often emphasized. It is well known that no one can leave Russian territory without a passport. Consequently, the only means of escape open to political offenders is forgery. By that very act the person even *suspected* by the Czar's hirelings, whether unjustly or not, renders himself liable to be brought back as a common criminal, and most probably sent, without even

the mockery of a trial, to spend his remaining days in the mines of Western Siberia. By this action the United States loses the proud position she has taken among nations as the place where a welcome is always kept for political prisoners. By this action we simply give notice to the world that we concede as wrong those principles that our fathers so zealously guarded, and which, upon many a bloody field, they so nobly defended.

Even if the forgery clause had not been agreed to, the second point, that referring to attempts upon the Czar's most precious person, is in itself enough to merit the condemnation of every self-respecting man. The case of the Nihilists in Russia is so entirely different from the condition of any other people that some exceptions must be made. Not for a moment would we advocate anarchy and lawlessness, but we simply should not form an opinion of them from the estimates of Russian officials, but from statements of distinguished members of their own organization — Sergius and Stepniak. Why is it that so large a proportion of native Russians are so ill-disposed to their emperor? Simply because through him they have furnished the world with the most barbarous form of civilized government known to-day, and because through his agency, the political and social enlightenment of the nineteenth century is not allowed to enter.

As has been stated by competent authorities, the Russian government does not limit the "attempt upon the life of the Czar" to those directly concerned in the assassination, but holds in the same class all in any way connected with Nihilistic Societies! By hoodwinking the United States Senate into the adoption of both these clauses, "official Russia" in the future can lay its hand upon its suspects in all parts of our land.

Much stress has been laid by the supporters of the treaty upon the fact that there is in it an express provision for a public trial here in the United States, of all whose extradition is demanded. At first thought, this is an admirable safeguard against injustice, but a little reflection will convince one how shallow a precaution it is. The advocates of this un-American measure point with pride to the clause which says that no fugitive shall be given up to the tender mercies of the Muscovite government until sufficient evidence is at hand to leave no doubt as to his guilt. That

is all very well; but who, may I ask, is to determine the truth or falsity of the Russian evidence. If the Czar's police officials are very desirous of obtaining a certain troublesome Nihilist, can there be any doubt that the most damaging and conclusive evidence will at once be manufactured to suit the case? We are at a decided disadvantage, and must accept what they offer, for the American government cannot in every instance send to Russia. Besides, to doubt the truth of the Russian statements would be the height of international discourtesy.

The manner in which discussion was held over this treaty is deserving of the severest criticism by the American people. All proceedings were carried on behind closed doors, and the public was left completely in the dark as to its terms until after it had become a law. The action of the Senate is defended on the ground that all treaties are considered in "executive session," and to make public the proceedings before their conclusion would be a betrayal of international faith. In a case of this kind, where our very principles are at stake, the people have an undeniable right to know what is going on, and how their representatives are voting.

In the popular mind a Nihilist is a synonym for an anarchist, cutthroat, and robber. Let them speak for themselves. What are the facts concerning those who have come to our shores? All accounts agree that they are peaceable and law-abiding citizens. Upon the admission of the Russian government, at home they number in their ranks some of the most refined and intellectual people in the empire. The brave struggle against their mighty oppressors forms a far stronger bond of sympathy on the part of Americans than the small aid rendered to us by their emperor during the Revolutionary period. They are terribly in earnest in their battle for liberty.

In conclusion, let me say that I believe the Russian Nihilists, both men and women, dying in Siberia, in a condition a thousand times worse than slavery, are giving the world unparalleled illustrations of Christian heroism, and they too are quite as worthy of the name of patriots as those who died for liberty on the fields of Brandywine and Gettysburg.

Any nation should long hesitate to enter into a league with the

inhuman oppressors of the Russian people. Their purpose is to hunt to death men and women, whose only offence has been that they have striven, unwisely, no doubt, but none the less nobly and earnestly, for the uplifting of their fellow-men. Least of all should America enter into such a criminal compact, — America, that in the past has stood out so nobly as the champion of human freedom, and the corner-stone of whose unrivalled political system to-day is free speech and the untrammelled liberty of the press.

William M. Gardner.



A Tragic Comedy.

NOWHERE are friendships made and sealed more quickly than on ship-board. And on the other hand, a more diversified company than the passengers of any large steamer it would be hard to find. And the more so with a steamer in the East. It seldom takes more than a few days to become acquainted with everybody on board, especially if the weather be bad. If you lean over the rail farther than usual.—perhaps to gaze into the purple waves, perchance out of purely benevolent feeling toward the fishes,—a burly, English merchant seizes you by the shoulders, asks you how you enjoy the voyage, and if you wouldn't like a cigar. Then if you are not affected in this way, your attention is fully engrossed by the rows of steamer-chairs containing females (I do not say ladies, for many of them are not) of all ranks and classes, from the proud bearer of the title, Countess Denholf, down. Nor is it much of a descent to the American girl who married a Chinaman in the United States and found the "Land of Tea" a far different place from what she expected, and is now returning broken-hearted herself to broken-hearted parents. Your friendly services in procuring blankets, shawls, pillows, oranges, bananas and so on, are fully appreciated, and no further introduction than sympathy is needed.

Besides, there are the *young* ladies who are not sick and would like to walk, and if you do not happen to be acquainted with any of this class, you have only to whistle for a breeze and when the white-caps appear, unblessed indeed are you if an unusually saucy wave does not send a fair damsel shrieking to your arms, and then it is your place to ask if you may not accompany her during the rest of her walk. Or a huge Amazon-like San Franciscan in high-heeled shoes, while trying to change her chair, will be hurled into your lap; and you have been "presented" to her, although your jellified condition would suggest the opposite expression.

Then too, there are always young children whose mothers are too sick to look after them, and who are incessantly climbing everything in their reach followed by agonized maternal eyes. Give their skirts a friendly jerk now and then and you have won everlasting gratitude for

yourself. But what shall I say of the pleasant days when all sorts of games, even base-ball and cricket, are indulged in? and the charades in the saloon at night? and the little suppers and pink'lemonade? "Tho' lost to sight to memory dear."

Strange it was, considering these things, that during a particular voyage, even on the third day out, we had heard nothing of Room No. 18. Every one else on board was acquainted by this time, but no one knew aught of the occupant or occupants of that room. The report was started that it was engaged for a young American naval officer who had tried to cut his throat with a razor, and had been stopped just in time to save his life, and that he naturally avoided appearing with a diagonal bandage round his neck. It could not be sea-sickness that barred the door so closely. We knew that from the bill of fare which went into the room three times a day. At last an eager young lady examined the purser's list of passengers, followed the list of rooms down till she came to 18, and then saw opposite it, "Mr. Richard G. Bull, New York City." That was not very much, but something definite at any rate.

Next in turn I pumped the Chinese "boy" who carried him his food. Of him all I could learn was that the "man in 18 makee muchee bobery allee timee — eatee muchee lice and cully." Here was fact number two, and during the next week a world of supposition was builded on Mr. Bull and his rice and curry, by the over-curious passengers of the steamer.

At the expiration of this time a startling event took place. My state-room was opposite his, and early one morning when looking over my transom I saw the steward carry all the bedding and even the little square patch of carpet away from the room. He soon returned, accompanied by the ship's doctor, and immediately the odor of disinfectants floated through to my nostrils. Here was new ground for conjecture, and while I lay in my bunk till the late "English breakfast" at nine o'clock, my brains were far from idle. Coming from the East it might be any contagions disease under the sun. Finally I settled on small-pox as the proper thing.

Later in the forenoon I talked the matter over with one of my newly made friends, who gallantly offered to demand of the steward point-blank what the matter was. He might have known that the mouth of a man

who has followed the sea for thirty years is as full of lies as a porcupine's tail is of quills; but he didn't. To the question my friend put, the steward found the ready response that "the previous evening some of the Chinamen's 'chow' had come through the deck while they were eating their supper, and so the room had to be cleansed." As though "chow" could leak through a tightly calked oak deck and two inches of steel roofing, and need disinfectants to get rid of it!

Within a day or two, however, we were destined to receive some satisfaction. The statement began to circulate (whence no one knew) that No. 18 was suffering from a skin disease of some sort. This, of course, added strength to my small-pox theory. By this time there was almost a panic among the passengers. But this was all we learned. When we reached port we had manufactured enough gossip to build a whole house of Windows in Thrums.

On the morning that we sighted land and were slowly steaming into the harbor, our hearts bounding with joy at the thought of seeing our friends again and putting foot once more in dear old America, in spite of the bustle about baggage, traps, and what not, we kept a sharp lookout for No. 18. At last he came, walking slowly up the gang-way,—a little, sickly-looking man, covered from head to toe by a huge ulster. Slowly he walked across the gang-plank, watched by a hundred eager faces of whom he took no notice whatever, and disappeared in the crowd. And this was the downfall of all our hopes!

We learned from the captain, just before going on shore, that immediately previous to the steamer's leaving Yokohama, Mr. Bull had been the object of one of the finest pieces of tatooing ever done there—a dragon whose firey jaws were fastened on his throat, and whose sinewy body wound round and round him until the two forks of the tail took a leg each, and went in spirals down to his feet. He had been so badly poisoned by the ink that he had been unable to leave his room during the entire voyage. What the object of making such a mystery over it was, I doubt if any but an old sea-dog could tell.

Ali.

Did She?

"DON'T look at me in that way!"

She was sitting in the rocker opposite me, the love lights streaming from the tender, brown depths of her eyes.

"Why?" came daintily from the roses of her lips, as she archly leaned forward and tipped her head to one side; and again, even more softly, came "Why?"

"Because," I replied, and my voice was a little bit shaky; "well, because — if you must have the reason — that look completely intoxicates me!"

Oh! How *could* you say such a thing as that?" She leaned back in her chair and covered her eyes with her hands, and then peeped out at me from between the fingers.

"Please don't be so bewitching, and I won't say it again," murmured I.

"Ohwoo!" was the little cry she gave. Then she looked at me very soberly.

"Darling, do you love me?" It was the ninth time I had asked her that morning. I leaned forward from my couch. She leaned, in her turn, back in her chair, and looking michievously at me with a merry twinkle, she shook her head gently in the negative. I was, of course, offended, and buried my head in one of the big down pillows, after casting a very reproachful look at her. My head remained eclipsed for some moments.

Then I heard the rockers go down and the chair spring back. Soon a light hand rested on my shoulder, and I knew, by the feeling of the couch, that some one was hovering over me. Something gave my hair a little pull. I looked up. She was beaming upon me. I pensively brushed back the brown locks from her high forehead, fascinating myself by making her beauty assume new forms, as a blossom unfolds its delicate petals. The tears were in her eyes. What could I do but take her into

my arms and stroke her tresses even more. She returned to her chair, and looked at me rather strangely, I thought.

"Ah! You're teasing once more; you're trying to faint, and then have me restore you"—that was one of her little love ways with me. Slowly the brown head sank to her breast and the little form fell forward, but I caught her, and I knew those closed eyes would open—but—O God! Help me!

The eyelids gave a little flutter, as the wings of a perishing bird, the mouth trembled, and she rested helplessly in my arms, — tender eyes, loving eyes, compassionate eyes, forever closed; yes, forever, forever; those dear lips limp and cold, and over that sweet face settled the terrible, crushing monster who had robbed me of my darling — Death!

In great crises the mind seems doubly accelerated. Mine went back over those happy, bright years of our loving, and then came the sickening remembrance of the time when she told me that there was heart disease in her family.

Dr. Mansford had been in the room nearly an hour, when the latch turned, and he quietly came out. I grasped both his hands.

"For God's sake, Doctor, tell me the worst!"

"There is one chance in a thousand, but it is a most uncertain one. There is still life, but it hangs as if by a thread. There is just a faint ray of hope that she may pull through, my boy."

Arthur C. Mack.

Immigration.

It is acknowledged by all that some change must be made in the existing laws that govern immigration. The nation now agrees with Lowell in saying, "To eat dirt is bad enough, but to find out that we have eaten more than was necessary may chance to give us indigestion." We have come to a place where a halt must be made. The number of immigrants during the past decade has been so great that it will be all the country can do to assimilate the foreign element now within its boundaries. In fact, it will be impossible while immigration continues.

To be sure we do not wish to exclude any foreigner who would make a good citizen. We all agree to this, yet, there is a difference of opinion as to the question of how restriction can be carried out so as to exclude only the undesirable and admit the desirable. Before we can answer this question we must first decide on a definition of the desirable immigrant. Does the proposed pecuniary restriction cover the ground? Is a person desirable if he happens to possess \$100, and undesirable if he does not? No criminal would fail to grasp the opportunity to emigrate if he were given a sum sufficient to carry him into this country, and the prison authorities abroad would be very much pleased to dispose of their criminals at such slight expense.

Would it be safe to adopt the bill which proposes that the person intending to emigrate is a suitable person to become a citizen of the United States? This plan would give to the consul a judicial power which it would be easy to abuse. It would be placing the responsibility in dangerous hands, and open the door for corruption.

The plan to exclude immigration on account of the cholera seems at first thought to be a good one. Yet, on further investigation it appears to be an excuse rather than a reason. It is probable that the cholera will become epidemic in the next spring and summer, but this can most easily be checked by the measures for national quarantine.

The best bill now before Congress is the one that proposes to restrict immigration on educational lines. The idea is to exclude all immigrants

above the age of twelve who cannot read and write freely and easily their native language, exception being made for those over fifty-five years of age coming with other members of the family. The main aim of the bill is correct, the only mistake being that it does not go far enough. To have a man write fluently in his native language is not a sufficient restriction. The language in which our laws are written and our courts carried on is the English language. It seems almost foolish to admit any person who, when he becomes a citizen, can not read his ballot.

Probably the best method would be to restrict immigration by a combination of bills, excepting the cholera prohibition. Certainly it is well to know that a person desirous of becoming a citizen is willing to pay \$100 for the privilege. This sum of money should be repaid if the immigrant becomes a citizen and can furnish certificates that he has not received any pecuniary help from the various governments, and that he has not been found guilty of any crime during the time of his residence in this country. If he cannot do this he should be returned to the land from which he came. This plan would insure us against the most undesirable of immigrants, paupers and criminals.

Charles Grilk.



Editorials.

WITH the present number of the Mirror, the first one of the year, it may not be out of place to make a few remarks and suggestions concerning the literary work to be done for the ensuing numbers. We think we are safe in saying that the school this year is larger than ever before. Among the new students there will certainly be many who have had some literary experience, men who have done more or less writing, and still a larger number who, if they really attempted it, could express themselves in a fairly creditable manner. It is to this class of men that these remarks are particularly addressed.

The Mirror is distinctly a literary magazine. Nothing else is claimed for it. It is the only medium for the publication of the productions of the student body. In these days it is said a man can not hold his own if he is not proficient in the use of English, and we are too apt to forget the incalculable advantage to be derived from contributions to a regular publication. It must necessarily be so. Faults of composition are far more glaring in print than in manuscript. After the writer's defects have been so prominently pointed out, in a second attempt he will produce a much better result. It is our opinion that every intelligent person can write. Some, of course, have had better opportunities for cultivation in this line than others, but no one knows what he can do until he tries. It is because of the opportunity offered us for this practise that the Mirror has taken such a prominent place in our school life. One of the hardest things to write is a good short story. And yet because a fellow can not write a creditable story is no reason for discouragement. The field is large, and a diversity of interests to be satisfied. There is an opinion that does not lack supporters, that for a student in a preparatory course, and, indeed, until he is well advanced in college, to touch so-called "heavy" subjects, is, to say the least, unadvisable. Those of this view affirm that everything of that nature must of necessity be a repetition and re-hash of old opinions. This, we can not agree to. If a fellow has real convictions upon certain questions, although they are somewhat out of the ordinary, we see no good

reason why we should not put them on paper. The charge of following some one else seems to us unjust. If a man has any literary taste whatever, we urge him to write. The aim of the present Board will be to keep the Lit. up to the high standard which has been reached, and, dealing impartially with every man, we hope the school will give us its heartiest support.

There has been a marked diversity of opinion during the last two months as to the cause of the financial depression through which the country is now passing. Some have not hesitated to attribute it altogether to the change in administration, while others, on the contrary, declare that the much talked-of Sherman Law is the basis of all our trouble. It seems to us that as usual both extremes are wrong. It is hardly likely that the act of 1890 can be entirely to blame, for in European countries where there is no Sherman Law the same conditions are noticeable. There is not much doubt that the Democratic victory of last fall, coming with its declarations and pledges of the Chicago platform, did much to add to the uncertainty of the situation. It is also reasonable to suppose that the storing up of millions of useless bullion for two years, and the issuance of silver certificates therefor, could hardly fail to have an appreciable effect upon our finances. To restore confidence, it seems absolutely necessary to proceed at once to the repeal of the law.

The speeches in the House upon the Repeal Bill have, in some respects, been much above the average. We have, however, noticed with regret that there is in some quarters a tendency to take partisan advantage of existing circumstances. This tendency has been observed in the conduct and speeches of one of the foremost leaders of the Senate minority—a man with great attainments in finance, but whose desire for gain to his party has destroyed for the time being his better judgment. Politicians and public men must learn this lesson—to work for their party less and their country more. The plain duty of the hour is for every man in a position of responsibility and influence to do his utmost to restore the confidence that is so much needed.

It cannot be denied that the constant menace, a year and a half, of

silver legislation has been a factor, by no means insignificant, in our present financial depression. In our opinion one of the worst things that could possibly happen to the United States, and one that we would have the most cause to regret, would be the adoption in any form of Free Silver Coinage. Aside from the moral aspects of the subject, which Mr. Cockran so ably presented in the House, this policy would inevitably force us to the acceptance of the single standard. Since, in the proposed arrangement, the government guarantees to pay one hundred cents in gold for fiftysix cents worth of silver, all who have silver to dispose of will certainly do so. This constant drain upon our limited gold supply must have an effect. The effect will naturally be in time to drive gold out of circulation and make silver the only medium. Bimetallism, the keeping of silver and gold upon a parity, and their limited coinage at a fixed ratio, is the policy dictated by sound common-sense, and after the passage of the Repeal Bill by the Senate its continuation will be a second step towards a sound financial basis.

All contributions for any department of the November Mirror must be placed in the box in the Lower Hall, or given to one of the editors, on or before Monday, October 16.

The Month.

ARLY in June our faculty, acting upon the evidence gathered from various sources, and in harmony with the athletic managements of the school, entered a protest to the faculty of Phillips Exeter Academy concerning a member of the Exeter base-ball team, who, they claimed, did not fulfill the requirement of Rule 3, Section III, of the interscholastic rules, which states that "no one shall be allowed to take part in the contests between the two schools; who receives compensation for his services in athletic games in addition to the expenses necessarily incurred by him in any athletic contest, except that he may have the excess of his board paid at a special training table." After investigation of the matter, and several joint meetings between committees from both boards, the Exeter faculty rendered a decision refuting the charges from Andover and declaring that the protested man violated, in no measure, the regulation. A meeting of the Exeter students was held, where it was unanimously voted not to meet Andover in either the track athletic contest or the spring baseball game, unless she should withdraw her claim and offer apology. Failing to comply with either of these alternatives, Andover met Exeter in neither the track events nor the annual ball game.

Seldom if ever before has a stronger base-ball team represented the Academy than that of last spring. The record which they have left behind will not soon be forgotten. Several vacancies had to be filled from the previous year, but promising material presented itself when the season's training began. Captain Murphy had played on the nines for three years and had successfully guided the team of '92 to victory. Under his training such a team was developed as Andover may long be proud of. The scores of the games played during the latter part of May and June are as follows: May 17, Phillips 5; Lawrenceville 4; May 20, Phillips 11, Boston College 2; May 24, Phillips 10, Tufts College 8; May 25, Phillips 7, Brown University 2; May 27, Phillips 11, Lawrence Stars 1; May 31, Yale University 2, Phillips 0; June 7, Yale University 6, Phillips 2.

Considerable interest and amusement was afforded by a benefit base-ball game played on the campus June 15, between the unmarried and married members of our faculty. There were many exciting plays, and the game ended with a score of 24 to 19 in favor of the married men. The proceeds of the game went to the Athletic Association which had been put to considerable debt by the absence of the Andover–Exeter games.

In order to in part compensate for the regular tournament, a special record in breaking meet was held on the track June 10. Five old records were broken and the following new ones were made: 220-yards dash, 23 1-5 seconds, Cowdery '94; 120-yards hurdle, 17 1-5 seconds, Thrall '94; mile run, 4 minutes, Laing '95; mile bicycle, 3 minutes 1 second, Hooker '94; pole vault, 10 feet, Simmons '94.

On June 25 the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Prof. Harris of the Seminary.

The annual Draper prize speaking occurred June 6, the following prizes being awarded: W. J. Lapham '93, first prize; J. W. Meldrum '95, second prize; D. B. Eddy '94, third prize.

The Philomathean Society held its spring entertainment jointly with that of the Glee Club on the evening of June 26. Class Day exercises were celebrated on the morning of the same day, and the final graduation exercises took place the next morning. At these exercises the following prizes were announced: Joseph Cook Greek prizes – first, H. Mason '93; second, N. A. Smyth '93; third, B. C. Auten '93. Harvard–Andover English prizes – W. B. Parker '93, first; A. W. Ryder '94, second. Dove Latin prizes – C. P. Kitchel '93, first; N. A. Smyth '93, second; H. Mason '93, third.

When, on September 14, the work of another year was commenced an unusually large number of new fellows was noticeable. There are but two changes in the faculty from last year. Mr. Austin and Mr. Smith have not returned, their places being taken by Mr. Bernard M. Allen, P.A. '88, Yale '92, and Mr. George Wyllys Benedict, University of Vermont '93.

The Bancroft Cottage, situated near Phillips Street, and the Taylor Cottage, between English Commons, have been opened this fall and their rooms are well filled.

At the present writing the foot-ball prospects seem encouraging. While but six members of last year's eleven have returned, the new material is exceedingly promising. For the first time in years the team will dispense with a professional coach, and the result is to be looked for with great interest. A number of alumni are expected to coach the men from time to time during the season. Nearly forty candidates reported for the first practice on September 18.

At a school meeting held on September 19 the cheering staff and the police force were elected. The following men were chosen for the cheering staff: Wilcox, Schreiber, Middicomb, Branch, Marshall, F, H. Simmonds, Finlay. Police force: Woolsey, Preston, Clark, A. I. Lewis, Paige, Laing, Prentiss, Swift.

The outlook for tennis is at present largely speculative. Not one of last year's champions is here, and their places will not easily be supplied.



Clippings.

And why did the codfish ball? And why, O why did the peanut stand? And what makes the evening call? O why should the dairy farm? And why does the mutton chop? Can you tell me what makes the elder blow! Or what makes the ginger pop? Say, why does the trundle-bed spring? And why does the saddle-horse fly? Or what mean cur made the pillow slip! And why do the soap-boilers lye? What makes the monkey wrench? Or why does the raspberry jam? And whom do the shoe-makers strike? And why does the old mill dam?

O what made the chimney sweep?

AN UNFORTUNATE PHRASE.

Syracuse Herold.

He sent her twelve Jacque-Minot roses, All fragrant and blooming and fair, That nestled so sweetly and shyly, 'Neath smilax and maiden-hair.

She sent him a letter to thank him,
On paper just tinted with blue—
"The flowers are still very fresh, John,
When I see them I think of you."

She posted her letter that morning.

He got it that evening at ten.

She can't understand what has changed him,

For he called on her never again. Columbia Spectator.

A church pew I rented,
To my sorrow I find
I'm no longer contented,
For her seat's just behind.

Phillips Exeter Lit,

To BE, OR NOT TOBE.

Tell me, darling, if I asked you
Now to be my wife,

Told you that I loved you madly,
More than my own life;

Would you answer 'yes' or 'no,' dear?

Hopefully I stood,
But I wonder which she meant by
"Well, I think I would."

Cynic.

Prof., (dictating Latin composition). Tell me, slave, where is your horse? Startled Freshman. It's under my chair, sir; I was not using it.—Ex.

Lives of cashiers all remind us
We should make our skip in time,
And in skipping, leave behind us
Foot-prints to no other clime.—Ex.

WE FAVOR IMMIGRATION.

Who builds de railroads and de canals,

But furriners?

Who helps across de street de gals, But furriners?

Who in de caucus has der say, Who does de votin' 'lection day, And who discovered U. S. A.,

But furriners?

Brunonian.

Mirage.

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

I stood upon the terraced heights of Fort Myer, having the wide-spread panorama of Washington before me. Between the city and where I stood lies the broad river, now glowing with the last rays of the setting sun, and mirroring in its glassy surface the tall white shaft of the peerless monument. Almost at my feet rise the stately tops of the oaks of Arlington, the camp of the dead. To these oaks comes every evening at sunset a countless army of crows to bivouac in safety and peace beneath the protection of the national government.

Are they the spirits of those whose bones are mouldering beneath those serried ranks of ugly contract stones? Who knows?

Silently they gather from every point. From the horizion, banked with silvery-tinted clouds, they gradually emerge in twos and threes, in tens, in companies, in divisions, all converging upon the common rendezvous—the oaks of Arlington. Now, all but a few belated birds have reached the well-beloved spot, and, settling down among the lofty treetops, they clamor, man-like, for space when space is ample for a thousand times their number. At length their noise is stilled, and as the sun's red face sinks from sight behind the distant

hills, the hush of evening settles upon the scene.

Now from the fort behind me breaks out the bugle call which marks the close of yet another day, and then a flash, and the deep sound of the sunset gun goes booming out over the placid river and echoes back to me from the purple hills beyond. At the sound, with a wild clamor like that of suffering souls in Hell, the whole of that sable army rises from its resting-place among the trees, and circling hurriedly through the air gives vent in loud caws to its surprise and terror, but soon they sink again to their accustomed roost.

The last flush fades from the western horizon. The evening star emerges, phoenix-like, from the dying glory of the sun. The spirit of silence descends upon the place. The dead of Arlington may rest in peace.

A. J. M.

One of the most interesting objects at the Fair was an odd photograph of Daniel Webster which hung at the top of the stairway in the Massachusetts building. The picture attracted the attention of all, and proved more than all else could that Webster's popularity is not on the wane. The photograph afforded an excellent study of the life of this great statesman. Who could resist the stern, keen eyes that looked forth from under the rim of one of those old

silk hats, seen in this generation but once a vear when the oldest settler makes his appearance at town meeting? The deep wrinkles in the face much resembled those seen on photographs of Gladstone, while the chin showed that strong determination so much feared by the opponents and enemies of Webster.

The photograph must have been taken in the later years of Webster's life, as the general impression received is that disappointment had already come to the great statesman. As you looked him in the face you bowed in awe, nor could you help praising the wonderful power and influence of one of America's most remarkable men. Nevertheless. that look reminded one of the disappointed merchant who, after facing his arch foe, Bankruptcy, for years, was at last forced to succumb. As you turned away from that impressive picture the thought came, how much greater might have been Webster's power and influence had he laid aside ambition and lived a pure and wholesome life. C, G,

John Highlands, long before the eventful day when the prizes were awarded, intended to write. Intended to write on all the subjects which had been announced for the annual literary competition of the school. He meant to surprise his mother by getting a prize - perhaps the first. He thought about it before he left Dumfries. He spent some few hours the first of the his trouble to his half-awake bed-fellow

vacation on the subject which most appealed to him. One day he sat down and actually "ground" for eight hours. He was so tired at nightfall that he determined to take a short well-earned vacation. (The vacation from literary work lasted all summer.)

During the first few weeks of school he was so busy that a thought of the "G-- Competition" did not enter his mind. One night, however, he thought of it, but resolved to begin after the foot-ball season was over. Possibly he would write during the Christmas holidays. Just now he could not, for was he not very busy as foot-ball captain? But the days of the Christmas holidays were filled with engagements even before he left school, and the pen was never once taken up. During the holidays you might have heard his friends observe what a bright-looking fellow young Highlands of Dumfries was. Perhaps it was the fact that he was bright which lead Highlands to keep putting off the writing for the competition, from which, if he was successful, he would gain great honors.

The essays were to be handed in on the first day of the second half. Still he was very busy. One night, as he lay in bed looking up at the frosty sky and the full moon, the ejaculation, "By George! Those essays!" followed by a long whistle wakened his room-mate.

"What essays?" said his studious companion, after Highlands had related

"Those for the G—— prizes. I've forgotten 'em, I have." Then after some seconds' thought Highlands asked, "How long have you been writing, Guy?"

"Three months."

"Hocky! I'm a fool!"

The first day of the second half came and went. The ten lads who stood first were called upon the platform by the judges, praised and had their names written on the famous honor roll of famous Dumfries. Highlands was disconsolate. Had you been one of the judges you would have known that the name, John Highlands, was the eleventh name. But—it was the eleventh. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and also deprives us of many other things. It happened across the sea, nay, it was trivial. "Hell," they say, "is paved with good intentions."

H, P, B

He had been at the sea-side with his new camera, and in the two weeks since returning home had remained nearly all the time in his room developing the fantastic figures, in more fantastic costumes which his plates held. Verily, the seashore is the place for strange sights, and the pictures proved the fact. He managed to get them all mounted in his private album by the time some ladies come to visit his sister.

One afternoon, on returning from a fishing expedition, what was his horror on beholding his sister and her friends

seated on the veranda, shrieking with laughter over his recently filled album. Naturally he was extremely provoked, but wisely checking his rising anger, he determined to have his revenge.

The evening passed off pleasantly and it was rather late when the company retired. Not ten minutes after this a fearful ear-splitting din broke in upon the night and every one rushed to the hall. A lightning-like flash, a loud door slam, and that was all, and the young ladies wonderingly returned to their rooms.

Our friend had armed himself with a dustpan and a poker, and these were the secret of the unearthly racket. The flash of light was simply a flash-light picture. He developed his plate at once, and next morning rose early and put it out to print, and at the breakfast table he proudly showed his friends the photograph. Fantasy of fantasies. Its like was never seen. But modesty forbids an accurate description. He, at least, thought he was well avenged.

D, G.

THE FAIR.

Here I am again, dear mother, Yes, at last, I've seen the Fair, Had a glorious time since school closed And now at home life has no care. "What's this on your coat?" said mother,

Holding up a golden hair, Mine was black — I only muttered,

"Mother, dear, I've seen the Fair."

H. P. S.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'29.—Oliver Wendell Holmes celebrabrated his eighty-fourth birthday, August 29. Phillips Andover congratulates her distinguished alumnus, together with his countless other friends and admirers in all the nations of the world.

'57. Mr. Joseph Cook, the famous lecturer, during the past few weeks has been taking a prominent part in the World's Congress of Religions at Chicago.

'65.—Rev. Frederick Palmer is mentioned as a possible successor to Dean Lawrence of the Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge.

'79.—Prof. M. C. Gile, a former popular instructor in the Academy, but at present in Colorado Springs, as assistant Principal of Cutter Academy, was in town during the summer.

'82.—Mr. Philip B. Stewart, Yale '86, was married on Wednesday, September 13, to Miss Sarah Frances Cowles of York Harbor, Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart will reside at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, after November 15.

'83.—Mr. George D. Pettee rode to Chicago on his wheel during the summer, and he reports an enjoyable trip.

'84.—William M. Vinton, Yale '88, has recently died of heart disease. He was pitcher of the Andover team of '84, and was then very widely known as an amateur base-ball player. After his graduation from Yale he pitched two years for the Philadelphia League team, where he made a very fine record.

'85.—Mr. J. H. Ropes, to whom was awarded the Seminary Fellowship for European study, sailed on July 2d for England, and thence to Germany, to be gone two years. He is at present in Marburg, but expects to spend the winter in Kiel.

'86.—A. W. Crockett is Professor of Latin in Oahn College, Honolulu. He graduated from Amherst, and has been teaching in the Hawaiian Islands for two years.

'88.—Mr. C. W. Austin, instructor in the Academy for two years, will not return this year, on account of poor health.

'93.— N. A. Smythe, C. P. Kitchel, and R. C. Gilmore, of the '92 Mirror Board, have entered Yale. P. R. Lester will enter the Harvard Law School.

The following old P.A. men have recently been in town: W.T.B. Williams, M. E. Stone, G. H. McClellan, F. W. Howard, W.B. Parker, H.G. Wyer, W. F. Skerrye, and R. C. Gilmore.

Books.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL ESSAYS, by Henry Cabot Lodge.

This latest work from Mr Lodge's pen is fully in keeping with his previous productions. The opening chapter upon William H. Seward gives a careful sketch of his early life at Auburn and Albany, and affords us a much clearer idea of the great Secretary, whose most distinguishing characteristic was adherence to duty at any cost.

The chapter devoted to Governeur Morris is peculiarly interesting, and throws additional light upon one of the most remarkable men of the Revolutionary period.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole book is that portion relating to "Party Allegiance." What Mr. Lodge says here should silence for all time those of his critics who denounce him for his unyielding partisanship. He shows that although a man may profess adherence to, and belief in, a political party because in general that party expresses his views upon certain questions, this act does not necessarily mean that he gives up all his independence of thought, or that he denies to himself the right to criticise his party's actions.

The question of the right and wrong of Mr. Reed's Rulings is ably dealt with, and every true believer in Civil Service Reform is filled with hope and en-

couragement by Mr. Lodge's essay upon the subject.

This book will prove to be a very valuable addition to the library of any student of political affairs. W.M.G.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, by Rev. Arthur Brooks, is the straightforward and simple title of a book newly published by Harper and Brothers.

We have scarcely read a sketch, which contains more originality and common sense. It hits the keynote of the great preacher's life when it attributes his wonderful power to the following two causes. First, the advent of Unitarianism, which made all Christians fasten their faith more firmly on Christ and the vital principles of his religion. And second, the fact that his manhood faith was that of his childhood — simple, pure, and trustful, though at the same time strouger and richer and deeper.

It treats briefly of the happy circumstances of his education at Cambridge and the seminary at Alexandria, and of his pastorate in the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia in 1861, where he did not hesitate to boldly condemn slavery and all its kindred evils. It mentions also his breadth of view, his high scholarship, and eager search for truth, whatever it might cost, his helpful personal intercourse, and real sympathy.

D. G.

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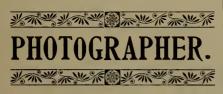
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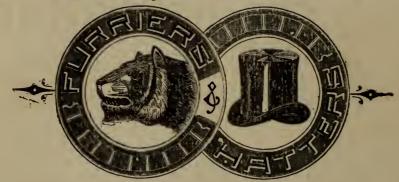
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The

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Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Phillips Academy.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

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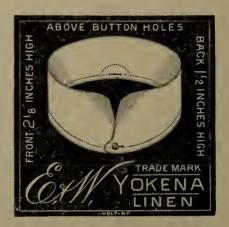
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THE MIRROR is published on the first of October, November, December, February, March, May and June of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board, as occasion demands, from men who have showed marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the Contributing Board, will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial Staff.

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vol. 3.

Movember, 1893.

TAO. 2.

Other Days.

F course the Academy has gained very much in recent years, — new buildings, new methods, and the spirit of the new times, and men who are able to receive it and listen to it, have carried the school forward in all the lines of its life. Nothing less than this, or different from this, could have contented men or boys. A school must be a part of the present, or it will soon cease to be anything. It must move with the process of the times, or there will be nothing to move. All who have to do with the Academy know this, and they will work out the principle as the years come and go. But while there is this eager life, the true life, there is a past which must not be forgotten. At any time the greater part of the school's life will be out of sight. The present is a very narrow point, and with all the hope it takes to itself it remains a point. But the years which have gone are long, and in these the school's life abides, and out of them it works. Dr. Holmes has said, with as much truth as wit, that the real tree is under ground, and that the trunk and branches are but its tail. We must give due honor to that which we cannot see, which hold us in the relation upon which our life depends.

It ought to be recognized that a very large part of the things which seem novelties, new discoveries and inventions, are new chiefly in the form of them. There are new things, but they are not numerous. A new book is a rarity. Old truths are printed under new names, and the book has a fresh binding, but all which has not been said before is a small part of that which is written. There is some advantage in having the story told under a new title, for this brings it to notice, and the readers take that which has not been found in the old work. Printing and bookbinding have been very little improved. There is a luxury in a fine old book, with its rich covering, which we seldom surpass. Of the contents the same may be said. The standard writers of fifty years ago are worth reading now. The men and women who in that day were educated had a fine education, solid, literal, graceful. It is a rare delight to meet one of them now. There were some things to be learned, and they learned them well. Life was not hard or dry for them, though they were without many pleasures we demand. I know that Harvard teaches more than when I was a student, but we had substantial teaching then, and I believe we brought away from the college quite as much that was worth having as in these more scholastic days. I do not regret the advance as I go on with it, but I refuse to mourn over the seeming poverty of our college days thirty years ago. It would not be well to sit by the roadside and see the schools pass by; but as we learn in them we can hold other times in grateful recollection.

Men were wise and learned, and made as useful and successful lives under the former systems. I should like to be a Phillips boy now; but I should not be willing to part with the days of Dr. Taylor, and lose "Uncle Sam" out of my thought. The Academy building is better than the old one; but I walk reverently by the place where the stone house presented its gloomy walls. Latin was learned from Andrews and Stoddard, and Greek from Kühner; but some of us can read Greek and Latin even now.

There is finer teaching in the Seminary than in my time. Theology and all which belongs to it are larger and wiser and better. But I do not discover much which awakens, or a minister must use, that we did not learn in other forms when Park and Phelps and Shedd were our teachers. I wish I could enter the Seminary now; I wish I had drawn upon it more heavily then. But I am glad that I have been there. We must not say that a thing is new because it is expressed in new terms. It may have expanded truth, while the truth itself was known before. It may be better understood, and may be simpler and purer, while, before it was the truth which makes men free and strong. The new is better, but the old is good — one could be kindly dealt with if he said good enough. It is not good enough if there is anything better; but it may have been sufficient for good living.

The young will look forward, and ought to do so. Yet they may well regard older times with respect, and strive to retain what was true in them. They may well believe in a wisdom which antedates their little day, and will survive their departure. Life will be wider when the wealth of the past is kept. To-morrow will be more likely to honor us if we respect yesterday. We must know what has been, to be intelligent and to know that which is to be.

Alexander McKenzie.



Wildwood.

Sitting on the broad veranda,
In a beam of Luna's light,
I can see the lamps at Wildwood
Shining through the night.

I can see the lamps at Wildwood,
Just across the rippling bay,
And the strains of sweetest music
Lull the lonely cares of day.

Mingled with the tuneful splashing Of the waves upon the shore, Float the songs of happy boatmen In their full, deep, sea-dog roar.

As the melody steals o'er me, Like an ever soothing charm, All the world seems full of gladness, Every heart seems light and warm.

Rattling blocks and dripping oar-blades, Spray turned golden by the moon, Winds that whisper in the maples, And the sad wail of the loon.

All these things to me bring Wildwood,
Radiant in the forest green;
To my thoughts a priceless jewel,
To my soul an angel's dream.

Howard P. Sanders.

An Andover Romance.

"DO I love her? Well to tell the truth I don't know, Jack. She is away now, you know, and when she comes back goodness only knows, I don't. You thought we were out for good? No, not exactly, yet." Then the two chums sit silent for a while watching the curling smoke from their bull-dog pipes as it rolls upward, making a hazy wreath around their handsome faces. They again picture the past they have spent together, in their preparatory school and now half through college, in the dim shadows cast by the dying embers of the log-fire upon the walls of their cozy den.

Suddenly awaking from his reverie Lawrence continued, "You have heard the story through by pieces, Jack, old man, but I'll tell it to you now from end to end. We were Middlers in our preparatory school, you and I. She was a Fem. Sem., and a beauty too. You know that, Jack. The prettiest girl in her class, and she well deserved the name. Every afternoon before I met her we used to pass each other on the street and smile. Not an unusual thing for a Fem. Sem. then you know. If it had been any other girl I believe I would have tipped my hat and spoken. But when she looked at me, Jack, with those jet, black eyes which could speak volumes, I lost my nerve, and all I could do was smile in true admiration and pass on. How I kicked myself afterwards when I told her how I had been tempted to speak and she asked me why I didn't.

"We met at a friend's of ours in the village, and after that she used to come down town alone in the afternoons and wander out Elm Street alone. You remember it, old man. I, too, would wander aimlessly (?) out Elm Street, and, oh, Jack! the beautiful, blissful afternoons we passed together. She liked me; I knew it and was happy. I liked her and told her so and she seemed contented. How we hated to see the vacation coming. How many were the plans we formed for the coming year when she would be so proud of me, a senior. She did not care to meet a new fellow, and I was satisfied if I knew no other Fem. Sems., no matter how beautiful some might be. And so we parted for the summer. Yes, we

corresponded and were to meet at the coast. But her mother was taken ill and she could not come. I never spent such a long vacation. It seemed a year, and when it was over the folks wondered why I was in such a hurry to get back to school; I never had been so before. They thought it was studies, and I did not undeceive them.

"You remember, Jack, the Academy opened three days before the Fem. Sem. that year and how I counted every minute of those three days. I went to the train to meet her and she seemed as glad to see me as I was to see her. But she ruined my happy mood for the day by telling me in almost her first sentence of the "tall, handsome blonde" she met on the train. He was her room mate's brother, and oh, so nice! I didn't care, I said, but it brought back very vividly to my mind the day she told me she just adored blondes, and I am a Southerner and of dark complexion, you know. I was very busy for the first few days after she came, getting things for my room, going to Boston to find my trunk which was miscarried in some way, and a few other petty things.

"The first afternoon I was free found me strolling out Elm Street. Of course, I expected to find her and have a pleasant old-time stroll. There was not a sign of her, and I had turned back much disappointed when glancing down a side street, I saw, as I passed, my queen and that "tall, handsome blonde." I could have broken his neck then and there. Mad? Well, I guess I was. She saw me and started slightly, but I pretended not to recognize her, and passed on seemingly unconcerned. When out of sight I started like a steam-engine for my room. You remember how I raved when I got here. How I tore everything upside down to get my pipe! You offered me yours and I wouldn't take it. Then suddenly remembering that I had left mine at home intending not to smoke that year, I snatched up your cap, the one with the 'A' on, put it on and went all the way down town with that 'A' to the back, and bought this bulldog pipe, the one I am hitting now. It's the dearest pipe I have now, Jack. It would break my heart to lose it.

"Well, that fall I made the team and spent every afternoon on the campus. When winter came I spent my half-holidays in the Gym. In the spring I was on the track all the time. So for six months I never saw

even a glimpse of Floy. But that doesn't say I didn't think of her, nor that she didn't think of me, for she asked every fellow she met about me and would go nearly wild over any good play I made in any game and over every event I won. And that tall, handsome blonde? Well, he was a fellow whom nobody liked, an insipid fellow. She soon got tired of his handsome face, and I rejoiced when I knew it, as I tried to convince myself, because it served her right for shaking me. So, lack, time rolled on and the few weeks of soft, balmy spring just before Commencement were with us. I was no base-ball enthusiast. The ladies in the grand-stand had no attraction for me. So all I could do you see was to turn into a melancholy mood every afternoon and stroll out with my pipe and explore the surrounding country. One afternoon, a beautiful afternoon, too, one which made me think of Floy and the strolls we used to take together, I took a road which brought me on to Elm Street from the north. As I wandered down the old familiar walk, I pictured Flov among a group of Fem. Sems, watching the ball game. Now and then, bowing and smiling in return to a tip from some of her friends among the students. I stopped and leaning over an old familiar stone-wall with my back to the road, slowly puffed the smoke from my bull-dog pipe up into the gently blowing wind, and, as it vanished, compared it to the hopes and plans of a summer before. Cursing my luck that I was not a tall, handsome blonde, and still not insipid, I did not hear the foot-steps behind me: I scarcely felt the hand gently laid on my arm. But when a voice said in a whisper almost, 'Oh, Lawrence! I have caught you smoking' it sounded in my ears like thunder. Had a Prof. caught me smoking on the street? No, not that, guess again. Yes, it was Floy, and you can imagine my thoughts when she handed me a note, only saying as she did so, 'I am so sorry I offended you, Laurie; I have waited here so often to explain, but you never came. Don't expect to see me again. This note will explain. Don't read it till you are in your room alone, good-bye,' and I was left standing perplexed, with a delicate blue envelope in my hand. When I raised my eyes she was away down the street. I watched her until she was out of sight hoping that she would look back, but she never looked even once. How I longed to read that note, but she had said not until I reached my room

and her word then was sacred. I no longer wandered thoughtfully along.

"In great excitement I rushed up the cross cuts to my room, squeezing that note out of all recognition. What in the world could have been her object in sending me there I don't know; she always did have strange ideas. But for the contents of the note. It began simply, 'Lawrence' That was strange to start with, but I never noticed it then. 'I am so sorry I offended you. He was only my room-mate's brother anyway, you know. She and I are such fast friends, and she said it would be such fun to plague you just a little. I am going away for good to-mor, row. Mamma must go abroad for her health and I am to go with her, You may never see me again, Laurie, but some time in the future, when you think of what true friends we were when we were friends, don't blame me if you can help it, for it is hard enough for me to forgive myself as it is. Don't come to the train to bid me good-bye, for I can not bear to say good-bye to you.' No name at the end but how expressive in its absence! Blame her? Well, I guess not. But myself. Oh, how I did fume and kick myself around that room, and the worst of it was I could not see her again until-Well, in fact, I haven't seen her since,-four long years,-and she never wrote, but I saw her room-mate the other day—who by the way is married now-Jack P-, you remember him, - and she said, 'this is mum of course, old man,—that Floy is coming home in June. Her mother is dead now and the only person on earth she loves is -... And again the two chums lapse into silence with mutual thoughts, but how different feelings. With drowsy, half-closed eyes they build now the future in the hazy wreaths of smoke around their heads, and the dimly burning embers seem to warn them that 'tis time to visit dreamland after the labors of the day.

Simmons, '94.

Addison.

THE most graceful and finished prose writer of the eighteenth century was Joseph Addison. Dr. Johnson said of his works, "Whoever would attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give up his days and nights to the study of Addison." Although this opinion, like that held comparatively recently about Carlyle, is now much modified, yet Lord Lytton's statement that "his style is the most perfect form of English," tends to show that it is far from being lost.

One reason why Addison holds the place of prominence he does, is the fact that he was the forerunner of a period of good literature. Pure, simple English, which men are now-a-days trying more and more to cultivate, had at this time almost died out. The stilted phrases and foreign words then popular had brought the language almost to the level of John Lyly's Euphues and his England. But just in the midst of this time of "long-tailed words in -osity and -ation," Addison, with his pure, easy, graceful style, appeared, and showed the strength and inexhaustibility of his native tongue. And from that time forward the effect of this move has been felt. In this line it is interesting to trace the similarity between Addison and authors of later days, such as Charles Lamb and our own Irving.

It is not, however, this character of forerunner entirely, that makes him so widely known. His writings have a peculiar merit of their own. His style is one that always has been, and always will be appreciated. Traces of his extensive travels abroad creep into his works, and they are filled with information of a sort that one is not apt to get from other authors, wrought into the texture of the whole in a way that is well nigh inimitable. It was this same power of bringing to mind at any moment whatever he had come across in his wide reading, together with a rare humor, so kindly that it never wounded, which made him the pleasant conversationalist Pope and others of his contemporaries declare that he was.

It has been said that his writings lack force. Although this must be admitted, yet much can be said for them. There is no lightness or flippancy in any of them. Through all his works there runs an earnest purpose to elevate and refine. There is none of that slashing sarcasm which characterizes Swift. His censures are carried on in a quaint humor that is irresistable. One laughs and yet believes.

But after all, it is his personality, pervading everything, that charms us. Unlike Byron, a study of his life simply adds to our appreciation of his works. The part of his writings where we can best see him is in his Sir Roger de Coverly Papers, where the Spectator is only a slight exaggeration of himself. He was a pure, noble, Christian man, and if while reading his works we but know his character—that character which not even his enemies dared to gainsay—we will find unnumbered reflections of its many sides.

William Deane Howells might well have pointed to Addison as the realization of the course he recommended to young authors, when he said: "Go first of all and be a man, in the highest and best sense of that much abused word. Be such a man, young author, and all the rest shall be added unto you—beauty of phrase, refinement of manner, subtilty of perception, delicacy of touch; all that you admire you will find in yourself."

Ali.

Why?

They've called the ladies "weaker sex,"

But why should that delusion linger,

For cannot any pretty girl

Twist all mankind around her finger? G. '94.

3ack Chilton.

IT was scarcely eight in the evening when Jack Chilton returned to his rooms, and sitting down began to examine his mail. A few letters from friends, and another from home. He leisurely proceeded to read them, and at last took up his father's letter.

Tearing open the envelope he read:

"My dear Son,

It is an unpleasant and very painful task that I am to-night compelled to do. For the past three months I have been intending to make a confession, but have put it off from time to time, hoping that I might yet avoid it. Not to keep you in suspense, I will come to the point at once.

During the last year business has been gradually decreasing, and I have been obliged to retrench repeatedly. Were this all, I might still keep up; but, as you know, one misfortune always seems to follow another, and within this month investments which hitherto I had always considered very safe, have proved almost worthless. Consequently I am obliged to go into liquidation, and when my debts are all paid, I fear I shall be practically penniless.

This, I know, will be very hard for you, my boy, and it troubles me all the more on your account. It may necessitate your leaving college, but we will consider that when you come home for vacation, and meanwhile hope for the best.

Enclosed you will find a check, with which please settle all your affairs before leaving.

Keep up your courage, my boy, and remember that a man is rich who has an unspotted reputation, good health, and long life before him.

Your affectionate Father,

HENRY C. CHILTON."

For a long time Jack sat gazing at the sheet before him, thinking of

nothing, but with a dim sense of misfortune, and of what, to him, seemed a great calamity.

As he sat listening to the tick of the clock on the mantel, he began to think over his previous life and his prospects in his now altered circumstances. Accustomed since childhood to every luxury, he had hardly cherished a wish ungratified. His father, though not wealthy, was a successful business man, and with his small family, — Jack being his only child, — had been able to live even luxuriously.

When Jack was sixteen years of age his mother died, and his father decided to send him away to school, where he, in his new surroundings and among his boy friends, gradually became accustomed to his loss. Two years later he entered college, where, with a splendid physique and plenty of money, he had soon become a leading athlete and one of the most popular men in his class. Jack had not, it must be confessed, overworked himself in his studies, and indeed had sadly neglected his opportunities in this direction. This was certainly natural, for whenever the question of his future occurred to him, he had only thought in a vague way of a share in an established business, or of study abroad for some profession, never dreaming for a moment that some time he might work of necessity. He thought over his plans and dreams for the future, which now must be given up. It had been his wish to travel for a few years before entering business and beginning life in earnest.

Like many young men at his age, Jack Chilton fancied himself in love, but the truth was he never had been smitten. Yet when he realized that perhaps Lilian was now out of his reach, it seemed to him that fate was indeed very unkind. Lillian Atwell was a noble as well as handsome girl, and well worthy the love of any man. He had known her for many years, but not realizing that she was no longer a young girl, her womanliness and beauty had never till lately dawned upon him. Long into the night he sat musing over the change in his fortunes, and becoming more and more depressed.

Three days later, at the close of the fall term, Jack taking the morning train, left for P——, one of the pretty suburbs of New York. It was neither a pleasant Christmas for Jack nor for his father, and before

vacation was over it had been definitely decided that he should not return to college. The house was advertised for sale, the servants dismissed, and the personal effects removed to some lodgings in the city. Jack, meanwhile, made a few efforts to find a position where he could work for his living, but they were either unsuccessful or unsatisfactory; so he relied chiefly on his father, who hoped soon to be able to find him a favorable opening.

Almost three weeks had passed, when one evening Mr. Chilton, returning to the rooms later than usual, reported that he had at last found a favorable position, except for one very serious drawback. That afternoon he had met, quite unexpectedly, his old friend Dudley, who invited him to dine at his hotel. In the course of the conversation Mr. Chilton had spoken of his son, and his difficulty in finding him a place.

"Well, my dear Chilton," said Mr. Dudley, "in the past five years, while I have been sheep-raising in Australia, I have managed to make considerable money. But I found myself growing old, and wished to visit my native city once more. So I decided to come back, and, if possible, find a junior partner to carry on the business. I should be very glad to give your son a position, and also an interest when he has learned the business. Of course the separation will seem hard at first, but think it over, and let me know in a couple of weeks."

Jack and his father were both opposed to the proposition, thinking it, at first, almost out of the question. But during the week, as it was considered more and more, and as they realized the unlikelihood of another such easy road to fortune offering itself, they began to hesitate about deciding too hastily. Before two weeks had elapsed Jack had accepted the offer, and, with a heavy heart, was preparing to leave his father and all his old familiar friends.

When the final arrangements had been made, he started to cross the continent in company with Mr. Dudley and his father, who was to go as far as Chicago, and there take leave of them. The time came for them to separate, and both bore it as only brave men can. The presence of Mr. Dudley and his cheerful talk made it much easier, and the dreaded ordeal was soon over.

At San Francisco the two travellers took the steamer for Australia, bidding adieu to their native land. It was rather a rough passage, and did not take kindly to Jack, but toward the end he was able to be on deck, and even began to enjoy it in a way, till they landed and reached their destination.

It was a small settlement, whose only communication with the outer world was by a so-called stage, run by the establishment, and supposed to go at regular intervals, but often seriously delayed for some reason or other. Jack's work kept him busy during the day, but at night he was often lonesome and home-sick. His employer was kind, and did all in his power to make Jack feel at home. After he had become accustomed to his surroundings, the unvarying monotony of the life began to wear on him, and the days to drag along very slowly. His only solace was the news received from home through the irregular mails.

So the time passed, varied only by short visits every month to Melbourne, not far distant. Jack was, at these stated intervals, entrusted with various commissions, and these short journeys were always eagerly looked forward to. He worked hard, and became a favorite with his employer, his salary being repeatedly raised. During the third year, he was given almost the entire supervision of the business and an interest in it.

In the many lonely evenings Jack often thought of his former companions, and dreamed of the fair face of the young girl whose image was firmly fixed in his memory. Lillian became unconsiously the centre of his thoughts, and more and more idealized in his mind. He unwittingly fell deeply in love with the remembrance of the charming maiden, and with her image, which his mind and heart had conjured up. The vague hope of some day being able to claim her, became a goal and a spur to his efforts.

Jack came to Melbourne on business one day, and having accomplished his mission, he happened to catch sight of a New York newspaper at a hotel. Picking it up, he found it was but three weeks old, and fell to reading it. There were many items of interest, and as he was glancing down a column of Society notes a familiar name appeared, and he eagerly

read the notice. "Although not announced to the public as yet, the engagement of Miss Lillian Atwell and Mr. H. R. Newcomb, jr., is an established thing among their intimate friends and acquaintances."

Jack was almost staggered by the news at first, and it was a long time before he recovered from the shock and regained his self-possession. The name of the happy man was not a familiar one, and he fell to wondering about him, and to dreaming of the girl, who was now lost to him. How foolish of him to think that she even remembered him now, since he had been living for three years dead to the world that she moved in. Bitterly he pictured their happiness to himself, and at last, wearied by his morbid thoughts, dragged himself off to bed.

The next morning Jack Chilton left Melbourne, and arriving home late in the afternoon, busied himself about many things, to forget his trouble, if possible. He plodded on this way for a few weeks, when one evening a message came, announcing the death of his father. I will not attempt to describe the sorrow into which this calamity plunged him, and how it seemed almost unbearable after his recent disappointment.

Three weeks later Jack arrived in New York, and at once visited his father's attorney, and learned the details of his sickness and death. The will was then produced, and it was found that what little property there was, had been left unconditionally to the son. But Mr. Chilton had also been insured for quite a large amount in Jack's favor.

When the necessary details had been finished, Jack visited his father's grave, his old home, and all his familiar haunts, and thought of the changes there had been since he left, a mere youth, to seek his fortunes in that far-distant land. He was now nearly twenty-five years of age, and far older in experience than many of his seniors. Money was his in plenty now, but relatives had he none.

Jack lingered in New York day after day, doing nothing, but dreading to return to his exile. He met many of his old acquaintances, and not a few of his college chums, who still remembered him. One morning, much to his surprise, he received a note from a very old friend, inviting him to an informal reception, and after much hesitation he decided to go, at her earnest request. The evening came, and Jack, in a cab, started for the

reception. He had been there but a few moments when he caught sight of Miss Lillian Atwell at the farther end of the room. At first his impulse was to retire to some corner, and watch her at a distance, but at that moment he was seen, and retreat was impossible.

The look that came from her upraised eyelids instantly told Jack that Lillian's engagement was but a newspaper fable, and that not even these long years of separation had made any difference in the glances of trust and love, save to make them all the more tender and true. What mutual joy did that happy welcome unite! Life began to assume a more cheerful aspect, and even his sorrow became more bearable.

A happy man was Jack Chilton as he left for his lodgings that evening, but not half so happy as when the steamer, a year later, brought him back a second time, to live the rest of his days in his native land with the woman of his choice.

Robert H. Gav.

Assisted.

HE was a bashful young fellow, And she was a maid well bred, Oft had she tried to entwine him With the silken nets she spread.

But always his courage had failed him, And he left the word unsaid. One night, when tired of dancing, The way to the punch-bowl she led.

As they passed through the door intervening, "After you, if you please, Miss Lee,"
With a smile the maiden looked backward,
"Why, are you indeed," said she.

Everett L. Millard.

The Legend of the Jug.

THE Hudson River valley has always been famous, from time immemorial, for its traditions and legends. Washington Irving has immortalized some of these, and made them universally known; but there are very many interesting tales which are not heard of outside of the village with which they are connected.

About four leagues from the foot of the Catskill mountains, on the bank of the Hudson, is situated a small town, or rather village, which was formerly settled by the Dutch. They have left their mark upon all the surrounding country, and almost every local geographical feature has a Dutch name. In this village are still several old mansions dating back to the period before the Revolution, built of stone, and seeming to defy the inroads of time.

The oldest of these houses was erected in Colonial times by one Madame Dise. It is nearly square, made of rough faced stone, and overgrown with ivy. It has a broad, old-fashioned piazza in front, roofed, and covered with ivy, while in the rear is an uncovered veranda. Originally the building was covered with a flat roof, surmounted by a cupola, exactly in the centre. This cupola was ornamented in such a way as from a distance to seem like a gigantic jug, placed on the roof. Consequently some wag dubbed the edifice "the Jug," and the name still clings to it, although the cupola has long since disappeared.

The interior is also old-fashioned. There is an open fireplace in each room with a highly carved mantel, and resplendent brasses stand on the hearth. The windows are wide silled and high, set with small panes of glass. Originally the house was furnished in accordance with its age, and although a few modern things have crept in, still even now most of the furniture is old.

In this house dwelt Madame Dise. She took to herself a husband, whose name is lost to history, an officer in the British army. He was a true American patriot, or a coward, since when the Revolution broke out,

he deserted and disappeared entirely. Many a search was instituted for him, and the old house was thoroughly ransacked, but no trace of him could be found.

Years rolled by; the war was ended and America was free, but still no clue was discovered of the missing man. His wife had long since departed this life in sorrow. Strange stories were circulated; her husband's ghost had been seen skipping gold dollars on the creek, and noises had been heard from time to time proceeding from the house. One chimney in a remote room, seldom used, would not draw.

Generations had come and gone. The house itself had received few changes, but had passed through many hands. Finally it came into the possession of one of my friends. He dwelt there with a brother and sister, and turned the somber pile into a place of merriment. Many a party he gave, and many a time the guests did not depart till the small hours. Especially was the place noted for its Hallow'een festivities. A merry crowd always gathered there, and celebrated the appropriate rites.

One year it was my good fortune to be present. The company had gathered around the large hearth in the library, on which roared a fire of oaken logs, for the night was chilly. The wind moaned outside, and naturally the conversation turned to the supernatural. Among other things, the tale of the disappearance of Madame Dise's husband was discussed, and finally it was agreed that he must have disposed of himself by a knife or the creek. Later in the evening one of the guests, while roaming around the house, entered a room which was never used, but which for some reason was open that night. He wondered why, since the night was so cold, no fire had been kindled there, and when he returned, he remarked on this. The host replied that the room was never used, and that the servant must have left it open after cleaning it. "As for the chimney," he said, "it has never been of any use isnce Madame Dise's time, as it will not draw, but since the room is seldom needed, it has never been repaired."

Time flew by, and nothing more was heard of the story till about

fifteen years ago, when it was determined to repair the old place. Accordingly work was begun, and one of the first things attacked was the old chimney.

On the third day two of the workmen came to the foreman, looking very white. They told him that they had discovered a small closet or room in the chimney; they had opened this, and discovered a skeleton!

And this was the fate of Madame Dise's husband! He had had this closet built so secretly that even his wife knew nothing of it. When searching parties came he would retire to his retreat, and rest in safety. There came a time, however, when the spring door was jammed for some reason, and he could not escape. He was walled up alive; his cries could not be heard!

No wonder the chimney would not draw!

T. G. Hopkins.



Memories.

I SIT in the darkening class-room, Idly listening to those who recite, While the rain-drops beat on the window, And the dreary day fades into night. But my thoughts are not of my lesson. The droning voices sound far away. And my mind is full of the memories Of another and brighter day, When I walked abroad 'mid the meadows, When warm sunshine flooded the air. When flowers bloomed by the wayside, And all things were joyous and fair; When gay voices sounded around me, When laughter rang on the breeze, When fruit hung ripe in the orchards, Waiting to be picked from the trees: When we were all care-free and happy, When hard tasks stared us not in the face, When — A voice says suddenly, "——" And "Great Scott, Billy, say, where's the place?" Frederic B. Greenhalge.



Marchena.

In the autumn of 188- a young American, holding a long staff in his hand, was slowly travelling the broad chausee which led from Granada to Seville. He was one of that class which one often meets in different parts of Europe, a pleasure-seeking American, tramping it through Spain.

Since leaving Cabra he had passed no houses or villages, and was beginning to wonder at the wildness of the region, when the loud tones of a church bell broke upon the afternoon stillness. But very different was the sound from what Herbert Ross, our young traveller, was accustomed to hear, for it sounded deep and mournful, and the long peals vibrated sharply through the air.

Herbert, with his curiosity aroused to the highest pitch, walked quickly on, and turning a sharp bend in the road, he saw a beautiful young girl rushing towards him, with outstretched arms. Herbert saw at once that she had mistaken him for some one else, and the girl, seeing this, stood still, and, blushing again and again, at last said, "Pardon me, sir, I — I thought —

"That I was your sweetheart, did you not?" said the American; "do not be angry," he continued, "that I am not."

Then the two having thus met, sat down by the roadside, and during their conversation the girl told him that her sweetheart had left her, and had never returned, and that being accustomed to watch for him here, had mistaken Herbert for the absent one. Her dress amazed the young man, for it was such as might have been worn by her ancestors in the sixteenth century.

They walked on to the village, Marchena, as the girl called it, and Herbert, to his astonishment, saw that it was surrounded by a high wall and that a drawbridge spanned the moat. This was new to him, for in all his wanderings through Spain, he had never happened upon a town where the ancient walls were as well preserved as here. When he asked the reason for this, the girl replied: "Oh, since King Ferdinand has

expelled the Moors, he has frequently sent companies of archers against us, and our strong walls are our only protection."

"What could this rambling talk mean?" thought Herbert. Surely the Moors were driven out in 1518, and the present king's name is Alphonso. Still he said nothing, though he wondered at the girl's queer speech.

The houses of the town, too, seemed very different from any he had ever seen. Quaint, old-fashioned buildings, such as he had often seen represented in books, yet the buildings themselves did not show the usual signs of age.

Entering one of the houses, Dorothea, for such was the girl's name, said: "Come, this is my father's house, you shall dine with us." Herbert, who was too dumbfounded at all the strange things he had seen and heard, to answer, followed her silently. During the meal her father, a queer, old-fashioned man, asked Herbert what his nationality was, for while Herbert spoke Spanish fluently, his tourist suit puzzled the old man. To the young man's answer, he declared that he had never heard of America, and had never seen any one with so queer a costume as his. He also asked how long he intended to remain in the village.

"Until to-morrow, perhaps," Herbert replied.

At this the old man burst out laughing, "to-morrow, ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, "to-morrow."

Herbert was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable at all these mysterious proceedings, and during the rest of the meal remained silent. The old man suggested that they attend the dance held that evening in the town hall, and accordingly they all went thither.

Entering the wide door, Dorothea led Herbert through the hall. First they walked through rooms, around which card-players were sitting, and large heaps of money lay on the gaming-tables; then they looked at the bowling alley where many peasants were amusing themselves. In a third room many boys and girls were playing and laughing loudly. One of the young fellows approached Herbert, and, taking his hand, said: "That's right of you, to remain with us and lead a happy life, the interval will pass quickly enough."

At this all the others laughed heartily, and the music struck up a lively waltz. Thus Herbert enjoyed himself, dancing with the lovely Dorothea again and again. The only thing that marred his pleasure was the mystery connected with the simple word "to-morrow." At last the solemn hour of midnight approached, and the dance grew livelier. In loud tones the church-bell rang forth, one—the dancers stopped, and stared vacantly at one another,—two, three,—some fell on their knees and others covered their face with their hands;—four,—five,—six,—pealed forth the clock, Herbert not knowing what to think of the strange scene, stood as in a trance,—seven,—eight,—uine,—and Dorothea, throwing her arms wildly about his neck, murmered farewell;—ten,—eleven,—came the sharp peals from the tower, and many, unable to control their emotion, threw themselves on the floor; twelve—; at the last stroke a mighty roar of thunder, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, filled the room, and an inky darkness suddenly settled over all.

Herbert, groping his way along, rushed frantically from the house. Outside the storm was raging with even greater fury, the houses tottering and shaking with the violent force of the wind. In despair he rushed toward a large oak tree standing by the side of the road, and reaching it, fell unconscious upon the wet ground.

Next morning a Spanish peasant passing, perceived our friend Herbert lying by the roadside.

"That's rather a cold bed, isn't it?" the peasant said, awakening him. "Caramba!" he continued; "what a looking sight you are! Surely your slumber has n't agreed with you."

Herbert, sitting up, looked sleepily around him, without regarding the peasant's words. His thoughts instantly returned to the dance-hall

[&]quot;What interval?" asked Herbert, astonished because the fellow spoke as if he intended to remain here. "You mean that I'm coming back?"

[&]quot;But you're not going away?" the fellow said.

[&]quot;Yes, to-morrow, or perhaps the day after."

[&]quot;To-morrow?—ha! ha!" he laughed, "to-morrow, we'll speak of that."

and to his beloved Dorothea. Surely it was no dream, for here he was lying under the same oak tree, and his wet clothes and disordered appearance bore testimony to the storm of the previous night.

- "Do you know this country?" asked Herbert.
- "Well, I should think so," said the peasant, lighting his Spanish cigarette.
 - "What is the nearest village, then?"
 - "Carlona, just over the hill."
 - "And how far is it to Marchena?"
- "Where to?" cried the peasant, taking his cigarette hastily from his mouth.
 - "Marchena."
- "Caramba!" cried the old man; "this forest I know well, but where that accursed village is, God only knows."
 - "That accursed village?" cried Herbert excitedly.
- "Marchena yes, right there among the trees it is said to have lain many centuries ago, and afterwards to have sunken away, no one knows where; and they say that every hundred years, on a certain day, it is again lifted to the light, but only for one day, and woe to the Christian who happens there at that time."

Herbert, thanking the old man, pursued his journey, still thinking of Marchena, and wondering if it had all been a nightmare.

Pierre R. Porter.

Russian Mibilism.

WHEN each morning the bright sunbeams dance over our free country do we often stop to think that there is a vast land across the ocean where freedom is a fancy, justice a farce? Do we realize that while we are happily engaged in our occupations from day to day, multitudes of men in that dark dominion are bleeding from the raw-hide, sickening in filthy prisons, or pining away from heart-ache till death drowns their woes? They pass into another world where, thank God! we have every reason to believe that the angels of peace and of joy watch over them—where loved ones are united and the tortures of mind and body are unknown. There exists in Russia to-day a persecution and a cruelty in its spirit and existence even more terrible than ever was our negro slavery, sanctioned and originated by a government which claims equality among the nations of the earth. Is the picture too strongly painted?

The people of Russia have one friend of whom they may justly feel proud, a man as loyal to their cause across the sea as in the Siberian mines. To Mr. George Kennan we are indebted for detailed descriptions and graphic pictures of the government and life of the Russians. Mr. Kennan's arduous efforts to give the outside world a clear view of the inner workings of the Russian system have been voiced in an interesting series of articles which have been characterized by fearlessness and fairness. His pen has penetrated every dark corner with an unhesitancy which to the reader is wonderful, recording as it does such tales of woe as make one shiver. Mr. Kennan has consecrated his life to the exposition and alleviation of the atrocities of the exile system, together with other existing evils in Russia, and in some future time, when the people are victotorious, they will send up their heartfelt gratitude.

Constant persecution and oppression have stamped their inevitable marks upon the morals of the people of the country, till the healthy happiness and prosperity of other nations is the bright picture a Russian loves to imagine but which he never sees about him. The peasants of Russia

are constantly moving towards, and falling over, the verge of want and of starvation, amid desperate unhappiness, and made desperate in their penniless tendency by the sharp flogging of the corporal punishment system employed by the government collectors to exact the taxes. It is said that "the people of Russia are neither happy nor prosperous."

The government of a country is responsible for the well-being of its inhabitants in so far as just and wise rule is employed and the necessary laws administered. Does the Russian government fulfil this obligation to its people? Mr. Emerson says that "the less government we have, the better—the fewer laws and the less confided power." Russia has at present the most ponderons, complicated and minute code of laws and regulalations of all the nations of the world, providing as they do for a series of misdemeanors all the way from murder and theft down to the most trifling actions and expressions of daily life. They go farther than any laws should, for they seek to regulate the *thoughts* and *opinions* of men.

The most stringent laws are those which provide for respect and loyalty to the Czar himself, and by virtue of these most of the unfortunates are sent to prison or to exile. A man may be entirely innocent of breaking any such provisions, or of having a desire to, but if he merely be acquainted with any person to his knowledge violating them and does not immediately inform the police of his information, be it against brother, sister, mother, or sweetheart, he is punished with severity as if he were the greatest criminal.

"The Russian system is a kind of paternalism carried to the verge of the absurd," says Felix Adler in an address delivered before the Society of Ethical Culture. "The theory is that the people are children, minors, and that the Czar is their father. A Russian is not allowed to leave the country without having first received the permission of the Czar; neither is a peasant, merchant or workingman allowed to travel more than a few miles from his place of residence without this permission. The Russian is not allowed to read what he pleases, but by the imperial censorship a catalogue is published of books which it is not safe for him to read. The Russian is not permitted to perform certain acts of charity on his own

motion, as the founding of a bed in a hospital or of a scholarship in a school."

The press and all periodical literature, together with books, pamphlets, etc., is likewise gagged and fettered. Under the present Czar, religious intolerance of the most virulent and extreme nature prevails, all expressions of freedom of belief being met by severe punishment. This is the condition of things confronting the Russian people to-day.

Speaking of the Russian government Mr. George Kennan says: "The rulers of Russia to-day are oppressors, religious bigots, and reactionists whose chief aim seems to be the complete destruction of all the liberal institutions that their predecessors founded. We might properly have felt-sympathy with the reforming Russian government of 1862; but with the reactionary government of to-day which gags the provincial assemblies, limits the right of trial by jury, persecutes the Jews, flogs the people by thousands for non-payment of taxes, and maintains itself by the vigorous enforcement of martial law, we have nothing in common."

As if to crown all other defects the present government is saturated with broadcast corruption. The gend'armes and the "secret police" are filled with men who despotically and cruelly use their power for the fulfillment of the most brutal and inhuman punishments. Even the mails are unsafe, being plundered to such an extent that no secret letters of the government are intrusted to them.

Here is a description of a visit to a typical Russian prison, as related by Mr. Julius M. Price in his book, "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea." "What astonished me most in the whole place was the married prisoners' quarters, for in the large dormitory there were at least two hundred men, women and children, of all ages, herded together indiscriminately. No words can fitly describe the scene. The babel of voices, the crying of children, the clanking of chains, and above all the indescribable stench which seems inseparable from the Siberian prisons, all combined to make as hideous an impression as could well be imagined. The heat of the place was, as usual, fearfully oppressive and the sight of so many poor little innocent children in such surroundings struck me as being particularly horrible. The halls and dormitories, on account of

their over-crowded state, were in a filthy condition and little better than human pigsties."

These are serious charges to be laid against any government, and especially against one of such vast proportions as that of the Russian Empire. Can the government of Russia deny that its immense body of gend'armes, "secret police," and petty magistrates are filled with corruption, and many of its members yielding full sway to most heartless instincts? Can it deny that the right to read, write, and worship as one may please is taken from every Russian? Can it deny that all its branches are not honeycombed by fraud? Can it deny that the peasants of Russia are constantly approaching starvation, and that her countrymen are not living lives of happiness and prosperity? Most assuredly it can not truthfully deny these charges.

Does not every manly instinct rise up and rebel at such a mode of governing? Every individual has certain personal rights with which it is wrong for any government to interfere. Every family has a right to its domestic sanctity. Are not these safeguards more than aught else the reason why the stars and stripcs are so dear to Americans?

Is it a wonder, then, that high and strong minded souls revolt at such a terrible wrong? Russians who do thus rebel are called Nihilists. A Nihilist is not an anarchist. One writer calls him "a bearer of Russia's future." The young men and young women of Russia compose the majority of her Nihilists. The universities are the sources of Nihilism, so they are closed by order of the government. It is impossible for us to realize the intense longing of a young Russian for a better condition of things when he starts forth in life, full of free, expanding, and youthful aspirations and thoughts, only to feel that these hopes are to be smothered by that hand which, inch by inch, is crushing poor Russia to death.

Prof. Adler says: "The Russian Nihilists are not to be confounded with those insane anarchists who are bent on destruction, reckless of consequences. The Russian Nihilists, it cannot be denied, have been moved by a patriotic motive. They sought by teaching and by the spread of literature to prepare the common people for that better political and social state of which they dreamed. It was only when the authorities,

by the employment of the most violent measures, checked this peaceful propaganda, when the Russians patriots beheld their brothers buried in the depths of Russian prisons, or condemned to the horrors of Siberian exile, that one section of them, the extreme section, determined to meet violence with violence. In a country like Russia there are only two ways open by which a change may be effected. The one is to work from below upward; the other from above downward. Should it be by arguments derived from reason? Should it be by petition or by entreaty? All these methods have been tried seemingly without avail."

Mr. Kennan relates most heart-rending incidents of political cruelty, in which delicate girls and sometimes even children have been torn from the midst of their family and cast into prison, where by threats and deceit the government has endeavored to compel them to give incriminating testimony against father, brother, or lover. When refusal was given to betray their kin, they were either sent away on the long death journey to Siberia, or left to waste mind and body away in some dark prison cell. The pathos and nobleness of these incidents would seem to touch the heart of any ruler.

It is one thing for our well-fed, well-salaried clergyman to stand before his comfortable audience, with the cool breezes of a free land fanning his countenance, the tinted light from stained glass windows greeting his eyes, and the bright flowers refreshing him, to argue against Nihilism, quoting the words: "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." It is quite another thing for some poor, wan, emaciated body down in a dark, damp cell of the fortress of Petropavlovsk, with mouldy straw for his cot, his clothes rotting from his back already made sore from the raw-hide, and the foul, dank air filling his lungs, to say "I feel no bitterness for thee, thou great oppressor," and for his friends, relatives, and countrymen who know of these cruelties to feel no spirit of retaliation.

The application of Christ's words should form a high ideal towards which men should strive, but that ideal is impossible in Russia to-day. Nihilists have not been allowed to follow out their patriotic convictions in a peaceable and godly manner. It is against all the laws of human nature

to pass by unnoticed the atrocities of the Czar's government. No sensitive nature could overlook such barbarities. The Nihilist is therefore excusable; in some cases he is right, in others he is wrong.

If the present rule is continued, there will come a day when the grim walls of the fortress of Petropavlovsk, Russia's modern Bastille, will come crashing down, even as the French prison fell, dear ones will be reunited all over the vast empire, and all the nations of the earth will join with Russians in lifting up their heartfelt thanksgivings for the dawning of the better day.

Arthur C. Mack.



Editorials.

THE successful outcome of the negotiations that have been carried on for the past six weeks in regard to an Exeter game, we feel sure will be received in all quarters with unfeigned delight. There is no mistaking the sentiment of the school in favor of the game this fall.

As we all know, owing to unfortunate circumstances, Exeter and Andover have not met on the Athletic field for twelve months. We who were here last year are familiar with the facts of the dispute and with the causes that led up to our final decision; but for the benefit of the new men we will briefly review the state of affairs that was presented in the early part of the spring.

Everything was in readiness in June for the base-ball game, expectations were high, and much excitement was anticipated from the fact that not for many years had both Academies been represented by such strong teams. Early in June, however, it became very doubtful whether the game would be played, owing to the presence on Exeter's team of a person whom Andover had good reason to believe was not altogether above board. Evidence was gathered from all possible sources, and at a conference between the committees of the two faculties no decision was arrived at: Exeter claiming that their catcher was in no way a professional, and Andover reiterating her accusations. Two days later, at a school meeting, upon a calm discussion of the question, it was decided by a unanimous vote of the students, that if the protested member remained upon Exeter's team, we would have no game. This ultimatum was sent to Exeter, and they replied that they would never meet us again, either in foot-ball, base-ball, or track athletics. There the matter stood at the end of last June.

At the beginning of this year, however, it soon became evident that there was an increasing desire on the part of the undergraduates of the two schools to have the game as usual. This feeling is but natural, and shows a healthy condition of school spirit. The only thing that we should take into consideration is whether we can play the game consist-

ently with our position of last spring. Our action at that time was advocated solely on the ground of the purification of athletics in the two academies, and while we were heartily in favor of taking that position at the time, while we believed it honorable then, and think so still, nevertheless we will sacrifice nothing by having our annual foot-ball game this fall. The conditions are totally different. As one of our managers has stated, who has investigated the matter very closely, there is only one man on Exeter's team against whom a particle of suspicion can rest. Against him it consists altogether on account of his having left school at the end of last year. Since this has been satisfactorily explained there seems to be no sort of reason why we should not resume athletic relations with our old-time rival.

Looked at from a purely material standpoint, this estrangement between Exeter and Andover can scarcely be otherwise than a disadvantage to both sides. Whichever school was right the public takes no trouble to find out. It is, however, most thoroughly disgusted with these constant bickerings and quarrels, and longs to see a good, fair, straightforward football match. These two schools are the largest and best in the country, and it does seem ridiculous if we are not able to agree upon some common ground and play our games like men.

For these reasons we are greatly pleased at the prospect of re-opening our contests with Phillips Exeter, the school that has shown us that although sometimes defeated, it can die hard. We trust, too, that with the beginning thus made the series will be kept up without a break, and that the games will be characterized on both sides by that spirit of friendly rivalry and fair play that prior to '89 was such a noticeable feature.

No school-boy or college man who has read "Tom Brown at Rugby" will forget the lecture on stealing which Holmes of the sixth form gave to Tom and his friends of the lower form when they were caught in the neighborhood of Farmer Tompkins' chicken barn. In a part of his speech occur these words: "I wish our morals were sounder in such matters. There is nothing so mischievous as these school distinctions which jumble

up right and wrong, and justify things in us for which poor boys would be sent to prison." These words would apply to us to-day with remarkable fitness

There are certain lines in which the boy at school loves to indulge himself. The carrying off of sign boards of all sorts and descriptions and the "swiping" of different kinds of fruit are some of them. The more dangerous the attempt to get a sign and the greater the probability of being caught in the act, the greater is the glory and the pride with which the boy sees it fastened to his wall. The choicer the fruit the greater his delight to devour it in his room. Nor does it stop here. Boys have been known to break into houses to get ice cream and cake that was not made for them. They have done all this for the petty reason—excitement. Generation upon generation had done this before us, and no one thinks it a crime. Even the unfortunate victims understand that it is "only a joke." It is "swiping," and no person would for a moment think it stealing.

Thus far this year there has been an unusual amount of complaint in this regard—of missing and stolen articles. We dare say that the perpetrators may have meant well and thought that they were doing a smart thing, but matters have most certainly been carried too far. Several fellows have had stolen from them sums of money, the Athletic House has been broken into and clothes taken therefrom, and it has become unsafe to leave one's books anywhere about the Academy buildings. Such a state of affairs is deplorable, to say the least. It is disgraceful. There is no question that the sentiment in the school is altogether against these practices.

When a person takes money and other valuables from another man's room it is stealing pure and simple, for which the offender renders himself liable to a term of imprisonment. We cannot believe that there is a man in school who would wilfully commit an act of theft. There is no remedy for this abuse except in the men themselves, and if they can be brought to see that the honor of the school is at stake, and that there is nothing "cute" in taking another man's things, the matter will soon be corrected.

All matter for the December Mirror must be placed in the box in the hall of the Academy building, or given to one of the editors, on or before Thursday, November 16.

The Month.

THE encouraging outlook for a satisfactory eleven, which we noted a month ago, has been fully realized as the foot-ball season has progressed, and the series of games thus far has been considerably better than last year's record. Up to the present writing only one game has been lost, and with the intervening practice and coaching, our team should make a brilliant showing in the Exeter game. The scores thus far are as follows: Sept. 23, Andover 36, Boston Latin School 0; Sept. 27, Andover 12, Clerks of Exeter 4; Sept. 30, Andover 16, West Roxbury Athletic Association 6; Oct. 4, Andover 16, Bowdoin 0; Oct. 7, Andover 18, Tufts 6; Oct. 14, Andover (second eleven) 16, Haverhill Athletic Association 0; Oct. 17, Andover 10, Massachusetts Institute of Technology 6.

The Street Teams have finally organized, and Phillips Street, Salem Street, and Morton Street are practising daily. The Salem Street Campus has been much improved by new and substantial goal posts.

The Peoples' Course of lectures and entertainments has been somewhat changed from its former arrangements, fewer entertainments, but better quality being offered this season. The opening entertainment was given by the Columbian Concert Company on October 9. The numbers were rendered by Miss Alice Wentworth, Soprano; Wulf Fries, Violoncellist; C. L. Statts, Clarinet Virtuoso; Miss Jessie M. Downer, Solo

Pianist, and Miss Julia King, Dramatic Reader. On October 16 the first lecture was delivered by Mr. Lee Meriwether, the subject being: "Europe on Fifty Cents a Day."

The Tennis matches with Exeter were held on Wednesday afternoon, the 18th of October. We are exceedingly pleased to see the series once more resumed, and we trust that nothing will mar the sportsmanlike beginning of the year's athletics. In the singles Porter beat Crapo of Exeter, 6-1, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4. Messrs. Parker and Prentiss defeated Read and Fox of Exeter, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.

The Cane Rush was pluckily contested on October 16, the Middlers winning, as usual, having 15 hands to the Junior Middlers 13.

The Reading Room is now equipped with more and better arranged periodicals than ever before. The accommodations are also excellent, and the committee have done all in their power to make the room satisfactory in every way. We trust the patrons of the room will co-operate to keep up these good conditions.

For the first time in the history of our track athletics a fall meet was held on the Upper Campus, Oct 21, chiefly to demonstrate material for the spring. The track proved rather slow, and only one school record was broken, the mile bicycle race being cut down thirteen seconds by J. W. Manning. The events were as follows: 100-yard dash, Farlin, 10 1-2 sec.; 220-yard dash, Scott, 35 2·5 sec.; 440-yard run, Abbott, 54 1-5 sec., with handicap of 50 yards; 120-yard hurdle, Parker, 19 4-5 sec., with 10-yard handicap; 2-mile bicycle race, J. W. Manning, 6 min. 8 sec.; 1-mile bicycle race, J. W. Manning, 6 min. 8 sec.; 1-mile bicycle race, J. W. Manning, 6 min. 8 sec.; 1-mile bicycle race, J. W. Manning, 9 min. 48 sec.; running broad jump, Parker, 18 ft 5 1-2 in.; throwing the hammer, Swift, 62 ft. 3 in., with handicap of 15 ft.; pole vault, Davis, 9 ft. 3 in., with handicap of 10 in.; mile run,

Laing, 4 m. 48 2-5 sec., scratch; 220-yards hurdle, Myrick, 29 m. 5 sec., with 10-yard handicap; putting shot, Glynn, 29 ft. 11 in., with handicap of 4 ft.; high jump, Parker, 5 ft. 2 in.

Two special entertainments have been held at the Town Hall during the month. On the evening of the 19th and 20th a Hospital Bazaar was given by the Andover branch of the King's Daughters. On the evening of the 21st a native African choir, in the interests of missionary work, gave a unique concert.



Clippings.

One of our boys went out to walk one day,

Sporting a brand new Prince;
He placed his heel on a banana peel,
And hasn't "banana" where since.

A BROKEN VOW.

Over her lover she pleadingly leaned, And he promised for her dear sake, As he lay in the hammock and saw her tears,

Not another drop to take.

With a thrill of joy the fair girl sprang To his side with a loving look.

The vow was broken — likewise the rope,

For another drop he took.

Brunonian.

TWO TRUTHS.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you;" and his eyes were wet.
"I would not hurt you for the world;
Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried;
"Forgive!" I know that it was not
Because you meant to hurt me, sweet,—
I know it was that you forgot."

But all the same, deep in her heart
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet:
"When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget."

Helen Hunt Jackson.

A light canoe,
Containing two,
Was drifting down the river.
Though lass and lad
Seemed still and sad,
Their hearts were all a-quiver.

But just as he
Had tenderly
Unfolded his devotion,
Why, something slipped,
The boat was tipped,

And all was wild commotion.

And now, alas!

Whene'er they pass,

Her heart grows ever harder.

And you may bet

The water wet

Has dampened all his ardor.

Dartmouth Lit.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"Now just a word before I close,"
The preacher said; the students knew,
Alas! by sad experience taught,
That he was just about half through.
Williams Weekly.

SLIPPERY.

As he walked up the street on a pleas ant June day,

He saw not the place where the orangepeel lay.

When he picked himself up and rubbed his sore head,

"A rotten-skin game" were the words that he said,—Brunonian.

Mirage.

CHANGE ABOUT.

Two heads bobbing over long gray socks by the fireside.

"Yes - John was plum peculiar.

'I'll come back and sojourn with you' says he the day afore he died; An like enough I'll be a yellar dog' says he, 'It will be jus my luck'." Neighbor Martin rolls up her socks and dons her sunbonnet.

"I' low your John entertained heathern views" she says, and then hurries down the path and cross lots toward home.

Standing at the door, the old lady watches her visitor's go and turning, gazes reflectively toward the flower bed. The feathery branches wave mysteriously.

"Shu in thair" The muzzle of a yellow dog appears and after it his lank body. Slowly he crept up to her. "Well I never. Where did you come from. Git away from here", but the dog is at her feet and something in the dark a pealing eyes holds her spell bound. A chill seizes her, her breath comes fast, then rallying, she grasps a broom. "Git out of here", the dog crouches and licks her shoe.

"He said how's he might come back a poor yaller dog." The broom drops weakly. "John Bennett if so be it thatyour spirit is come back to me grovellin in this beast as ye said, gimme some sign."

Two shaggy paws leapt upon her shotlders and there is a warm dog's tongue on her cheek. "Git down" she cries shuddering, "G'away an let me git used to the notion", and she gropes her way into the house and flings herself beside John's vacant chair, The rickety wallclock ticks another half-hour away. Long gray shadows steal across the room. The silent old woman kneels in the twilight. The door opens and across the room creeps the vellow dog, whining piteously and nestling at her feet. "Well, John," she says, "if so be it as it is, why stay and I'll try to get used to you. You was allus a terrible hound for having your own way."

Her fingers caress the dog's head. A queer twinkle lights her face. "Now it's my turn to have the lead." Then she says quaintly, "Git under the stove and stay there, John Bennett."

A. J. McC.

"NOX ERAT."

It was night and most mortals of the strange city were buried in sleep when some cunning rascal persuaded me to assist him in a little act of theft. We were in the third story of a brick building. I was to pull out a few bricks which would cause the building to catch fire and attract the attention of the occupants while he escaped with the booty.

After I had dressed myself in a garb in which I thought I could escape without suspicion, we parted, without promising ever to meet or divide the spoils, and I saw "The Man in the Gray Coat" no more. I did my devil's deed, and, go ing quietly down stairs, escaped at one of the bay-windows and placed my tracks on the side-walk. After going a little way in a direction different from that by which I intended to make my final departure, I turned and came back by the same place and went on my way "not rejoicing."

I had on my light athletic suit, so I soon began to feel like running. I had put quite a little distance behind me when I began to come into a strange looking place. It had the appearance of some Stygian swamp, with here and there a small hut.

About this time Aurora had begun to redden the far-away eastern sky, and I saw two or three men step into my path just ahead and await my approach. My first thought was, "I'm a goner." Never theless, I proceeded. On coming nearer and expecting to be captured, one of the men asked me gruffly what this meant. "Oh, just taking a little morning run for exercise" was my reply, as I struggled to keep my heart down out of my mouth. "Well," he said, "I just meant to tell you that you could not get out up this way, it is swampy." I thanke him and changed my course across the fields toward the nearest patch of woods where I could catch

my breath and look out for another such, as it was now getting time for people to begin to stir.

I was dodging from one thicket to another and scouting along the ridges toward the high mountains with the wind of a greyhound, now and then cooling my parched tongue at the clear brooks which rippled down the mountain side. —

When lo! suddenly I awoke and found it all a dream.

And myself just trying for the athletic team.

How glad I was of the simple fact

That I'd not committed that awful

act.

J. H. C.

Just now when every caller at your room brings with him a long, thin, hungry-looking subscription book, and when you are being taught by bitter experience what an expensive luxury a foot-ball team is, we can truly say that a visitor after eight is looked upon with some suspicion and a great deal of apprehension.

A few nights ago, after a long, weary vigil over some highly c'assic Latin, overcome in mind and body, I, for a time, buried all fears of of the morrow's flunks in forgetfulness in my great, deepseated easy-chair before a cheery woodfire burning brightly on my hearth. I had just begun to feel quite satisfied

with the world in general and my own lot in particular as I watched the glowing coals, when suddenly, "rap! rap! rap!" sounded on my door.. I knew only too well what those knocks meant, and never was a mummy stiller than I.

"Rap! rap! rap!" came the knocks again, and then I felt the presence of some one in my room—of some one looking intently at me. I turned around and there right behind me in front of the door stood—not one of the football management, not an eager-looking subscription fiend, but a ghost, a real dead ghost, tall, haughty, and clad in a long, flowing, white toga.

We eyed each other for a while in silence, then as my position was becoming awkward, I asked, "Well, who are you?"

He did not appear to hear me.

Again I said, "Can I do anything for you?" But by all assaults of the "Queen's English" he was unmoved.

Then remembering his dress, I hazarded in his native tongue, "Quis es?"

"Ego Virgil sum" came back from my spectre visitor in slow, measured tones.

I jumped to my feet, and as soon as I could collect myself I drew up a chair before the fire and begged my guest to be seated. He was very cold and distant at first, for he said that he had come from gloomy Tartarus to demand satisfaction for the insults which had been heaped upon him. His name had become the by-word of every school-

boy, and often, in the dead of night, he had heard my voice making use of it in connections which, to say the least, were derogatory to his character.

It was with great difficulty that I could appease the old gentlemen, but at length the warm fire seemed to thaw out his austerity, and, satisfied with my apology, he became exceedingly jovial. He had much to tell about ancient Rome but had but little faith in modern inventions which, he said, were only base imitations of Roman art. He knew Cicero well,—heard all his great orations of most of which he had shorthand copies at his summer residence on the farther bank of the Styx.

Then he plunged into a learned discourse about the wandering stem and ever-varying vowel of certain Latin words. "Intersit" has the force of prosperity, from pre. signifying sitting between; by slight change, sitting between two girls. Hence a fellow is in prosperity when between two girls, etc.

But it here occurred to him that he was making too long a visit, and having invited me to call and see him, he vanished as suddenly as he came.

S. L. F.

THE SAME OLD SONG.

"It might be that—as a general rule, But still, in fact, I rather doubt lt. That's a point for college, not for school; We'll see what Goodwin knows about it."

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

✓ '35.—Cyrus W. Baldwin, A.M., a distinguished New England instructor, has recently died in Hill, N.H. Prof. Baldwin graduated at Dartmouth in '39 and after studying in Andover Theological Seminary, became connected with Thetford, Vt., Academy and Kimball Academy in Meriden, N.H.

'45.—Hon. Charles Moore, prominent in political circles, died, Oct. 14, at Waltham, Mass. He has been a member of the State Legislature, and at the time of the dedication of the Bennington (Vt.) monument was one of the Massachusetts representatives.

'47-'51-'55-'56.—A large number of Andover graduates took a leading part in the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, held at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 10th-13th. Rev. J. G. Vose, '47, one of the trustees of the Academy, was elected to the Prudential Committee, Charles Ray Palmer, '51, and William E. Parke, D.D., '56, were placed upon the famous "Committee of Fifteen." Dr. Alexander McKenzie, '55, also made an eloquent address.

'64.-Rev. E. A. Lawrence has re-

cently been called to the Congregational Church at Manchester, N.H.

'65.—Rev. William Sperry has lately been inaugurated President of Olivette College, Mich.

'71. — Guy Howard, U. S. N., has charge of the construction of Fort Ethan Allen on Lake Champlain.

'71.—Rev. Charles F. Thwing has just been elected President of Adelbert College, Cleveland, O.

'81.—William A. Hunt died at Amherst Sept. 29, after a long illness. He graduated from Amherst in the class of '85, where he made a great record as an athlete. Mr. Hunt and Prof. Harris of Amherst formed one of the finest batteries the college ever had. Since his graduation he has been very prominent in social and political circles.

'86. — Edgar Lockwood Hamilton, M. I. T. '90, was married, Oct. 3d, at Mariette, Wis., to Miss Ellen Liddell Payne.

'86.—W. B. Carpenter, H.U. '90, has been appointed sub-master of the Woonsocket, R.I., High School. Mr. Carpenter and his principal have recently been in Andover, examining educational methods in vogue here.

'93.—H. G. Wyer has entered the Sophomore class at Harvard with only two conditions.

Books.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA, by Lew Wallace. In two volumes by Harper's Bros.

After reading this much-talked-of book of Wallace, we feel grateful to him for such a production and also to Garfield, for it was through his influence that the work was undertaken. The story was long compared with its predecessor, "Ben Hur," but Wallace tells us so much on every page that parts which otherwise would be dull are in this way made very interesting. The Prince is so pictured that we are perhaps more amazed at him than we are pleased.

History plays a large part, but it is always interesting. Owing to its subject matter and length, it can not justly be compared with "Ben Hur," or with "The Fair God," but it can be compared with them as a literary work, and, if we err not, it takes a higher place in the world of letters. Every one who can, should read this wonderful book which, although it is different from the other works of this author, sparkles with that popular style of Wallace, and one feels as though he were enjoying life in the sea-breeze of Constantinople. J. W. L.

The constant accession of new words and the changing in meaning of old ones requires a new dictionary every few years. The need of a popular dictionary, one not only fitted for the artisan but for the scholar, replete with just what we look for in such a book, has been admirably met by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls. The new volume is christened "The Standard," and not only in the number of words and system of pronunciation, but in its typographical arrangement, it will eclipse all others. Its cost will put it within reach of nearly all classes, and an enormous circulation is already assured.

The contents have been compiled by an editorial staff of nearly two hundred men whose names stand foremost in the world of art, letters, and science, all of them being well known specialists in the branches they superintend. The definitions of the words are fuller and more clearly set forth than in any of the old dictionaries. A feature worthy of note will be a series of exquisitely colored plates, the work of Messrs. Prang and Co. We have seen one of these, illustrating various classes of birds, and it is a marvel of artistic beauty.

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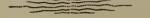
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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board, as occasion demands, from men who have showed marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the Contributing Board, will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial Staff.

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Just a Word.

TO have told me six months ago that I would elevate my best black silk hat on the end of my walking stick and wave it frantically about, simply because the Phillips Eleven had scored a touchdown against Exeter, would, to say the least, have surprised me. It is n't often, you see, that a family man can wave his hat and shout "milk," and enjoy lots of excitement without being called to account, or looked upon as a harmless, but yet disagreeable lunatic.

I unfortunately have no data at hand to show the increased interest in athletics, but the campus is certainly much more liberally patronized now by the students than it was in 1871 and previous years. Base-ball was the only game I can remember as having been played during my membership of the Academy; and that, of course, had attained nothing like the perfection now distinguishing it. Match games with other schools and the colleges were largely attended, but there was no "grand stand," and the players knew nothing of the catchers mask and protection gloves. The score of '71 would create a fine sensation to-day.

At the more important ball matches Dr. Taylor used to wander down his garden, and show his spectacled face just over the high fence separating his grounds from the campus. Tennis was not known, and the game of foot ball was a namby-pamby recreation. I doubt if we ever had a training table or knew very much about scientific training. We were proud of our Nines, naturally, but as a rule athletics were given no such attention as now. As a result the physical condition of the school was below what it is to-day.

I can see but little change in one respect at Andover. There still appears to be a centre of attraction half way down the hill. Could any celebration be complete, I wonder, without a parade through the Fem-Sem. grounds? None could have been twenty years ago; and there is little doubt that there could be now. What fine tales that good old articulated skeleton, which lives, or used to live, at the Fem. Sem., could tell if only his or her long-closed jaws could open and wag for an hour. One night it walked from its closet and seated itself in the Principal's chair, with open book before it, and bony fingers pointing towards some invisible girl student; and there it sat all through the night and greeted the class which assembled in the morning. And did the dangling thing laugh another night when three bold men from the school upon the hill locked the doors of Abbot hall and sat in solemn state while one teacher and six pupils imprisoned there were made to give an impromptu concert to the tree disguised intruders sitting in solemn state at the rear of the room? How the boys grinned over this little joke that night, and how the laugh ceased the next morning when their names were called, and it was humble apology at the Fem. Sem. or good-by to Andover. Of course the apologies were made; but the last penitent, having made his bow and said his say, sat himself down before the august lady director of the institution and politely, but firmly, refused to take the hint that he might then go; and sat there, stolid, calm, speechless, his white-gloved hands crossed in his lap, and a benign smile on his impassive face. Silly pranks; very. But the campus, remember, was not so attractive then as now, and a vent had somewhere to be found for the animation concealed in every boy.

Doctor Taylor died the March before my graduation. A cold, snowy

day; the usual rush toward chapel, where, every Sunday morning, the Doctor had his "Biblical"; and then a sudden stopping of the throng; a sudden hush; a wild tale that the Doctor was dead; and soon all was over, and the portly form, but a few moments before as vigorous as ever, was borne in silence from the school he loved so well. That night there was a fire at one of the mills near the depot, and the Phillips Fire-engine was called into service. It had been a day of intense excitement, and I remember the whole school flocked to the fire, and did valiant service. In a few days came the Doctor's funeral, with its gathering of famous men and its eulogies; and then once more the school life was begun again; but old No. 9 had its platform draped in black.

Our favorite winter pastime was coasting. The town laws were less strict then than now, and the School Street sidewalk was given over to the boys. Starting at the Mansion House, then standing at the top of the hill, or from in front of the Academy, we often coasted to the depot. usually, however, the run ended at the South Church. Many a night, in the cold freezing air, I have helped to carry pails of water to throw upon the course to make it icy; and the speed with which the next day we flew past the admiring groups of Fem. Sems. made our eyes run tears, and makes my blood tingle even now at the thought of it. Skating was done at "Rabbit's Rock," and at "Abbott's Meadow." I am under the impression that Fem. Sems. (unique and singular abbreviation) were allowed skating privileges, but am not sure. I can only hope so. In summer our favorite resort was "Pomp's Pond," a much prettier place then than it is at present, after losing its surroundings of heavy woods, which protected and made the Pond exceedingly picturesque.

Many changes are noted by graduates who return to Phillips after long absence. The school is twice the size it was; a new recitation hall and a new Treasurers's office, and, most satisfactory sight, there is one new dormitory at least, to break the ugly line of those hideous Commons that to all must be, and must ever have been, an eyesore. May the day come quickly when the old rookeries disappear. I think of the grief of the campus at being looked down upon by those factory-tenement looking relics of an untutored age. If money enough cannot be raised from the

thousands of graduates, then more the pity. I believe, however, that money enough can be raised to replace these buildings with something to supply the growing needs of the Institution. Imagine the change when all the Commons are gone! and in their place—let us not stop—one long, large hall, "Graduates Hall" if you please, stretching out along the north end of the campus, and swinging out an arm along a portion of the south-western side, with balconies from which to look down upon the annual spring and fall games! Do you think there is a graduate alive who would not give something to bring about this change? Try, and see. And try now, at once; but in trying do not forget the original conception of Commons, or of what Commons has done for boys in the history of Phillips Academy. The buildings can be replaced, but never do away with Commons.

Phillips Andover, as I have said, has made a decided gain. It seems to me, after pretty careful study too, and speaking with no idea of flattering, that there has been great moral and physical improvement. One will hear nothing said on the campus that need offend the drawing-room, and there have been several instances where the forbearance exercised did certainly seem a virtue. Nothing would be more acceptable to school and college graduates than Base-ball Nines and Foot-ball Elevens composed of gentleman athletes. In my opinion Phillips Andover is doing her part to bring about this desirable condition of things. The Eleven of this year, victorious or defeated, is an honor to the school. Its members, individually and collectively, look to be what they are, young men belonging to a preparatory school and studying to enter college. Skill alone gave Andover the touchdowns at Exeter this year. Interference is one thing, "slugging" another, and I fully endorse Caspar Whitney in saving that it should be ruled off the field and out of sight. Other victories might have been won than were won, if older and larger men and well-known professionals had been induced to enter the Academy for a term or two, and so been made eligible for team playing.

What the Eleven of '94 will be, how victorious, every graduate will be anxious to know. He will be more anxious, however, to hear that its members are for hard play, great skill, unquestioned fairness, and good

feeling. If defeat comes, if honestly, by superior skill, take it as a man soon learns to take life, like a philosopher. But seek not for victory at the expense of reputation or by means that will reflect upon your school, upon yourselves, or upon your graduate well-wishers.

Edwards Roberts, '71.

Autumn.

The maple is tinged with crimson and yellow,
While forests are brown and orchards are mellow.
Sere are the pastures half-girdling the woodland,
Whose bold brow is kissed by the silver-gray strand.
Sad grows the notes of the fieldman's last lay,
And faint the echoes that through the glen stray;
Still is the wind so boldly advancing,
Breasting sharp rocks, then battling and glancing;—
The drear echoes sound on the side of the mountain,
Then fade into naught like the spray from a fountain.
Wood-chopper, come; the wildwood is calling;
Sparse are trees whose leaves are still falling.
The ground squirrel hunts for the hickory no more.
For winter, white mantled, awaits at the door.

W: G P.

Wiolets.

I. A Morning Reverie.

THERE is a small glass of white violets on my dressing-case, and their fragrance causes a delicious stupor to fall upon me. It is nearly noon, and yet I have just completed my morning toilet and am seated here in the large arm chair, awaiting the coffee and rolls which I have rung for. These balls make a man deucedly tired, yet what stores of pleasure are derived from them. And those violets—no, they are not nearly so fair as their giver. How well they remind me of the dear old home of my childhood. The house was screened from the road by a fine grove of stately old maples. What delicious sugar they gave us every spring. Behind the old barn, violets exactly like those in my glass grew as thickly almost as grass, and covered nearly a whole acre. A little brook flowed laughingly through the patch, and whispered gently to me many a wondrous story as I lay musing beside it, gazing into its cool depths and forming vast fleets out of the little sticks and straws that whirled by.

Ah, those were hours of happiest youth, none will ever be pleasanter. And she—the lady of last night—lived across the way. Did she remember how I used to pluck those blue-eyed fairies all adorned in white, and lay them, my childish offering, in her lap? And how she sat and wove them into wreaths for her pretty head? Dainty little Madge had an avowed slave in me then. Always together, brother and sister,—only she lived next door.

Years have rolled away and circumstances parted us, and the love that bloomed in childhood I had long forgotten till I saw her last night. And then—ah, yes,—it all returned. No longer little Madge, but a grown-up woman. Yet there was the same expression of the eyes and the saucy pouting of the lips and the pretty tossing of the head that made me know her at once. All,—all was the same. Yes, all the same, and the lapse of years was as but yesterday. She must have remembered the dear old days, when she gave me those white beauties. Coffee and rolls

— and violets; how could a man be dissatisfied with these. I'll pin them the violets — on my coat and take a turn down the street.

II. The Awakening.

Does anybody enjoy life more than a club man? If so he is a happy mortal. There was the usual crowd gazing out of the big bay window of the "Elite Club," this particular morning, on the busy life of the street, in such contrast to their own. "Here comes Furnam," said Billy Blood. "Saw him at the dance last night. Mrs. Ridgely's."

Soon Furnam strolled in and in his usual pleasant way joined in the conversation, which gradually drifted to Mrs. Ridgeley's ball. "Saw an old friend of mine there," said Furnam to Billy Blood as they sat down to lunch at one of the adjoining tables. "How nice it is to look upon a face that one has not seen for years. And memory steals o'er me like a charm. Yes, the dear old song was right." Blood looked interested and Furnam continued by saying, "See these violets?" touching the lapel of his coat. "That's where the story lies. Poor little dumb things, naught but their fragrance whispers of their beauty. Say, old man, is there a blue book in the reading room? There's an address I'd like to look up."

- "Whose, may I ask," said Blood, "maybe I know her."
- "Her, how did you know it was her?"
- "I saw it in your eyes, old fellow, and besides I have a slight acquaintance with violets."
 - "Well, if you must know, Madge Lorimer."
- "Oh yes! 621 North Brighton Avenue. I call around there once in a while myself. In fact I live there."

Howard P. Sanders.

The Silver Cup.

A Base-ball Story.

THE afternoon had been spent in hard practice, for the team was getting ready to open the season with the Brookville team, our old and familiar rival. For half a century the fiercest battles in athletics had been fought, honors resting about even. So this spring we looked forward to a magnificent victory. As captain of the club I had devoted all my energies to the selection and training of my men, who certainly looked very promising; and every day I thought I noticed slow but sure improvement.

Tired from the exertions of the afternoon I went straight to my room after supper. As it was still April, the evenings often blew up damp and cold, so I had not given up the evening log-fire. I was surprised to find the hearth so bright, as several huge pieces were piled on in confusion. I seated myself in one of the arm-chairs and my usual evening reverie of the afternoon's work began, when an apologizing knock was heard at the door. To my rather reluctant "come in," in walked a flashily-dressed young fellow whom I at once recognized as Mansfield, a class-mate of mine. He travelled with what some would call the "gayest set in school." Although he could always flourish a roll of greenbacks, he was very careful what bets he made, and usually won. He seemed never to know a great deal in class, but had passed his examinations with mysterious regularity until he had reached the Senior year in school.

"Ah, old man," he began, whipping a box of cigarettes from his pocket with apt dexterity, which only long practice could have acquired, "I thought I'd find you in. Fixed up the logs, you know, for I knew you'd be all broken up—beastly bad going, you know; sticky ground."

"Yes," I answered, "the ground is clinging yet, but to-night's wind will probably dry it out for to-morrow." I did not like the fellow, to tell the truth, and as he had plumped himself into the next chair, I could think of nothing more to say, so waited for him to speak. He pulled his

trousers up carefully, crossed his legs, and rolled the cigarette on his knee. Then, lighting it, he flung the burnt match into the fire.

"Beastly smooth set of men you have, though," he continued puffing to his evident satisfaction, "best lot of colts that ever ran under the old colors. Outfield a stone-wall; bases well filled, although you might do better by changing second and third; Warley throws so low and straight; Little Ringly does well at short, and Lee will come around and again fill the box to perfection. Grand one, he, with lots of speed and staying power—game to the last. I'll take all they have at evens." In this manner he rattled on for several moments, when, seeing I was indisposed to comment upon the merits of the different men, he excused himself and I was again left alone and to my reverie.

I gave Mansfield credit for plenty of shrewdness and knew he was after something. I could not recall that he had ever dropped in to see me before. His words had set me thinking, however, and his reference to Lee was most timely. I had noticed for several days that his pitching lacked the speed for which he was famed, but had said nothing to the old fellow. Mansfield seemed to know, however, that he was not quite in form

The wind had freshened and the logs had burned low. The coals gradually faded into crimson and gray; then into pale purple, re-appearing in tiny blades of dark green, which soon grew countless in numbers, until they appeared in the form of a beautiful green diamond surrounded by gay equipages. The on-lookers seemed wild with excitement. Small boys ran to and fro, shouting the sale of the Handover–Brookville score cards. From the bleachers arose clouds of smoke. The grand stand on the right was a bank of red, while the opposite one was a mass of blue.

Suddenly the gates were thrown open and a tally-ho drawn by four magnificent bays with bridles decorated with red streamers and rosettes appeared, from which alighted a dozen athletes clad in suits of red and white. I watched their practise with the deepest interest, and then my men, yes, my faithful boys, appeared and were greeted with tumultuous applause. Our preliminary work was excellent and the game was started. Never before had the old field heard such shouting and witnessed such

wild enthusiasm. Twice we had succeeded in getting a man on third with no one out, but had scored but once. And now came the fifth inning, with the score one to nothing in our favor. We were retired in order, and the red stockings changed places with us.

The first man, Anderson, is put out on a long fly to center, which is captured by Merton after a pretty run. The next batter hits just over first and stops at second, amid the wildest excitement. All grows quiet, however, when Hardy, their strongest and surest hitter, rubs his hands in the sand and takes his position. The excitement is at fever heat. On four balls he goes to first. A wild pitch advances both runners a base, and then Lee did something I never knew him to do before; give the second man his base on four very wild and weak balls.

The cheering of the red is supreme; like one man they yell their short, snappy, encouraging words. Langdon goes to the bat. He had the reputation of being a very hard hitter at opportune times, and the perspiration rolled from my forehead as I viewed the young giant. Could Lee, would the old boy fool him? I saw Lee signal the out curve. Excited though I was, I thought this a very unwise selection, as it involved much risk of a passed ball. I saw the white sphere cut down and out, the bat came around with terrible force meeting it squarely and sending it far down right center. Frenzied, I turned and rushed from first down the field. The next instant my head was bumped violently against the mantel-piece, and I awoke to find the fire out, the room chilly and shrouded in darkness, save where the moonlight fell through the open shutter. Yes, it had been an awful dream, but dreams count for naught, so I endeavored to blot it from my memory.

"Why should Lee," reasoned I, "be the one to weaken at the end of five innings." I thought it a little strange, and as the events of the game came too willingly before my vision, I decided to make sure that the old fellow's room was still there, and then retire. Throwing open the casement, I looked across the campus to the grand stand and diamond. Yes, there they were, deserted, so deserted! Lee's room, though, had a bright light in it. I thought this doubly strange, for at that moment the bells struck once, twice, thrice."

"Something unusual is happening," thought I, "he must be sick." Hastily drawing on my sweater, I ran down the stairs and out across the edge of the campus. I pushed the half-shut door open and ascended the stairs. Obtaining a chair at the end of the hall, I looked through the transom. What a sight met my eyes! There in the center of the room a poker game was in progress, with Lee a participator. Wine had evidently flowed freely during the early part of the evening, and a half-bottle of champagne, tipped over, was now running out on the carpet. The last pot Lee loses on three aces to a flush, and he arises, tottering and almost unrecognizable, the picture of despair.

"No, no, fellows, I can't; I won't do it; you can not make me. What would my mother and fa——" and then he fell upon the floor and wept like a child. Then a young fellow donned his coat and hat, lighted a cigarette, and for the first time faced me. It was Mansfield!

The great game has been played, and the silver cup adorns a mahogany pedestal in the old hall. The treachery of the wretch who endeavored to send Lee in the box against Brookville with a "glass" arm was luckily discovered in time to prevent certain defeat. Lee's story, known only to myself, was the usual one. He had commenced by playing "penny ante" which soon increased as his desire for gambling grew. Then came the beer, wine and smoking, hand in hand, and then the playing into the hands of the villain Mansfield, who is at present, I believe, writing tickets on a well-known race track for a livelihood.

W. Gordon Parker.

By a Woman's Band.

CEARS ago the wind was whispering, as on many another day, among the branches of the forests in Western New York. Something was also stirring amid the thickets below. The hand of an Indian woman, clad in the garb of her tribe, was parting the bushes almost noiselessly to right and left. She was making her way stealthily toward the shore of Lake Erie, and gliding along as a snake would slip through the grasses. Her footsteps were directed toward the place from which came a steady, rumbling roar like thunder. At length, she went forward with more confidence, evidently having found some trace for which she was looking. In the course of time she reached the shore of the lake and you might have seen an exulting look of triumph gleam from her dusky eyes.

Gently rocked by the waves of the lake, a canoe was floating among the rushes near the shore. In it was stretched the form of a swarthy Indian warrior, sound asleep. Beside him lay the fish which he had caught that day, his bow, his quiver and his paddle. The Indian maiden stood looking upon him, smiled, then sighed. Across her face love chased hate, and love was dispelled by pride, and pride in turn was put to flight by tenderness; but only for a moment. The gentler passions of her woman's heart were struggling with a savage and revengeful nature. She took a step backward, half turned, and then stepped forward to the water's edge. The dice had been thrown and the Evil Spirit had won the toss. She stepped into the water, leaned over the canoe's edge, took out the bow and the paddle, and then drew away gently the sapling against which the canoe was resting.

The maiden stepped upon the bank and watched the current seize the fragile craft and sweep it along. Faster and faster it was swept down the lake. At last the motion waked the sleeping giant. Too late! Too late! No paddle, and the current was too swift to be breasted. Ahead, the mighty falls thundering destruction; behind, the woman who had sent him to his doom. And he had not even his bow to send an arrow to her treacherous heart.

The Indian glanced about him. He comprehended all. Slowly his eve swept the horizon. Once more he looked back upon the figure standing on the bank, and the fire of scorn and hatred flashed from his eyes. Suddenly he started from his reverie. The roar of the falls awoke him thoroughly. He looked ahead where the spray was rising like a mist, but he never quailed; not once did his limbs tremble. Slowly and majestically he folded his arms across his mighty chest and rose to his full height. He was a warrior fair to look upon. Across the waters of the lake were borne the weird, wild tones of his death song, a song of death and yet of triumph to him. None but the Indian maiden and the trees of the forest heard. The water flowed on as before, heeding not the soul that was slipping down upon its tide to the rocks below. But if all else was unmindful of the brave red and his dauntless courage, the girl who heard his paean awake the echoes of the forest, was not. Across her face passed flitting shadows of regret and admiration mingled together. Though a savage, she was a woman.

A swifter current was now sweeping the canoe down toward the falls. In the seething tide the tiny craft was rocked and tipped, but the form within, so like a sapling in its straightness, heeded it not. The notes grew louder and less faltering. The forests re-echoed the victorious dirge. Down, down, down, the water and its burden slipped. On the very edge of the falls the canoe seemed to stop, to catch. Then the Indian and canoe glided through the spray and leaping water as quickly as the lightning flashes, and disappeared.

The rocks below received him and the waters entombed him in their depths. He had died like a warrior and gone to the happy hunting grounds.

The woman wept.

Harold P. Bale.

My Bittersweet.

The morning is dark and gloomy,
And a haze hangs o'er the lake,
And there's never a sail, nor a cheery hail,
Nor the swash of a steamer's wake.

But over the porch by my window
A Bittersweet vine climbs high,
And stirred by the breeze, it gently breathes
A welcome to the sky.

And the glorious red of its berries
Shines forth to my weary soul,
As the setting sun, its labor done,
Brings a flush to the western knoll.

And I see in your glossy verdure,
O slender Bittersweet,
Full many a face, as I often trace
In the hearth fire at my feet.

Keep guard, my trembling beauty,
Of the friends you have shown to me;
Breathe never a word of the tales you have heard,
Trust never the wind so free.

And the Bittersweet nodded its answer,
In the soft caress of the breeze;
And nobody knows, not even the rose,
Who thinks she hears all from the bees.

S. '95.

Improbable Possibilities.

A Christmas Story.

THE strange incidents told in the following lines are not a mere dream, but actual, living realisms. Even in old Andover there are phenomena which it would bewilder the ouside world to unravel. Such ones are here related for the first time, and the broad light of day is allowed to stream full upon the mystery which encircles them.

As I leaned upon the window-sill in English Commons the sun hung low in the western horizon, and the amber tints of the sunset hues began to gather over the brown hills. "When will we have snow?" I asked myself, as I noted the hard frozen ground, not diversified by the tiniest patch of white. It was a lonely feeling that came into my heart then, not merely from the sereness of the tree tops, or from the setting of the sun, but because I was all alone.

It was the nineteenth day of December, and nearly every man had left town that noon for his holiday vacation. Now it happened that mine was the only light that shone from English Commons those two weeks, and that but two other fellows spent the recess in town. They both roomed up on Salem Street, and we seldom met.

The advertising field that year was below par. It had been a hard fight for the managers of the "Phillipian" and the "Mirror" to fill up their usual space. Like many another self-confident youth, I had inwardly determined to make my term more illustrious than that of any other manager of the "Mirror." Soon, however, I realized that ambitions are easier to dream of than to fulfil; and when December came around, my department was but three quarters filled. Moreover I was in the unenviable situation of being imprecated by the other dignitaries of the board. Little surprise had I, then, when in the last meeting of the term, that austere functionary known to the outside school as the President of the Mirror staff, cast a characteristic dark look upon me, and in the quick, imperative tones we who were associated with him so vividly

recall now in later years, gave me an order to remain in Andover, and work up my "ads." Well did the unlucky editor who roused the ire of this officer know that his law was gospel, and woe unto that unfortunate mortal who came tardy to the meetings, or left unfulfilled the duties laid down by the power that was.

So here I was with plenty of work before me, but none of the joys of the home gathering, and few of the gladsome Christmas surprises to anticipate. My pocket-book was not overburdened, and a good deal of shrewdness was necessary for the planning of frugal meals and an occasional theatre ticket.

Just as the sun began to lighten up the gilt hands of the clock in the the Old South steeple I was astir. From the quiet and uneventful streets of Andover, I was soon hustling among the busy shops on Washington Street, the swell establishments of Tremont, or the trade marts of Devonshire. The successful advertising solicitor resembles the successful football player. He is intensely proud of what he has won, and he is all covered with bruises and hard knocks. Excellent luck followed my work that day, and when I settled down in the car seat I was truly weary.

When we rolled into Andover that evening the wind was blowing hard, and snow was swirling about the sidewalks and streets in high glee. The windows of the woe-begone little shops clustered at the "square" were well frosted over, and the drone of the trolleys sounded cold. It was a glorious storm! Snow at last! How the wind moaned and whistled about the old Commons building!

I had pulled the coverlet well up under my chin, and was along towards dreamland (I had gone to bed early), when I heard a door open below. My senses were alert in a moment. Very intently I listened, and aside from the blowing outside, there was a decided creaking and crunching as of stepping in the hall. "Who can be here a night like this?" thought I. In the weirdness and darkness of the storm my mind began to picture images of burglars or tramps breaking in the door. Then I thought of the two fellows on Salem Street, but it could n't be they, for they were men never known to be abroad at such a late hour of the evening, except at an occasional lecture. Being thoroughly awake

now, I rose, and slipping on my clothes started to investigate the disturbance. As I opened my door the sound continued for a moment, there was a sudden gust of cold air up the stairway, a light jar, and all was quiet. I could find the traces of nothing unusual when I went below. I took no light, but anyone could have been seen without it. Back to bed I went, and next morning thought it a dream till I saw my clothes where I had hastily thrown them.

Now I was never a believer in spirits or goblins, but the strangeness of the occurrences that took place in that house the following day all but converted me to supernatural theories. I did most of my writing and accounting in the Mirror room, which happened to be in the same house as my own apartment. Twice had I left my desk all heaped up with documents — disorderly, of course — and twice had I returned to find these papers all neatly arranged in the pigeon holes. The second time I was dumbfounded to find in a prominent place these lines, written in a clear, angular hand on one of our letter heads:

"Patience is a virtue,
Possess it if you can!
Seldom in a woman,
Never in a man."

Parks, the sport of the Board, had a collection of French works of fiction packed away on the book shelves. Some of these I found scattered about among the exchanges on the reading table. The curtains which I had left opened were closely drawn, and most mysterious of all, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December I found the big Rochester lamp, which I had extinguished the evening before, burning brightly. Whoever the nocturnal visitor might be, spiritual or temporal, he was no thief, for nothing was taken from the room. If a tramp, he was exceedingly philanthropic, for the room was set to rights and made orderly twice. Even the practical joker wouldn't have done this. In vain I endeavored to solve the perplexing problem. It was of no use. I was baffled at every surmise. I had looked for foot-prints in the snow outside, but here even the weather had balked me, for the greatest snow-storm of the winter had

continued through three nights — the very nights when the room must have been entered by either man or ghost.

It was Christmas eve. As the express rolled out of Boston and plunged away across the dark wastes of the Medford fells, my thoughts were not in tune with the gladsome, bright-eyed faces about me. As I noticed the many bundles heaped up in the racks, some short, some long, some chunky — here a toy cart protruding from its wrappings, there a downcast neck of a turkey — I thought how lonely in comparison my celebration would be, away up there in English Commons. True, there were the remembrances from home, but they made me all the more sad. How I wished I were with them all, enjoying Lillian's merry laugh, mother's happy looks, and little Tom's wonder at it all. My musings continued till we reached Andover.

The storm was over, and out of a clear sky the moon shone brightly. The evergreens bent gracefully under their heavy loads, and the tall maples and elms were skeletons in white. Along the sidewalks ran little fleecy mountain chains, where the snow-plough had been, and under the moonlight the myriad flakes sparkled like fairy diamonds. The air was keen, and I hurried up the long hill.

What was that? Surely my eyes did not deceive me. I looked more intently. Yes, no mistaking, there was a light in the Mirror room, a very bright light, too. Had the grate started a fire? No, the light was steady. With bated breath I approached the window. I knew by the look that one of the curtains was opened, and that one of those heavy embossed shades was raised. I noticed foot-prints in the snow, but I waited not to examine them. Up to the window I stealthily went. I raised my eyes, and the sight which met my eyes almost sent me over backwards into the snow.

Let us get the background to our picture. The Mirror office was furnished then pretty much as follows: a few easy chairs were scattered about, and those who didn't prefer them might rest on the soft cushioned couch in one corner. A time-worn desk stood in a niche. To a stranger this old piece of furniture might seem devoid of interest, but to us there were a thousand associations about its dark walls, for those pigeon-holes

had once been the receptacles of "Uncle Sam" Taylor's documents. Upon that board many a powerful thought of that great man had been evolved, many a pleasant message to the homes of promising students, many a crushing one to the parents of those who had failed. Could one refrain from a feeling of respect, or from imaginings as he sat before it? More than our most tastefully upholstered chair did we prize that old desk. My own little oaken cabinet was placed in another corner, and in the centre of the room stood the tables, strewn with books and exchanges. One could hardly tell what kind of wall-paper we had, so thoroughly was it covered with engravings and etchings. Then there were the photographs of preceding boards, the tall bronze lamp with its big yellow shade, and if it were chilly, the crackling wood-fire in the grate. Many a pleasant time did we have in the pretty apartment.

But it was not to these things that my eyes were attracted as they looked through the window panes. The fire-light flickered upon the sweet face of a beautiful, slender girl, who sat rocking before the grate. She still had on her wraps, and the black fur of a jaunty jacket outlined her exquisitely chiselled neck. A lackadaisical looking maiden sat in the president's chair, reading something from a document, while three other young ladies, attired in fashionable gowns, and comely to look upon, were grouped interestedly about. They laughed gleefully, and seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly.

Should I disturb them? — part of that room belonged to me. I had more right there than those girls. Duty called me to my desk; modesty told me I had better not go in. Duty won the day, and I boldly opened the door, the wonder in my eyes no doubt well carrying out my feint of surprise at seeing anyone there.

Five little screams and five very deep blushes were my welcome. Their surprise at seeing me was so supreme that for a moment not a word did they utter. Then she who sat before the fire rose, and with flaming cheeks looked straight at me with her large brown eyes.

"I pray, sir, that you will pardon our intrusion into this office. I presume you are one of the editors. We are out on a little Christmas eve lark. We meant no harm. We thought nobody would be here to-

night. Of course there is no proper excuse. In behalf of the others, I would ask you to pardon our rudeness."

Very stately did she stand in delivering this little speech, but I was equal to the emergency, and respectfully handing her one of my business cards, — "No intrusion whatsoever. We are always glad to receive visitors in this room, and I assure you, ladies are doubly welcome. I beg of you to be seated. I am all alone this evening, and it would be very pleasant to have someone to talk to."

Then I briefly related the cause of my being in town during vacation, knowing that a woman's compassion is generally pretty susceptible, and I did not allow them to refuse till I had said my little say, as was my way with advertisers. After many murmurs of hesitancy, a dainty hand held her card to me, and she introduced me to the others. The lackadaisical one began to laugh.

"Do you know," said she, "Mr. Carfax, we have been reading from your drawer of rejected manuscripts, and I think they are just immense."

With deep chagrin, I saw a great pile of unfortunate articles, lampoons, blood-curdling tales, and doubtful verse heaped high upon the table. Now we often read these for our own amusement; but that any outsider should read them!

"I believe Jack Parks is your brother, is he not," I said to the jolly faced girl, who had been introduced to me under that name.

"Yes," she replied, "Jack is my brother. He has told me all about your room here, and the famous meetings you have in it; so we knew about it before we dared come up."

"Oh! I've heard Mr. Parks speak of you very often, Mr. Carfax, when he has been down to call on Nellie. Nellie and I are chums, you know."

So we talked very pleasantly, and the girls explained to me how they were all obliged to spend their vacation in Andover, because they lived too far away to go home. They were all good friends, and were having a glorious time.

"We have all planned to go down to Boston to-morrow afternoon, and have a grand Christmas dinner," said Madeline, the one with the

brown eyes, who had first spoken to me. We should be very happy to have you accompany us, I'm sure. We have engaged a private diningroom at the Vendome, and I can assure you of a good feast, if you can endure the company."

Would it be natural for any human mortal to decline such an invitation? It was nearly nine o'clock, and the girls rose to leave. I slipped on my ulster and walked beside Madeline all the way down. Whether it were the light of the moon, or my own vivid imagination I knew not, but her eyes shone very brightly, and the little mouth looked exceedingly sweet.

Even beyond my most sanguine hopes was that Christmas made happy, enlivened by really the only true source of enjoyment—five pretty, cultured, vivacious girls.

Yuno.



The Matural Bridge.

YERY few Americans, comparatively speaking, have seen this remarkable phenomenon, and a great many more are ignorant of its location. Words can hardly render it full justice.

This wonder of nature is situated in the southwestern part of the "Old Dominion," at the end of the Virginia Valley, in the county named after it, Rockbridge. This portion of Virginia has been the scene of many interesting historical events. The country for miles around is mountainous and full of limestone. Anyone who has ever been in a limestone country must have noticed the beauty in the rocks. They have an almost endless variety of shades and colors There is dark blue, blue spotted and streaked with white quartz, light blue, mottled blue, gray, brown, yellow, white, and even red.

One may take the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and get off at Natural Bridge station, about three miles from the bridge itself. There is a very steep ride up a small mountain before arriving at the hotel. From the road beautiful views may be had of the valleys below and other mountains of the blue Ridge in the distance. After arriving at the hotel there is a walk of a few hundred yards to the entrance of the park. We pass through a room full of souvenirs and photographs, and then going down a little way find ourselves in a beautiful wood or park, through which flows Cedar Creek, the stream that winds under the bridge and empties into the James, about five miles below. The scenery all about is very fine, but when we suddenly turn a sharp curve and stand directly in front of the bridge, and at a distance of only a few yards, it is simply magnificent. There towers before us a huge monolith of blueish-gray limestone, two hundred and fifteen feet high, ninety feet in breadth, and forming an arch two hundred and eighty feet high. The top is wreathed with an evergreen mantle of firs. When we are under the arch and look up at the top the immense height impresses us more than before. We behold a very striking coincidence on the roof the arch. There are plainly visible the letters G. W. and a large black "spread eagle." The form of

the latter is very distinct. These shapes have been made by the water dripping through the mass of rock and earth above, and form an everlasting tribute to America and her greatest man.

From the top of the bridge the scene is grander, if that be possible, than from below. A large, shelf-like projection, called "Pulpit Rock," affords the best view. One of the strangest things connected with the Natural Bridge is to think of the enormous length of time, historically speaking, but very short from a geological standpoint, it has taken for that stream, only ten feet in width, to carve out this wonderful natural arch. For this, and nothing else, has done so.

America and Americans ought to be proud of this, the third natural wonder of the world, and of its intimate association with two of her greatest citizens—Washington, who, if tradition is to believed, visited it when a boy, and had a very thrilling adventure befall him; and Thomas Jefferson, who first owned the bridge and the land about it.

Arthur H. Gerhard.



A Romancing Desert.

A N African seer once lived alone in the middle of the Great Desert, and he alone knew that the desert had a voice. This voice issued from a deep well near the oasis. The seer used to come to the brink, and while smoking his favorite pipe listen to the stories the desert told him of things which had happened within his borders, and of which no one save himself knew.

One day, on coming to the well, the seer found the desert in a tender mood, and almost before he had seated himself the voice came whistling up from the depths of the well, inquiring mournfully whether he had ever heard related the sad history of Haffiz and the beautiful Abdulla. On the seer's replying negatively the desert said, "Then listen, and you shall hear it."

"There once lived close to my borders a rich merchant, who had an only daughter, more beautiful than the stars. Abdulla was beloved by many wealthy and handsome young men, but she returned the affections of no one save a young elephant hunter, the handsomest of men, who lived not far from her father's palace. Haffiz, the elephant hunter, loved Abdulla passionately, and would have married her except that he was very poor. Her father would allow no one to ask for her hand save rich and high-born men.

"But Abdulla steadily refused all the suitors who came to ask for her, though these included some of the noblest of the kingdom. Finally her father, Haroun, became wroth, and swore by the beard of the prophet that Abdulla should marry the next man of wealth that came to ask for her, or else be sold as a slave. Terrified by this threat, Abdulla knew not what to do, and sent one of her women to Haffiz with a message asking him to help her. Haffiz immediately sent back a note by the same messenger, saying that he would have a speedy horse in readiness that very night at moon-rise, and if she were prepared they could be so far away by dawn that there would be no pursuit. They could escape to a neighbor-

ing kingdom and live in happiness all the rest of their lives. The woman returned, a plan was agreed upon, and a meeting place appointed.

"Long before moon-rise Haffiz was at his post below Abdulla's turret, eager with impatience. At length a small door was opened and a white-robed figure slipped out. Haffiz clasped it in his arms, pressed a burning kiss on each cheek, lifted it into the saddle, and was away. But just as he was leaving the building his animal spied a riding horse near by, under the trees, and neighed loudly. In a moment voices were heard, Haffiz and the lovely Abdulla were seen disappearing into the darkness, and the alarm was given.

"The fleeing lovers heard the commotion behind them and knew that escape was now almost hopeless. But a thought crossed Haffiz' mind, and he determined to entrust himself and his precious burden to my care. And how have I repaid that trust!" continued the desert, pathetically. "But I did my best, and it was the fault of the Lord of Sands. But I will continue.

"Haffiz knew that no one would dream of his venturing out upon my broad surface, and therefore resolved upon doing it in order to deceive his pursuers. Until sun-rise he urged his noble steed steadily out over the sands, leaving the first wastes far behind. During a large portion of the following morning he made his way along in a course parallel to my border with such speed as Abdulla's condition would permit. Finally, at midday, Haffiz believed himself secure from pursuit and, urged by the necessity of procuring food and relieving Abdulla, started to retrace his steps toward my margin.

"The lovely pair had proceeded but a short distance when Haffiz noticed his steed, although almost wearied out by his unceasing labor, suddenly become nervous and leap as though frightened. In a moment the cause became apparent. In the distance behind the lovers appeared a great gray wall that seemed to be rushing furiously toward them, accompanied by a vague, dull roaring noise. Haffiz' practiced eye immediately recognized it as a sand storm, and terrified by the sight, he sought to urge his horse forward. But it was too late. Before they had covered more than a short distance the gray wall of sand was looming up frightfully

behind them, and Haffiz saw that flight was hopeless. Supporting the beautiful and half-fainting Abdulla in his arms, he leaped from the horse to try the last chance for safety. He knew well the danger. He knew that if the storm left them in a shallow trough of the sand they might escape, but if a ridge covered them they could but perish most miserably. Winding his turban around the face and head of Abdulla to protect them as much as possible, he enveloped his own in his loose coat, and breathing a prayer to Allah, they lay down side by side to await their fate.

"The storm, raised by the fury of the Lord of Sands, passed over, and the next day's sun shone down in peace upon naught but a succession of hillocks and depressions of sand, and save an immense mound of sand, there was no trace of the spot where the lovers, Haffiz and Abdulla, lay down to die.

Everett L. Millard.



"Crazy Mag."

River at one of the most picturesque parts of the entire range. The camp lay in a small clearing made by former hunters. Behind, the mountains rose almost perpendicularly, and abounded in the wild game of that region; before, a broad eddy of the river stretched for several miles between the "Upper" and "Lower" Rapids where excellent fishing was afforded.

Two of us had been fishing all day in the Upper Rapids and three had spent the day in scouring the mountains above. All tired out, we gathered at night in the snug log-house which had been built by hunters years before and was still in good condition. And while toasting our weary limbs before a blazing log fire-place, we talked, between the puffs of our "corn-cobs," of the adventures of the day. Particularly of the hut of "Crazy Mag," the hermitess of the L—— Mountains, which we had seen that day. She had been missing for a number of days, and we had some intentions of joining a searching party the next day to hunt the mountains for her body, as all were sure she must be dead.

One of our number was just describing how he expected to find her raving among a pack of wild beasts as Circe of old, when suddenly we were frightened almost speechless by a wild, piercing shriek, which reechoed back and forth across the valley, ending in a long-drawn wail, closely followed by sobbing and crying like that of a child or a woman in distress. Then all was as silent as death. The first shriek had sounded far up the mountains; now again it came louder and closer, ending in the same mournful wail. What could it mean? We looked at each other in wonder. Each grasped firmly the handiest weapon and listened. Made brave by the presence of the fire-arms we found our voices and agreed to go out and investigate if we heard that noise again. For a long time there was silence; then that terrible shriek burst out seemingly all around us, as though it had dropped over us like a cloud from above. And now the sobbing as of a child sounded right outside of the house.

Of course our thoughts were of "Crazy Mag" and some child she had stolen. But how could anything human make such an unearthly yell? So we thought it best to be prepared, and with lantern and guns we poured out of the door thinking the sooner over with it the better, like a morning plunge in cold water. And all were no doubt shivering more. Hardly were we in the clearing when "crash" went the limb of a huge oak above the house, and, with a noise like thunder to us, fell upon the roof of logs and branches. Instantly, as we turned, quaking with fear, to learn the cause, a dark object fell in a heap at our feet and went bounding away into the brush. A flash and a loud report, and the contents of two barrels followed the retreating figure into the darkness. Then our fear overcame us and we rushed pell-mell into the log-house and barred the door. We cared for no more investigation nor for sleep that night. Though the shrieking came no more, yet, with whispered words and strained ears we awaited it throughout the entire night.

With the light of day our courage returned, and we sallied bravely forth to review the scene of the night's adventure. Naturally our eyes turned toward the place where the cause of our terror had fled. Following the course of the shot, we come upon signs of blood. We followed the trail to about a hundred feet from the house, where we came upon the dead body of an unusually large wild-cat, riddled with shot, and beside it, partially covered with leaves where it had been lying no doubt a number of days, the dead body of "Crazy Mag."

'Simmons, '94.

Editorials.

THE failure to attain any cherished ambition must necessarily result in feelings of regret. Especially is this true of an athletic defeat. What more keen feeling of disappointment than that of the amateur athlete who has striven by hardship, sacrifice, and work for a great game, only to lose it! How thoroughly this spirit is diffused among the members of an institution whose team loses, and how lightly they speak of *ifs* and *oughts*.

Our great contest was lost. The hopes and expectations of a whole term were fruitless. At first, melancholy thoughts appeared to dominate all others. But a reaction set in immediately. A very great and deep consolation came almost at once to us all. We were not beaten in open, honorable battle

Seldom, if ever, have we had such a successful series of foot-ball games as was played on our campus this season. Our team met strong elevens, and the list of consecutive victories is such as we may well feel proud of. Games which we have lost repeatedly in former years we have won this fall. Ours was the first team to score against Harvard, the only time Andover ever made a point against the Cambridge players. We do not wish to make a vain display of these items. Our purpose in repeating them is to call attention to the fact that we had a better team this fall than any of recent years.

Scores may be relied upon to some extent in comparison. We placed more reliance on these than on the usual plaints of Exeter's hard luck, which appeared from time to time in the press. Up to the Exeter game Andover clearly showed her superiority. Our team defeated Bowdoin 14–0. Bowdoin easily defeated Exeter. Tufts likewise fell before us, 18–6; and again Tufts beat Exeter. Our second Eleven defeated the Haverhill Athletics, but Exeter played a tie game with them. Andover played five victories, two defeats, and one tie; Exeter played one victory, one tie, and six defeats.

We had hoped that the troubles of last spring and the crookedness discovered on last year's Exeter eleven were the last to mar the sportsmanlike relations of the two Academies. It is with sincere regret that we have discovered that our rival school has again tarnished her amateur athletics and violated the spirit and the letter of the interscholastic rules. We hoped that if not for honor, for policy alone, they would never be led into the old deceit. We knew that the feeling among the Exeter students was very bitter against us last spring. This spirit was best shown when they buried Andover in effigy, and invoked curses upon the black coffin bearing her name. The evidence that at least one of their players was disqualified under the rules agreed upon by the two schools was conclusive. That evidence was furnished in large measure by Exeter herself. Our team and our school believed we were right. We still believe so.

Can Exeter then blame us when our suspicions are aroused by the exceedingly peculiar circumstances that have surrounded her team this fall? Has she explained to the satisfaction of anybody the question raised by the current press on this year's eleven?

Why did three of her players withdraw from school a few days after the game? Were they all ill or injured? The apprehensions of the Exeter faculty were aroused, we are told, by the departure of two of these. The third man ascribed his withdrawal to his inability to meet the requirements of scholarship. The member of the team against whom the most damaging testimony of professionalism has been laid, asserts that he entered the Academy solely for the purpose of education. It seems, then, that this thirst for knowledge was quenched immediately after the game, or that he was unable for other reasons to continue. The alleged reason of his departure was his inability to keep up with the Latin requirements, but as his teachers report him an exemplary and proficient student in his other studies, it seems, that by dint of their advice, a re-arrangement of his work might have allowed him to remain. No explanation is offered in regard to the departure of the third member of the team. It is unnecessary for us to go into detailed statement or argument. From sources entirely independent of this school the damaging

accounts have come. We have seen them put forth entirely free from our action, and we have very great reason to believe them true.

A great injustice has been thrust upon us as a school, but a still greater injustice has been suffered by our eleven who so gallantly battled against unjust odds in the game of Nov. 11th. What are rules and agreements if they are to be thus disregarded? How are we to place confidence where repeatedly we have been decieved.

It is not known to us where the responsibility for these injuries rests. It is quite immaterial. Upon those who charge us with whining over a lost game we have no words to waste. We feel sure that no one who knows the Andover record of victories and who knows the Andover spirit would stoop to accuse us of anything so base. For the benefit of any who may do so, we merely cite the refusal to play last spring's base-ball game when we had the confidence of victory with the strongest team in our history, but sacrificed that contest in the interest of pure amateur sport.

We wish it clearly understood that we make no criticism with regard to the social position, previous employment, or age of any of Exeter's players. Our sole basis of condemnation is founded upon the taint of professionalism that has been discovered in these men. We care not whether a person come from a mill or a palace, whether he be fourteen or forty years old, whether he be poor or rich, so long as he enters the school for the sole purpose of education and has behind him, and continues to maintain, an absolutely clean amateur record.

The action of the school in unanimously voting to indefinitely postpone further contests with Exeter, came from a choice between two alternatives. By continuing those games we would openly debase the purity
of our amateur athletics, which we have so diligently endeavored to maintain; we would thus acknowledge a policy in which the more money
would procure the better team and have in our school men who were not
here for its primary objects. We would not be able to send out clean
players to the many colleges upon whose teams Andover men are yearly
represented. By refusing their continuance we avow our open stand for
non-professionalism, for students rather than athletes, yet for athletes of
the highest order. We undergo a great sacrifice; yet we have the assur-

ance that we are choosing the honest and right alternative. We have already had evidence that the members of the school and of our Faculty are with us in this step. We believe that our alumni and friends will endorse our action and that the entire college world will look with approval upon our course.

The Phillips Andover eleven of '93 will long be remembered as one composed of bona fide students and honorable men; of students who are here with a definite purpose of obtaining an education. They are in school not for a few weeks only, or at most for a few months, but until they complete their course. We feel profoundly grateful to them that though they met an undeserved defeat at Exeter, they have contributed so much to the athletic renown of the Academy, and we believe that in the history of our sports, impartial judges will give to them the championship of the season of 1893.

THE present number of the Mirror is the last one of the term. far this year the competition for places upon the Editorial Board has been very poor and not up to the standard. There are several vacancies upon the Board which, according to the constitution, must be filled by the end of next June. At the present time, however, we cannot see where these men are to come from. Next spring the management of the Lit. for another year must be given over to '95. Upon the present Board there is only one member from that class, and if it is to make any kind of a showing it is time the men were doing some writing. Beyond one or two men, there is no one in '95 who has exerted himself in the least. There must be others. If there are not, it speaks volumes for the lack of literary ability in the largest class in school. Such a state of affairs is utterly ridiculous and unworthy of Phillips Andover. Every one has a chance before the end of the year if he will only do some work. We want him to remember, too, that it is quality, not quantity, that counts. '96 and '97, where are your writers? Show us what you can do. We urge every man who can, to write something. Begin at once!

We take great pleasure in announcing the election of S. L. Fuller, P. A. '94, to the Board of Editors and as Financial Manager of the Mirror. F. B. Greenhalge '94, C. H. Simmons '94 and W. G. Parker '97 have been elected to the Contributing Board.

All contributors for the February number of the Mirror will please place their articles in the box in the lower hall or hand them to one of the editors on or before January 16th.



The Month.

THE annual Andover-Exeter foot-ball game was won on Exeter's campus, November 11, by Exeter, the score being 26 to 10. The merits of the elevens lay in Exeter's superior weight, excellent interference, and continual mass plays; and in Andover's quick end game and remarkable display of pluck. The heavy crimson line was well nigh impregnable, and Andover's main hope for gain was around the ends. Her tactics of a quick, sharp game were repeatedly balked by the Exeter men prostrating themselves under feint of injury, thus hindering any continued snappy work. There were frequent intervals between the crimson's plays too, the backs being repeatedly called together for conference. Neither side punted once.

The crimson's space was made chiefly in two ways. Captain Holmes either sent his players through the left portion of the Andover line or ground out his downs with the renowned revolving wedge. With the heavier line and with perfect interference these moves were successful. Donovan and Smith, the two recently installed members of the New Hampshire team, together with Captain Holmes, took the pigskin nearly every time. The centre men were mainly remarkable for their weight, but in the case of the centre rush, bulk availed little against his adversary.

With a score of 18 to o against them at the beginning of the second half, the white and blue played in spendid form. Eight yards was the nearest our men had forced the ball to the Exeter goal line in the first half. There the crimson had held them, and time had been called with the sphere close to the centre of the gridiron. With an irresistible impetus born of desperation, the Andover touchdowns were made. Durand, Manning, and Letton kept the leather moving. Holt took the ball over for the first score of the blue. Durand is to be credited with the second touchdown. He rushed across the line after Letton and Holt had advanced down the field and Manning had made a pretty run. Rodgers and Chadwell tackled beautifully, and Pierson handled his

opponent in good shape. Hazen and McIntosh played a star game in the line.

The day was a perfect one for the great game, and an immense crowd lined either side of the field. Below is the line-up of the teams, with their respective weights.

PHILLIPS EXETER.

PHILLIPS ANDOVER.

| Weights. | Weights | . Players. | Positions. |
|-----------|---|-------------------|--------------|
| 165 lbs. | 160 lbs. | Hazen | Right End |
| 165 " | 173 ,, | Rodgers ' | Right Tackle |
| 175gb,, a | 200 ,, | Holt | Right Guard |
| y 220 ,, | 158 ,, | Pierson | Centre |
| 188 ,, | 180 ,, | Murray | Left Guard |
| 178 ,, | 165,, | Gould McIntosh | Left Tackle |
| 150 ,, | 145 " | Chadwell | Left End |
| 150 ,, | 140 ,, | Glynn | Quarterback |
| ı 163 ,, | 156 " | Durand | Right Half |
| 148 " | 125 ,, | Manning | Left Half |
| 145 ,, | 155 ,, | Letton | Fullback |
| | 165 lbs. 165 ,, 175q6,, 220 ,, 188 ,, 178 ,, 150 ,, 150 ,, 148 ,, | 165 lbs. | 165 lbs. |

Umpire, Mr. Charles H. Schoff, of the University of Pennsylvania. Referee, Mr. Gardner Perry, of Harvard Law School.

One of the most enjoyable and unique entertainments yet offered by the Peoples' Course consisted of a Tableaux of Art, presented by Prof. Kelly's Conservatory Company on the evening of October 30. The groupings of the ten young ladies, clad in Greek costumes, were not only classic, but exceedingly well executed. The tableaux represented allegorical groups chiefly. The audience showed its appreciation of the acts in the hearty encores it gave.

A Republican Rally was held November 3, at the Town Hall, at which several well-known speakers delivered addresses.

The Senior elections for Class-day officers were held on November 7. The following men were elected: Orator, O. M. Clark; Poet, F. B. Greenhalge; Historian, W. M. Gardner; Prophet, A. B. Emery; Statistician, L. G. Weston. The Committees were as follows. Executive: Preston, Fuller, and Woolsey. Financial: Schreiber, Bingham, and Wilcox. Printing: O. M. Clark, Gardner, and Perry. Decoration: Lewis, D. B. Eddy, and Cocker. Music: Weston, McLaughlin, and M. T. Clark.

The most successful series of practice games played on the campus ended with the following contests: October 25, Brown 'Varsity 10, Andover 4; October 28, Harvard '95 10, Andover 10; November 1, Harvard 'Varsity 60, Andover 5; November 4, Andover 28, Yale Freshmen 4. For the first time in the history of the school our eleven scored against Harvard, being the first team to make a point against the crimson this season.

Tuesday evening, November 7, Prof. Pray gave an interesting slight of-hand entertainment in the Academy Hall. A large audience, including the young ladies from Abbot, townspeople, and many fellows watched his skilful tricks.

Games between the strect teams have thus far been well contested. Nearly all these teams are being coached by members of the school eleven, and show more science than usual. In the schedule thus far, English Commons has beaten Morton Street, 18-6; Latin Commons has beaten School Street, 14-0; Phillips Street has beaten Salem Street (by default) 6-0; Salem Street has beaten School Street 16-0.

The Championship street game was played on the campus between Phillips Street and English Commons, the former eleven winning the second annual Championship after a prettily played contest. The winning team showed more science than their opponents and also outplayed them in team work. The score was 10-0, and the men lined up as follows:

| Phillips Street. | Position. | English Commons. |
|------------------|--------------|------------------|
| Heillman | Left End | Jackson |
| Fuller | Left Tackle | Gillespie |
| Porter | Left Guard | Finlay |
| Harvey | Centre | Morrow |
| Bryer | Right Guard | Staniford |
| Symonds | Right Tackle | Butterworth |
| Davis | Right End | Craig |
| Drew | Quarterback | Sedgwick |
| Belknap | Left Half | Burkett |
| Laing | Right Half | Branch |
| Hine | Fullback | Gray |
| | | |

At a school meeting, held on the morning of Nov. 27, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed upon by the school:

Whereas, For the past three years the Exeter school has presented on her teams men who were not in any fair sense amateurs; and

Whereas, The make-up of their foot-ball team this year was an insult to lovers of pure sports and some of their players a disgrace to the name of amateur;

Resolved, That we, the students of Phillips Academy, Andover, indefinitely postpone all further contests with the Exeter school.

Clippings.

A DECISION.

As a maid so nice,
With step precise
Tripped o'er the ice,
She slipped; her care in vain.
And at the fall,
With usual gall,
The school-boys call,
"Third down; two feet to gain."

Brungnian.

MUSICAL.

A German band musician fat, Stood playing one day in the square. He said when the wind blew off his hat, "That's a very familiar air."

Brunonian.

REJOICING.

Unfurl the starry banner
And fling it to the breeze!
Let every one be joyful
On land and on the seas.
No more I live in sadness,
I've banished fear and dread;
You ask me why this gladness?
Her father's bull-dog's dead!
Cornell Era.

BY CANDLELIGHT.

I'm a diligent student,
Both skilful and prudent,
My labors I never will cease;
Though by modern ideas
Some swear, it appears,
I get all my light from Grease.

Brunonian.

An astronomer's life is a very hard strife, With staring for an occupation. He will never know of the ills below, But will die some time of starvation.

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

Dear heart, to see thy lovely face,
To meet thy smiling gaze,
Is bliss for him who holds the ace,
Which gaily down he plays.

Brunonian.

THE REASON.

He says her hands are slender And her eyes divinely tender, And that all the Graces lend her All the charms that they can spare.

"Her gait," he cries, how airy!
And her lips outvie the cherry,
And see how the sunbeams tarry
When they light upon her hair.

But to me she's simply frightful,
And I'm sure her temper's spiteful,
I can nothing see delightful,—
Neither eye, nor lip, nor curl.

And her heart? Well, I confess it, Would delight me to possess it, But alas!—perhaps you guess it— She's the other fellow's girl.

Inlander.

A man sat reading at the club,
Well versed in prose and rhymes;
And spite of culture, this remains,
He was behind the times!
Williams Weekly.

Mirage.

AN UNREWARDED DEED.

Blackville is a small town on the Virginia-Pennsylvania line. In the northern part of the town, and consequently in the "Keystone State," lived, just before the war, a free colored man, called Pete, and his faithful wife.

A number of almost miraculous escapes made by slaves on the Virginia plantations through this town, had not served to improve the feeling between our friend and the white inhabitants.

Late one fall evening when the sky was dark and promised to add to the rain already fallen, three horsemen, bespattered with mud from head to foot, galloped up to the little tavern. Afterwards seated around the open fireplace, where a very welcome blaze was encircling some logs, they began to discuss the object which brought them there.

It seemed that two valuable slaves had escaped somewhere down in Virginia, and were then supposably making their way northward. Large rewards had been offered for their capture, and influenced by them, these men, of a not very high class, had started out in pursuit.

An old inhabitant of the place, who was lazily drinking on the other side of the room, chancing to catch the end of the conversation, said he would "wager

his boots if they was in that town they'd be found at old Pete's."

As it was still light enough to distinguish objects, they at once started for the little cabin where our friend lived. When they arrived there one of them dismounted, and rapped soundly at the door. The summons was answered by Mrs. Pete, who, in no agreeable tone asked what they wanted. The man threw back his head, and in a most contemptuous tone stated his errand. "It's jes' none o' your business who's in hyar, an' you'd better cl'ar out," was the answer. He then demanded admittance. It was at once refused point-blank. "Well then," sneered he, with a mouthful of oaths, as he advanced threateningly, "by —, I'm going in, no matter what you say. See!" The plucky woman jumped behind the door, seized an axe, and planting herself at the entrance, said, while flourishing the weapon over her head, "Come in then; but you'll have to do it over my dead body."

The huge negress towering up in the doorway was no laughing matter, so the others came up and tried to appease her; but with no effect. An offer of money simply brought a sneer. They drew off a little and held a parley. The right was evidently on her side. Although their Virginia warrants covered the southern part of Blackville they

had nothing to do with the northern, which was in Pennsylvania. The only means by which they could legally search the house was to go to Waynesburg, the county seat, twenty miles away, for a warrant. This they decided to do, and one of them started off, leaving the others to guard the place.

Soon the pent-up rain began to fall in torrents, making the clayish roads something frightful. It was bitterly cold. Still horse and rider floundered on; sometimes up a steep hill, sometimes through a swollen torrent in a deep gulch.

Waynesburg was reached about midnight, the authorities roused, and the warrant procured, and back they turned. At length they toiled in sight of the others, half frozen, capering around their horses and biting their fingers.

When the warrant was shown to the brave colored woman, who had kept her post all this time, she at once let them pass. They ransacked the house, but without finding a trace of the refugees; and angry and disappointed, they rode away.

The fact was that the two slaves had entered the house just as the men rode up, and while the plucky woman was holding them at bay all the long, cold night, her husband was leading them farther and farther away.

And the best part of the story, and it is strictly true, is that they afterwards reached Canada in safety.

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

I had started out early that morning. with a light heart, a lighter purse, and great expectations. A friend of mine, an old Williams man, had been telling me for the past week of the delights of a tramp trip, "and," as he said, "a very easy way to pay your expenses is to take some little article along and stop at a few doors on your way." Dicere est facilius quam facere. After examining several standard works, from Bunvan's "Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul," to "Six-toed Pete, the Cowboy Avenger," I decided that some really useful thing would make the little work connected with its sale even lighter, and so I chose needles. I said, I had left home early, armed with a box containing a hundred cases, and with no fixed destination in view.

I had not gone far before the thought came to mind that it would be far easier to sell the few cases necessary for my expenses soon after starting out each morning, than to wait until evening when all tired out. Accordingly I stepped up to the next house I came to, and blushing to the roots of my hair the while, modestly pulled the doorbell. No answer. Another pull, and the knob came half off, and a noisy, discordant jingling reached my ears. A bustling little woman opened the door, looked at me for a moment, and then said, "Wall —"

In a high pitched and flouried tone I began:

D. G.

"Madam. I have some needle-cases, tastefully arranged, containing all the useful and handy implements of the trade. Needles from 5 to 10 inclusive, best Bessamer steel drop forged and hammer pointed, warranted not to rust or corrode, etc.

I paused after my carefully learned speech. She paused; and then with a scornful "Is that all?" slammed the door right in my face.

Collecting my frightened self, I slunk off, mortified but not discouraged. "Hope beat high in my breast," and I bravely entered the next house, only to be obliged to listen, after I had got off my studied speech, to a long rigamaroll about "my great aunt, who died forty-two year ago come next Independence day, who kept a mil'nery store, an' when she died left her prop'ty to we six cousins, an' so I don't care for anything this morning; but they's pretty an' tasteful arranged, as you say."

Escaping from this with all possible alacrity, I proceeded on my weary way, and all through that hot, dusty August day I tramped along hearing everything from a rough "Damn yes, git out" to a kindly "I don't care for the needles. but won't you have a glass of cool water?"

Worn out, nervously and physically, I went to bed in a little hotel at eight o'clock that night, barely six miles from home, resolved never to peddle another thing as long as I live.

ing day having sold my needle-cases at half cost, a the little village store.

"Go. Antony, command thy host," Said Cleopatra, with a sigh:

"Fight for her who loves you most: Go forth to conquer or to die."

And then the mighty Roman spoke, And placed his head upon her breast; "Methinks 't were better far to stay Behind with my own sweet hostess,"

D. H. '95.

GEOMETRY, OR CIGARETTES.

"Doctor, I have a favor to ask, a great favor: I want to drop Geometry."

"Well, this is not an unusual request, but it is one which we very, very seldom grant, and - but, my dear fellow, what is the matter? You look as if you had had a run of fever: tell me what it is."

"Yes, sir, that is what I have come for. It will explain the request I have just made.

"Last evening I was studying Geometry for the third consecutive hour. I was very tired, and, I regret to say, was groaning a good deal over my hard lot, and swearing heartily at each new proposition which met my weary eyes. As I was pronouncing a most comprehensive curse upon Geometry in general, a confused murmuring came to my ears, apparently from just outside the room. Suddenly the door was burst open, and, I took the train for home the follow- to my surprise and terror, there entered a great crowd of animated geometric figures, all wearing the most malevolent grins upon their angular features. Triangles, squares, circles, pentagons, octagons, decagons, all came leaping, rolling, bounding up, and began to execute a most horrible war-dance about me, crying leudly for revenge.

"Then followed a most awful melée, in which I was decidedly worsted. and was just about to fall, weak from loss of blood, when suddenly all drew back, and were quiet. A solemn hush fell over the room, broken only by a faint swishing sound, like that made by a great fan. With an effort, for a great terror had seized me, I raised my eyes to the door, and—horrible! horrible! there I beheld the worst foe of all, an old enemy of mine, an immense figure, which embraced the process of superposition, slowly advancing upon me, and as slowly flopping together his great wing-like sides. Oh, what a sickening dread came over me, for I at once devined his purpose - to crush me to death.

"I heard the loud applause which was now beginning to rise on every side. I could even distinguish the slow and indistinct murmur of the approaching fiend, for like a breath of wind came the words, 'To be proved, that the solid body of any one who speaks ill of our race must be reduced to a plane surface.' I stopped my ears. I would hear no more.

"On, on, came the dread monster,

till I could feel his cold breath upon my cheek. I tried to scream. I could not. Relentlessly his hard sides — I had never before realized how hard—closed upon me; the applause of the on-lookers became fainter and fainter, and I knew no more. The frightful creature had killed me — had crushed me to death.

"And, Doctor, the worst thing about it is that it is all true. Geometry is completely wearing me out."

The Doctor looked at me earnestly, kindly I thought, and I knew that I had won my case. Then, looking straight through me with those keen eyes of his, he said,—

"Stop smoking cigarettes."

Chiko.

HE SAW THE POINT.

"What answer wouldst give if asked to be mine?"

She blushingly answered, "Guess."
And when he inquired, "With what would it rhyme?"

She answered him simply "Guess."

Syracuse Herald.

A VINDICATION.

Sweet Phyllis' locks the fashions keep, First black, then brown, then auburn deep,

And people say she dyes them; But that's a scandal most unfair, A wicked libel I can swear,

For I know where she buys them.

Brunonian.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'20.—Mr. Theodore D. Weld, one of the foremost of the agitators in antislavery days, passed his ninetieth birthday, Nov. 22d, at his residence in Hyde Park. He is still bright and vigorous, despite his ninety years. He was present recently on the occasion of the presentation of his portrait to the Hyde Park Grammar School.

'43.—John Edmands has been librarian of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia for nearly forty years, and has been a librarian for a much longer period. The collection in Philadelphia, under his management, has increased from 13,000 to 170,000 volumes.

'46-'49-'58-'65-'73-'75.—Mr. F. H. Page, of the last Seminary class, was ordained at Union Church, Boston, Nov. 23, as assistant pastor to Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, '75. Dr. Tucker preached the sermon. Rev. R. Tobey, '73, and Rev. Joseph Seabury, '65, had other parts, while Prof. J. Phelps Taylor '58, Hon. Eleazar Boynton '46, and Edward Burgess '49, were members of the council.

'57.—Rev. B. M. Fullerton, D.D., has resigned from the pulpit of the Congre-

gational parish at Waltham, his resignation to take effect Jan. 1st.

'64.—Rev. Dr. Edward A. Lawrence, Vale, '68, pastor of the first Congregational Church, Baltimore, died Nov. 9th, at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in that city. Dr. Lawrence was one of the most popular ministers in Baltimore. He was an earnest student of social problems, and in order to better acquaint himself with the conditions of life as they are presented to-day, he lived for a time in a tenement house in one of the worst sections of Baltimore.

'85.—John Strong is, this winter, pursuing his studies in Munich, Germany.

'85.—James Hardy Ropes, who is abroad on the Seminary Fellowship, is at the University of Kiel for the winter.

'88.—John L. Russell died at Great Barrington, Vt., Nov. 20.

'82.—In a recent number of the Literary World there are very complimentary notices of George R. Carpenter and William M. Fullerton, both Andover men, and both graduates of Harvard in the class of '86. Mr. Carpenter has lately been appointed to the English Department of Columbia College, and Mr. Fullerton has for some time been the Paris correspondent of the London Times. While in college they were among the founders of the Harvard Monthly.

Books.

MASSACHUSETTS: ITS HISTORIANS AND ITS HISTORY, by Charles Francis Adams.

The book recently issued under the above title by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. is in their usual tasteful form and will be sure to commend itself to all those interested in the development of civil liberty and the political equality of man. Progress in these directions, the author tells us, is the "Theme and plot of all modern history," and must possess especial interest for Americans. He has nothing but praise for the admirable lesson we have taught the world, and illustrates the situation, past and present, through the review of Massachusetts' political and civil action which he calls "only a scene in the great world drama."

A striking contrast to this glorious political record is presented by the religious history of New England which Mr. Adams regards as "scarcely creditable," and by means of frequent quotations from undoubted authorities, affirms that, respecting all matters religious, the Puritans followed precisely the course which drove them from their mother land.

With refreshing frankness he arraigns Massachusetts historians as deceivers. Too little regard for facts has resulted well nigh in ancestor worship. He asks that a searching light be thrown upon our religious record, and the conduct of the Puritan Fathers be subjected to the sober judgment of the men of to-day.

This is a striking book and merits a careful reading.

W, M, G.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, by William Winter.

The title alone of this book should be a sufficient recommendation to the average reader, but a few words in addition may not be out of place.

The book is not the work of a harsh critic, ready and practical in his vocation, who passes over faults and virtues alike with an unfeeling hand; it is the labor of a true artist, the delicate tribute of a sincere friend.

The character of Curtis is beautifully drawn, and one almost fancies one can see the "kindly-earnest, brave, far-seeing man." His style of oratory as compared with Everett, Sumner, Wendell Phillips and others of that school is briefly but comprehensively dwelt upon. The author regards Curtis' leaving to a certain extent the field of literature proper in which he excelled for that of politics, as the sacrifice of a man who cannot endure the knowledge of existing evil without undertaking some actual aggressive work for its righting.

A beautiful closing to a beautiful book is a brief monody on the great essayist,

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"I beg of thee

To fly, to fly, to fly with me."

"Young fellow," quoth she

"Now don't you be

Too fly, too fly, too fly with me."

1893 FALL. 1893

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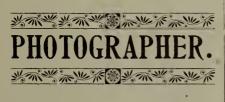
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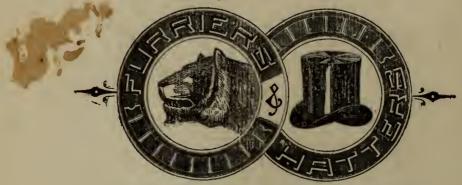
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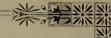
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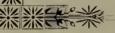
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Vol. 3.

ffcbruary 1894.

Mo. 4.

Religion at Barvard.

XIX years ago Harvard began an experiment, the success of which makes it now an experiment no longer. She abolished required attendance at daily prayers and at church on Sundays. At the same time the number of religious services held by the College was increased, and efforts were made to arouse interest in them. The services were put in charge of a Board of Preachers, composed of representative clergymen of different denominations, a paid choir of boys and men was introduced, and a short form of worship, partly responsive, was adopted for morning prayers. The result has been that the attendance at prayers is from half to three-quarters as large as when attendance was obligatory, while the quality of attendance — the conduct and spirit of those who come, and the influence of the service on the College community—is immeasurably more valuable. Throughout the winter vesper services are held every Thursday, at which the preacher in charge makes a short address, and these services, open to the public as well as to members of the University, are nearly always crowded. The preacher has an office in one of the College buildings, where he may be found every forenoon by any student who may wish to consult him. Several of the preachers have said to me

that they were surprised at the number of those who came for consultation, as well as by their frankness and directness of interest in religious matters. It may not be out of place in connection with this to quote the remark of Prof. Henry Drummond of Glasgow, who came to this country several years ago on an evangelistic mission to our colleges. He said to a professor at Cambridge that Harvard University was the most religious institution he had ever seen.

The plan now in operation is Harvard's answer to the question how religion is to be taught. Whether we approve the method or not will depend largely on the view we take as to the aim of education. And here let me quote from one who has given this question much time and thought. He says: "The aim of education, as I understand it, is to spiritualize the largest possible number of persons, that is, to teach them how to do their own thinking and willing, and to do it well. Such a free harmony between thinking man and a Lord of his thought that we may say of it, 'All things have their will, yet none but Thine'—this it is the office of education to bring about."

This we shall probably assent to at once. But if we think behind the words a little, we shall find an aim ascribed to education which we shall very likely dissent from. For we have probably regarded education as aiming to give a person a certain quantity of information on certain subjects, or to furnish him with the knowledge necessary to work his way in life in this or that occupation. But here the aim of education is said to be to teach people to think and to will and to do it well. If that is the case, many a man is educated who never went to school or college, and many a college graduate must be regarded as quite uneducated. And that, I think, is just what life shows us to be the fact. We must dismiss the idea that education means learning to make a livelihood, or getting a certain amount of Greek or science into our minds. These may be steps in education, valuable and necessary, but they are only means to a higher end. To face difficulties and overcome them, to be capable of being interested and in earnest, to have learned to work persistently, even when interest flags, to know the best that has been thought and done in the world, to choose intelligently and adhere to one's choice in spite of opposition.

in a word, to think and to will, and to do it well, — this is to be an educated man.

How do we go to work to produce this educated, manly character? In two ways: by compulsion from without and by development of choice within. We are too merciful to let the child follow his own desires, and so we drive him to his A, B, C's. And if we are wise we shall insist on religious observances also for him, for blankness of impression never produces fairness of choice. The cry that we must let nature take care of herself is everywhere a familiar one, but in the long run it always proves inadequate.

But the second step of education arises to transfer the motive-power from external compulsion to intelligent choice. Of course this cannot be done in a day. Certain conditions must be slowly built up before the growing life can stand firm and independent. These sacred conditions are intentionality, information, and persistence. It is this part of the teaching of choice which should be going on in the stage preparatory to college or business life. With graduation, with entrance into store or factory, comes the larger life, and with it a wider range of temptation. The higher step means more opportunities, but just because the heights to be attained are higher, the depths to which one can fall are deeper.

It is this larger apprehension of religion which Harvard is endeavoring to teach. That she is largely successful is shown in part by the number of students who attend her religious services, but still more by the intellectual earnestness, the manliness of spiritual tone, which are so widely prevalent there, the recognition of religion not as a special enclosure, too sacred or too dull to be willingly entered, but as a matter of natural and intense interest, of which no one need feel ashamed.

It is of the utmost importance that everyone who is to enter on this larger life — and it is fortunately not at Harvard only that it is to be found — should be clear as to what it is that he is going to. Greater opportunity means greater responsibility. For all the added largeness of the new life, it may be a smaller, more ignoble one than that left behind. When the old scaffolding of blessed restraints is taken down, if the edifice it has intended to support has not been established, the life will be but

delivered over to the tyranny of its own weak whims and feeble judgment. Every nobly ambitious man, eager for his own respect, should be too manly to be made careless by the opportunity for carelessness, too lofty of aim to lower it because lowness of aim is not immediately detected, too deeply in earnest to give up prayer or public worship because the necessity of attendance is no longer upon him.

The central thought of Harvard's method in education is the cultivation of wise and firm judgment by furnishing frequent and guarded opportunities of choice. And this principle she applies in the department of religion as well as elsewhere. To maintain that while successful perhaps in other departments, it would not work there, would argue a profound lack of faith.

Frederic Palmer, P. A. '65.

Disappointment.

When sore trials do beset us. And the way seems dark and drear, When our dearest friends forget us, And to move ahead we fear: When our path is hard, and longer Than the one we wish was ours, And our comrades who are stronger Seem to gather summer flowers; Weary, faint, exhausted, tired, Oft we wish our course were run. Then our minds no more are fired With the thought of work undonc. Then's the test at noblest manhood If firm hold of life we take, If we work and trust — go forward, All in smiles the clouds will break.

Baka.

Els the Dears Roll By.

L Youth,

TENDERLY he pressed her small white hand between his own, brushed back the wavy brown hair from her clear forehead, and bending down kissed the rosy lips trustingly upturned to his. His life was in its youth, and he loved Annette, the simple village maiden. His whole soul was wrapped up in her and his heart warmed in the light of her eyes. The year was growing old, but a few months and a new one would be born. With the birth of this infant Annette would be his own dear little wife, and time might fly as it pleased for it would be on the wings of love. He wandered along the shady road to his home, humming a merry tune, and the little birds in the trees took it up and trilled it merrily through the whole forest. And the song rolled on over hill and dale, and it was only love.

The days passed slowly, oh so slowly, and it was at last with a thankful heart that he heard the bells high up in the cathedral tower peal out their brazen welcome to the new year. He had heard those metal songsters all his life, but never before had their song seemed so sweet to him. It was a dark, cloudy night, and he stood in the street at the foot of the tower, amid the falling snow, gazing far above him at the tossing bells and thanking God for his happiness of spirit. "Annette! Annette!" they seemed to say, and "She's yours! She's yours!" A cold blast of wind swept around the church, and shivering in his great-coat he murmured, "'Tis a bitter night — and now for home. I've seen the old year out, and to-morrow will be my wedding day. Ah, God, but I am happy, for is she not a jewel? I will go and stand beneath her window. It is not far out of the way, and perhaps I may catch a glimpse of her if she has stayed up to hear the bells." And he strode on through the snow, and at last stood before the well-known gate.

He raised the latch and entered and — what's this? There's another beneath her window and there's a light in her room, and there's the sound

of voices talking very low, and she — Annette — is leaning out of the window, and the rose at her throat is taken off, pressed to her lips, and thrown at the feet of the unknown gallant with a merry "Goodnight." And then — somebody says in a stern voice, "What does this mean?" And the other answers, "Who knows?" Somebody raises a heavy walking stick and brings it down heavily across the other's face. There is a groan, and someone is found next morning out there in the blood-bespattered snow, with a broken head and — dying. And this was the new year. "God have mercy upon us!" as the old priest said.

II. Age.

An old man sits in his cottage door smoking a long pipe and looking out across the clear landscape to the blue hills beyond. There's a sad expression in his eyes, and his face is marked with deep lines of care and trouble. The silvery hair falling over his wrinkled temples is lifted now and again by the vagrant summer wind, and with a deep sigh a tear rolls down his aged cheek, to be brushed away by a hand claw-like and bent. Years have wrought this change in the man who once listened to the bells of the great cathedral one new year's night, while standing at the foot of the old tower amid the falling snow. 'T was then his heart was full of hope, 't was then a glorious prospect lay before him, His face was fresh and fair, his back was straight, and there was no trembling of the knees when he walked. Ah, youth is a wondrous thing, and fleeting as a shadow! Slowly he rose from his chair, and taking a heavy walking stick that rested against it, tottered down the road. The stick clumped heavily along the way. It knew where he was going, for had it not guided him for years? A good stick, though not handsome, and marred half way down by a slight dent. It was a very slight dent that the old stick bore, and would never have been noticed by anyone had his attention not been directed to it. But the trembling fingers of the old man would always feel it and would know what it meant, for there was another mark just like it in his heart. Past the old cathedral, natural as ever, giving the impression that it would stand while time lasts, he goes. Along the old familiar road, the birds

sang as ever in the trees, though now their melody seems strangely sad to the old man. He turns into a grassy lane and follows it to a gray stone wall with a low gate in it. He opens it and enters, and lo—many white headstones mark the green turf at intervals, and sprays of flowers grace the low mounds where lie the dear, dead friends.

Beneath an old oak in a secluded corner of the graveyard, two headstones mark two mounds side by side. And on one we find the words, "Annette, the beloved wife of Julian Martel" (the old man), and on the other, "Raphael Martel (his brother), killed by an unknown." That was the old man's secret and his sorrow, and his trusting wife had died and left him, not knowing who did the deed, but always saying in her simple-hearted way, "Poor Raphael! he only wanted to tell me of your happiness, Julian. and to wish me a happy New Year."

Howard P. Sanders.

El Picture.

A sea nymph sat upon the strand Where the breakers roll and play, And laughing waved her dainty hand To sea gulls far away. She sang as she combed her golden hair With a bone the sword-fish gave, And gazed on her bosom white and fair Reflected in the wave. A bit of a sea-shell near her lay, Dainty in pink and white, And a sun-beam kissed the maid in play, And blest her with its light. The shell, the gulls, and the ocean blue, And the nymth with golden hair, Formed one of the pictures that I knew At the World's Columbian Fair.

The Price of Miss Daisy.

THE tall cavalryman and the young man who are galloping over the plains from the Gila Bend depot are talking eagerly, for Captain Weatherly hasn't seen his companion, who has just arrived on the west-bound train, for many years. Captain Weatherley has reason to be interested in his friend, too.

A frank face and merry blue eyes portray in this well-built fellow the genial disposition that dwells within the physical walls. A big heart, a fearless will, and the combination of other qualities which we call "a fine fellow," are some of the characteristics of Henry Gordon Delancy, son of Captain Delancy, of the famous "K," member of the Yale eleven of 18—, and present special representative of the "Herald."

"A Yank?" inquired one of the "greasers," as he had alighted from the Pullman.

"Mighty like one, and yit I'd wager th' chap's seen th' plains afore. He's got that eye onto him now, ain't he?"

The nods were of approval, and as he had mounted the big, black horse Weatherly had brought up from Sancita for him, the verdict was,—

"Been thar afore!"

The taste of the frontier is in the air. Henry Delancy drinks every breath of it in with happiness. Not a stalk of cactus, not a tuft of buffalo grass, escapes his joyous gaze. Exhilirating is this gallop. Ah! it is good to be back once more on these dear old plains, so fraught with scenes of woe and death, and yet so free, so grand, so cherished by the soldiers who have protected their inhabitants against the treacherous red-skins these many years.

Their trail leads almost due south, skirting along the side of the Sierra Colorado Mountains. Towards sun-down they make out the white walls of Fort Willis, near the little settlement of Sancita. A couple of miles out of the fort, Harry notices a house of strange architecture for this locality. Its walls remind him of the New England farm-house, and he asks Weatherly, "What the deuce is it?"

"Well, m'boy,' says Weatherly, looking knowingly up at the grey walls, "that house holds just the prettiest little woman in all Arizona, and her history's sort of mixed up with yours, you scamp!"

"With mine?" says Harry; but the Captain tells him not to mind about it now, for he will tell him the particulars when they get down to the fort.

The forty-three hundred Pima and Maricopa Indians who inhabit the Gila River Reservation seldom journey so far south on their "raids" as Sancita, preferring to ransack the Mesa country to the north where grow more and better cattle. The force stationed at Fort Willis, therefore, has only slight insubordinations from red-skins and Mexican marauders to occasionally quell. Most of the officers have their wives there, and a little society of Easterners exists about this lonely settlement. It is an easy life for the soldiers; but when there is need they are ever alert and brave, as only a frontier troop can be that has smelled powder many times.

The Captain has a crackling fire on the hearth, for the Arizona days are hot and the nights cold at this time of year. Mrs. Weatherly is eager to hear all about Ralph who is up at the "Point," and to whom Harry made a special trip up the Hudson to see just before leaving New York. The officers drop in to hear a work from the East and to get the newspapers Harry has brought them, for mails are few and far between at Willis. After Mrs. Weatherly has retired, and the Captain and Harry have lit their pipes, the young man asks the trooper to tell him the story of his father's death, for his mother never would refer to it and it is indistinct to his own mind.

"It happened this way, my boy. Our troop, the famous old 'K,' had been scouting along down the Sierra Valley after Sioux parties that had been troubling the ranches farther up. We were coming nearer and nearer to the Indians.

"Reveille sounded one morning at day-break, in order that we might get under way bright and early. We were following down an easy trail at a humping good rate, when what did we hear but a couple of faint shots way ahead of us.

"'Double quick, ahead, boys!' says your father, as that old roan of

his bounds out in front. We followed close on his heels. As we rounded a small hillock and rushed down into the little dell, a sight met our eyes which made every man of us clap a hand to his Winchester. A prairie wagon and a buck-board stood alongside a smouldering camp-fire. Three cow boys lay dead on the grass, together with a couple of Sioux, and a tall gent in a black suit. Other red-skins were making off with the horses and sacking the wagon, while a big devil was just catching up a goldenhaired little mite of a girl. Off he went on his pony, and at him your father rode. The roan had his blood up and started a plucky race. Away they went, both riders exchanging shots. A close range bullet lands plump in the pony's flank, and down he goes! Crack goes the rifle of that damned Indian, but down falls the savage from your father's aim. A lot of us are running up. We see the long knife raised for that little golden head of hair. It's not too late, though! Your father lays out the savage for good, and the devilish deed is prevented, thank God! Then your father gathers the little tot up into his arms and starts towards us. But the dirty work isn't done yet, for we see our brave captain sink to the ground with his charge, and when we bend over them his blood has stained the child's frock, and she weeps like all possessed.

"On going back to the wagons, we find a fourth cow-boy slightly wounded and a handsome woman fainted dead away. Water brought her to, but, my boy, I never want to see a woman take on as that one did when she saw her dead husband. Why, next morning there were streaks of grey all through her dark hair. It turned out that her husband was a New Yorker, had struck luck up in a Nevada mine, and was bringing his folks back from there to the Western home down in Arizona. The Indians heard of the party and lay for them in the valley.

"We boys were badly cut up over the loss of our plucky captain. You were only five years old then, Harry, and were with your mother over at Fort Lowell. Being soon ordered so near the widow's Western home, we brought the mother and child down here. Their name is Radcliffe, and they live over in the big house you asked me about. The prettiest little woman in all Arizona, of whom I was speaking, is the golden-haired little girl your father gave his brave life for. You'll hear all you care to of her

before you've bunked long among the boys. Pike Farlay, the big fellow we found wounded and who saved her mother's life, still runs their ranch for them. Every winter they go East awhile."

"It's a sad, sad tale," sighs Harry, "but it's not the first one that's gone out from these parts." That night his sleep is troubled, and he sees a golden-haired little maiden and the fierce glare of Sioux eyes.

The newspaper man, accustomed to meet and see the fairest women of the land in the great Eastern metropolis, thinks that he will be quite unmoved by the semi-Western beauty when he goes up to the Radcliffe's with Captain Weatherly. The girl whom he meets overturns all his imaginings. Tall, queenly in her bearing, of face and figure full of charm, a dreamy sense of romance seems to hover over her golden tresses. What wonder that those dancing blue eyes and intoxicating smiles have waged greater battles down at Fort Willis than ever did the Sioux! Is it a wonder then that Harry is intensely in love with this fair nymph who has all the airy dash of the plains, intermixed with the winsome grace and refinement of the East; who loves to gallop wildly over the prairie, as well as she does to trip the merry dance in the Fifth Avenue ball? Why should he be unlike all other young men?

The officers at Fort Willis soon remarked that it wasn't an infrequent sight to behold Mr. H. Gordon Delancy stationed on the Radcliffe's piazza, drinking in the charming view of the Sierra del Ojo and the Quigota ranges that stretched away to the south; but it is doubtful if that young gentleman did other than note that the blue of those hills wasn't to be compared with the blue of someone's eyes who sat next him! If the functionaries of the "Herald" had opened his sketch-book, they would have found, instead of cow boys, Apaches, the fort, etc., only pictures of a sweet, young face, of mouth most tempting, and of a bewitching form with the daintiest of waists.

If someone had peeped in at Miss Daisy one morning, he might have seen her stamp her little foot, frown petulantly, and exclaim to herself, "of course I hate him!" and then snatch a photograph off her bureau and passionately cover it with kisses, strangely in contradiction, as women will do! And as Wing waits on her at breakfast, he notices that his mistress is

unusually gentle with him, at which the Chinaman winks knowingly to himself. How can a girl keep secret her feelings from the man she loves? In vain did Daisy Radcliffe taunt and tease, and argue and banter, with the fortunate object of her heart's longings. She could no more hide it from happy Harry than she could restrain those rosy blushes or tender glances.

So he dreams away these joyous days in the shimmering heat of the Arizona plains, or the amorous moonlight of the Radcliffe's piazza. Life is an array of delights, diversified by gallops over the prairie beside the big straw hat and white flannel dress, by leisurely strolls down into the interesting little settlement, and by long talks in the shadows of evening. A letter, mailed from the "Herald" office some days since, orders Harry eastward. He is soon to go to New York, but from causes unrelated to his newspaper, as we shall see.

The trimly mounted couple are riding down the Mezzio Valley one bright morning. Both appear absorbed in their own thoughts, and Harry glances at Daisy now and then, while that young lady is deeply engrossed with the surrounding scenes.

"Rather strange how our histories are connected, Miss Radcliffe," suddenly remarks he.

"Y-yes, and do you know, having heard of the son of my brave rescuer so often, in my imaginings I expected to see quite a different sort of fellow from you,—a man of some romance, you know, and here you are a common, every-day man, a prosy newspaper writer. It is very disappointing, Mr. Delancy, to a girl who has lived most of her life in this romantic place, and galloped with a party of Indians almost at her heels, and oh! a dozen other exciting episodes."

"He must know how much I hate him," says Miss Daisy to herself.

"Sorry I couldn't please you better," replies Harry, not at all disconcerted, "but you're right; I'm nothing but an every-day newspaper man, trying hard to earn my bread and butter."

In spite of herself she's a little softened, and for want of a fit reply she challenges him to a race down the valley. Off they go, and Harry forgets all else save the fascinating girl as she glances back at him with those laughing, blue eyes.

"I'll be merciful to you, Mr. Delancy, as you appear out of breath," says she, drawing in her horse to a walk.

Some minutes pass before either speak again, when Harry finally remarks, "You are an extremely good rider, Miss Radcliffe."

"I think I can return the compliment, Mr. Delancy."

Another embarrassing silence.

- "Do you know, I can't bear to think of going back East so soon, I have enjoyed it out here so thoroughly."
 - "It is too bad you must leave so soon," replied Daisy unconcernedly.
 - "Can't you say you are sorry, Miss Radcliffe," very earnestly.
- "Yes, I am sorry. I find riding horribly stupid with no companion, for most of the men are away now," is the heartless reply.
- "What a wild, lonely place this is! How lovely it is to be riding along together"—impetuously, "Miss Daisy,"——but at that moment Harry feels his saddle slip, and he has to dismount to fix it.
- "I'll canter ahead. You can easily catch up," says Daisy, and she canters off with conflicting feelings, while Harry murmurs, "Has the girl any heart whatever?" as he tugs at the girths.

At last it is tightened, and he speeds off after his fair companion. She is lost to sight around a butt of the hill. Then a cold chill strikes Harry. A sharp cry has reached him from ahead, a cry full of terror and entreaty. As he dashes around the bluff the scene spreads before him and he hauls up his horse clean upon its haunches. He wheels about and cautiously disappears around the hill. He has seen the woman he loves, mounted on her frightened bay, in the center of a circle of horsemen whom Harry knows to be Mexicans, from their broad sombreros. Having heard before of Josè Valdeeze's party of ruffians, Delancy wisely restrains an impetuous impulse to charge the whole party, for he knows that such foolhardy action would meet instant death and avail nothing to Daisy. "No they haven't seen me," says Harry to himself, and away he goes for the fort, six miles north. Pete Farlay's black horse, upon which he sits, has seen better and younger days, but the brute does nobly. Minutes seem hours. At last, lather-covered, with nostrils dilating and sides heaving, the poor beast is held up at the fort.

"Here, Tom! Saddle Jerry, and have him here double-quick!" orders the breathless rider to the orderly. Into Weatherly's room he bolts with little ceremony, and finds the good Captain consoling himself for a sprained ankle with a mint julep and a fragrant Havana. Quickly Harry has told the news, received permission to take a party of cavalry, and, provided with cartridge belt, Winchester and pistols, has swung himself upon the gallant Jerry. There isn't much soldierly "red tape" about that expedition. The few men who haven't gone northward with the other companies to drill are eager for the fray. No better leader could they have than their extemporized captain.

A prick of the spurs and a quick word from his rider tells Jerry that something is in the wind, and he proceeds to show his mettle, needing no further urging. Away he goes with easy, long bounds, making the following nags bend their necks and puff. Eager riders clatter past the scene of the Mexican's capture an hour after Harry has left it. Down the valley they are urging their horses.

Josè, with his ruffian party, has gloated, and boasted, and ogled, and said coarse words over his fine prey for the last hour. Josè is in no hurry. He can get into the Sierra del Naril valleys and from thence over the Mexican line long before any pursuit can reach him with this good start. At noon they halt for dinner. The big, tough Mexican trusts no other guard than himself with his captive, for despite her pale cheeks, Miss Daisy has kept a stout heart, and there's an ugly flash in her eyes that tells the swarthy desperado he had better keep near the bay mare.

"Kindly dismount," says the Mexican, "for the ride is tiring and we will partake of some rest." Josè is always polite. He sings an old Spanish love ditty in his rich, melodious tongue. Shall he put his arm about her tempting waist and taste the honey of her lips? No, he concludes to let that hauteur diminish first. "Ah," he sighs, "there is time for all things, senorita."

"I've kept a cool head," thinks the little woman. "I've done what he would have had me, that's sure. Oh, he will come; he must be coming now. He is a brave man, and there are others like him at Willis. They will save me. All I have to do is to be peaceable with this brute. Oh,

that I could tell him such a cool lie about my riding down the valley alone this morning, and he believe it, too!"

Even as she is thinking, a shining black barrel is resting over a huge rock some hundred yards away, and a couple of keen, black eyes, nearly as black as Josè's, are very carefully picking out one of two figures seated near each other. A little variation might pierce the wrong breast, but a firm arm holds the rifle steady. There is a sharp crack, and with a chorus of cowboy whoops, a dozen of Uncle Sam's trusty cavalrymen gallop from behind the rocks, and before them all bounds Miss Daisy's hero straight toward the Mexican. His bullet has taken the right person, but has not hit the right spot. Over and over the two men roll, and for a moment the foreigner's knife jabs cruelly, but the son of Captain Delancy and the plucky tackle of the Yale team of years ago is not the man to lose grit in a life struggle. The odds are with the Mexican who gets no knife but who is finally dazed by a square fist pommeling.

When the dusty and bleeding remnant of that valiant little company gathers together they have lost six brave souls, for Mexicans, unlike Indians, are slow to run. They have conquered, however, the worst party of marauders in Northern Mexico. They find Daisy Radcliffe holding Harry's bruised head in her lap and tenderly stroking back the curly hair. The ambulance dispatched after them soon arrives, and the doctor shakes his head as he takes in his skillful hands the left arm of the young man. It is terribly hacked.

The mules are jogging along with the ambulance when his eyes open and look into hers,

- "Are you sorry that-that I am going East?" falters he.
- "Yes, yes, dear, very sorry, but you aren't going now and you mustn't talk any more," she says.

Poor fellow! He thought he had dreamed that Daisy's warm lips had touched his, but weeks later, sitting in the Pullman of the east-bound "limited," his dear little wife tells him with a blush that her kiss was real.

Venus

H Rhyme of the Sea.

The waves are lapping the silvery strand
Of the sea, — hush-a-bye, —
And are crooning of fairyland,
Unto thee, — hush-a-bye —.
The eddying ripples grate on the beach
With a gurgling, swishing whirl,
And they murmur their song the night along
To my darling baby girl.
Hush-a-bye hush-a-bye,
To my dreaming baby girl.
The storm clouds good like phonton ching.

The storm-clouds scud like phantom ships
On the sky, — hush-a-bye —
And the ocean opens its briny lips,
With a sigh, — hush-a-bye —
For to-night the Storm King rides abroad,
And soon will the foam caps curl.
Be it storm or calm, it can do no harm
To my little baby girl.
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
To my sleeping baby girl.

For billows may rise till they drench the skies
With their spray, —hush-a-bye —
And ships may be shattered on foaming bars,
Far astray, — hush-a-bye, —
And their splintered timbers may strew the beach,
And toss in the angry swirl,
And rough winds may blow, but they'll murmur low
To my dreaming baby girl,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
To my darling baby girl.

S. R. K.

The Bawaiian Complication.

A Democratic View,

NE of the first things that President Cleveland did after entering upon the duties of administration, was to withdraw from the senate the treaty of annexation with the Hawaiian Islands, which had been drawn up by Mr. Harrison just before his retirement. At the time the President's action was taken there was a strong sentiment in favor of annexation, so that the withdrawal brought down a storm of criticism from his political opponents.

The facts at hand concerning this treaty were: that the government offering it had been established by a small uprising of the people, mostly foreigners, at a time when the constitutional government of the Islands was weak; that with the treaty came a protest from the deposed queen, stating that she yielded, not to the Provisional Government, but to the superior power of the United States, whose representative had landed a military force and declared that he would support the revolutionary party; that the negotiations concerning the treaty had been pushed forward with such unseemly haste as to cause suspicion, since only seventeen days had elapsed, allowing for time spent in travel, from the time of the organization of the Provisional Government to the placing of the treaty in the United States senate. It required only seventeen days to organize the government, prepare the treaty of annexation, submit it to the senate committee, secure the President's approval, and send it back to the senate

The United States cannot afford to annex any territory unless all the facts of the case will bear the full light of day, and the reasons for annexation are such that they shall neither do violence to our sense of justice, nor be inconsistent with the principles of our national liberty. In this case we know that neither is true. The queen, by the advice of her councillors, had relinquished the promulgation of the new constitution before the public meeting had been called, at which the committee of safety was chosen, so that the conditions which made such a committee neces-

sary had ceased to exist some time before the committee came into being. The committee of safety, soon after their election, presented themselves to Mr. Stevens, the American minister, admitted without hesitation that they could not protect themselves, and called upon him to protect them with the United States forces. The very fact that they had no power behind them was of itself sufficient reason why they should not have been recognized by our representative. Nevertheless, Mr. Stevens, who by his own admissions is a zealous annexationist, without waiting to see whether they were supported by the people or not, immediately promised them the desired assistance. Soon after, in the name of the United States, he assumed a protectorate over the Islands. This protectorate Mr. Harrison's administration at once disavowed, but the American flag was still allowed to float over the government buildings. In diplomacy, established facts have to be recognized, and it is said that the Provisional Government was in effectual possession of the power when it was recognized by Mr. Stevens. If the military force, however, was not sufficient for its own protection, how could it be said to be, in any sense, a master of the situation?

We ought not to think of accepting territory whose government depends for its existence upon the violation of those laws which constitute a democratic government, and yet this is the position of Hawaii at present. Mr. Dole's government has not at any time claimed that it had the support of either popular revolution or popular suffrage. On the other hand, it has taken means to stifle public sentiment by making a decree to punish by a fine and imprisonment, anyone who should speak against it. Moreover, the rebellion not only had but a small part of the people behind it, but a large number of those whom it did have were of foreign birth, and some were still citizens of other countries. It was an American citizen who read the first proclamation of the revolutionary party in the government building of Hawaii.

The court of the queen may have been corrupt, but that fact of itself, without any attendant circumstances, could not have justified us in recognizing the new government, which had the support of only a very small part of the people. The administration of the queen may have been bad, but which is the worse, a government which is inefficient, or one which is

purely tyrannical and based upon the suppression of every political right of the people? These facts, taken together with our previous policy and our claim that we do justice alike to the strong and to the weak, seem sufficient to justify the president both in withdrawing the treaty from the senate and in determining not again to submit it to that body.

Mr. Cleveland is charged, in the appointment of Mr. Blount, with overstepping the limits of his executive power. This, however, can be nothing but jingoism trumped up for the sake of making political capital, for the constitution gives the president power to send special agents on just such missions as Mr. Blount's. It allows him, also, to pay their salary and expenses without being accountable to anyone, not even Congress having the power to call for a statement of them. Wheaton's International Law, a recognized authority, says that an agent may be appointed in time of war, who, if he be received by the revolutionary party, shall have the powers and immunities of a minister, but not his representative character or honor, and in this, again, Mr. Blount's position is described exactly.

Louis E. Guillow.

A Republican View.

BEAUTIFULLY situated in the centre of the North Pacific Ocean, two thousand five hundred miles southwest from San Francisco, lie the Hawaiian Islands. It is difficult to realize that little was known about them two years ago. Indeed, it was less than a year and a half ago that an educated young lady from Albany asked the writer how he learned to speak English. But now everybody has heard of Hawaii. In fact nearly everyone has learned to sympathize with the Provisional Government that has received such base treatment at the hands of President Cleveland.

It seems almost incredible to one who has been brought up to respect the President of the United States, that Grover Cleveland, a man elected by a large majority to fill that position, should so disgrace it. How has he disgraced it? He has descended to the level of a semi-barbarous exqueen, and asked her whether she would keep her hands off the revolutionists if she were restored to the throne. He has put himself on the

plane of a scheming politician. When Congress asked him for information which would prove beneficial to the best interests of the country, he attempted to keep back the greater part. He has sent an ambassador to the friendly government of Hawaii, with instructions to plot for its overthrow. Not only for its overthrow, but for the restoration of a queen who had shown herself to be totally unfit to rule.

"Are all these statements true?" Review with me for a moment the history of the revolution which took place in Hawaii just a year ago. When Liliuokaulani came to the throne, all hoped for better things than had been in order during the reign of her brother, the late King Kalakaua. But her subjects were doomed to disappointment. She bribed the legislature to pass "the opium bill," the bill granting a franchise to the Louisiana Lottery Co., and other measures to which the public was strongly opposed. Not content with this, she attempted to promulgate a new constitution, "which proposed among other things to disfranchise over one-fourth of the voters and the owners of nine-tenths of the property of the kingdom, to abolish the Upper House of the Legislature, and to substitute in place thereof an appointive one to be appointed by the sovereign." At first unsuccessful, she was about to make another attempt to promulgate her constitution, when she was respectfully requested to step down and out. She obeyed in response to the demand of the tax-payers of her kingdom. Her few followers proposed to make it warm for the revolutionists. The property of the American citizens was in danger. They appealed to Minister Stevens for protection. To whom else could they appeal? Troops were landed and stationed near the center of Honolulu. in an Opera House owned by an American citizen.

But the new Provisional Government was in full running order and has been ever since. All the representatives of foreign countries then at Honolulu recognized the new government. Shortly after this, commissioners were sent to Washington to negotiate an annexation treaty. Ex-President Harrison attempted to take advantage of the opportunity, but failed, through lack of time. When Grover Cleveland came into power, he not only withdrew the treaty, but proceeded to see what right the Provisional Government of Hawaii had to exist. On the ground that the

revolution was aided by the presence of United States troops, he proposed to reinstate the queen. Minister Willis was sent to Hawaii as the ambassador of the United States. He presented his credentials to the Provisional court, and then proceeded to communicate with the ex-queen in regard to the terms of her restoration. Was that not an act of war?

Suppose for a moment that the last presidential election had been won for free trade by the money of the English capitalists. Suppose that shortly after General Harrison had left the White House, Queen Victoria's ambassador at Washington had offered to reinstate him by means of British troops, on the ground that he had been defeated by means of British capitalists. Could Cleveland or any of his followers object?

The Provisional Government has ruled Hawaii better than any monarchy she ever had. For a year it has been the *de facto* government, a government by the people and for the people, recognized by leading nations of the world. Not one-tenth of the property holders would rather have the old monarchial system. "It has nobly demonstrated its rights to existence," and yet President Cleveland has made vigorous attempts to overthrow it. As the Hon. C. H. Grosvenor has said: "The attempt of the present administration to perform another revolution, or to undo one already accomplished, was a plain violation of law, and a clear cut usurpation of power, not authorized by law or precedent."

Hiram Bingham, jr.

Including an Angel.

BARCLAY and I were sitting in the orchestra of the Manhattan Theatre. Barclay is dramatic reporter on one of the great New York dailies, and I—oh, I am simply a friend of Barclay's. It was the first performance of Gordon and Teall's comic opera, "The Man in the Moon," and he had been detailed to write a criticism for the following morning's issue of his paper. I was present,—well, for no particular reason, but Barclay had obtained two seats and invited me to accompany him, and I accepted, of course, and deemed myself in luck to get a place on the opening night of Mansell's new piece.

Clyde Mansell was one of the most popular comedians in the city. His versatility, aptitude for impromptu humor, and incessant good-nature made him a prime favorite in the hearts of New York theatre-goers. He had started on low comedy and farce, and had gradually drifted upward to the position of star in a comic opera. He didn't pretend to be able to sing, but he shouted the words and the orchestra or chorus carried the tune, and everyone was amused and delighted.

At the close of the first act it seemed evident that the piece was going to rival, if not exceed, its predecessors in popularity, and when the curtain fell there was a storm of applause, which only ceased when Mansell, the leading lady, and the soubrette emerged from the wings, smiled, bowed, and retreated.

"Little girl's pretty smooth, isn't she?" I said. "What did you say she called herself?"

"The soubrette? Kitty Sinclair," my companion responded. Then, after a slight pause, "I know something of her." I did not reply, and he continued, looking over the head of the man in front of him at the semicostumed figures on the drop curtain. "She was a New England girl," said Barclay, "born and bred up in old Hampshire state, in a little town of which you probably never heard. The prettiest girl in the country, too, but not very much of a belle, for she overawed with her beauty most of the awkward, good-hearted rustics who shyly cast admiring glances at

her. But there was one young man, call him Page (he is a friend of mine, and I got the story from him), an ambitious, clever sort of fellow, who was very much in love with her, and had been courageous enough to tell her so. And she had laughed and refused him. However, as I said, he was an ambitious, pushing man, and awfully determined — fairly dogged. So he kept right on making love to her and taking her to the country dances and all that sort of thing, never giving up hope that things would turn out all right, and that she would say "yes" some day. And one day she disappeared — ran away. Her people were terribly cut up about it. Her father was a well-to-do farmer, respected throughout the state, and people considered it a disgrace to the family.

"Well, she had an idea that she wanted to be an actress, and so she came down to New York and tried to get a place. She had a hard time of it at first — had to pawn most of the finery she had brought with her. Finally she happened in the course of her wanderings into the office of this theatre, in response to an advertisement for chorus girls. Now George Brookfield, the angel of the company, was sitting in the office. You know what an angel is — in the theatrical sense, I mean? Well, the angel of a troupe is the mysterious individual who furnishes its financial backing, sometimes an unsophisticated millionaire with a fondness for actresses, this time a rather wild society man about thirty years old, who had put up the requisite capital for the amusement it would give him to watch the finances of the company rise or fall. He fell head over heels in love with her at first sight. Of course she got a good place in the company — a cast part at her first try.

"By this time the detectives and Page had located her, and they tried to get her to go back home. She laughed at the detectives and sent Page away. But he did not give up hope at all, and came again and again to plead with her, and endeavor by all his means to persuade her to return. One day her marriage to Brookfield was announced, and Page did not come after that. He never spoke to her again, although he saw her sometimes — couldn't help seeing her, for he had gone into a business that brought him around the theatres a good deal.

"Now Kitty Sinclair (that was her stage name) made a success as

soubrette. She was cut out for one naturally, took to her part splendidly, and altogether was one of the hits of the season. But as her public success rose, her domestic happiness fell. A mere country girl after all, the habits of Brookfield, the roué, stock gambler, "sport," astonished her no less than they excited her anger. At last he tired of her — and she may have given him reason to do so — and he deserted her. It was the old, old story. Then — I don't know what she did for a while. Anyway, last month she got a divorce and married Clyde Mansell." He stopped.

"How did you say you learned all this?" I asked.

"I was Page in that drama," he answered quietly, with rather a sad smile on his lips.

"And it wasn't exactly a comic opera like this. I really believe you're in love with her yet," I said, looking at him. He smiled again — faintly.

"I haven't any reason to be, have I?" he said.

A man sitting directly in front of him rose and cast a look of inimical recognition at him, and then walked up the aisle.

"He looked as though he was angry at you, Barclay," I remarked.

"Did he?" he replied. And after a short pause, "a man doesn't like to be told that another fellow is in love with even his divorced wife, I guess."

"What! Was that Brookfield?" I asked.

Then the leader waved his baton, and the orchestra struck up a lively air, and the curtain rose on the second act of Mansell's new comic opera.

Sidney Robinson Kennedy.



Francis II. Parkman.

RANCIS A. Parkman, Jr., whose name as a historian ranks with Prescott's and Bancroft's, was born in Boston, Sept. 16, 1823, and died Nov. 9, 1893.

From his earliest boyhood he was noted for a passion for the woods, and even after he entered Harvard College, from which he was graduated at the early age of twenty, he used to spend his vacations in the forests of Maine and Canada. This passion was no wildness or love of freedom such as the Indian possesses, but the keen pleasure in natural beauties which only the naturalist can experience.

After his graduation from Harvard Mr. Parkman began the study of law, which he gave up, however, within two years, in order to make a trip into the Rocky Mountains where he lived for some little time among the Dakota Indians, enduring all their hardships, and becoming intimately acquainted with the customs and policy of the tribe. "California and the Oregon Trail" is his admirable description of this period. The charge brought against him of under-estimating the Red-man is one which it is not easy to substantiate. His opinion in all other matters is so fair and just, that it is to say the least presumptuous for those ignorant of affairs themselves, to make strictures upon one so thoroughly posted as was Parkman.

Since 1857 the historian's life has been one of constant, conscientious work upon the subject of the French power in America. With the impartiality of a true historian, and yet with the delicacy and *finesse* of a poet, he has drawn us a succession of pictures, showing alike the mistaken benevolence and despotic devotion of the Jesuits, and at the same time their heroism and self-sacrifice. Never did braver missionaries than these bear the gospel of Christ to an ignorant people, nor did any ever remain more firmly at the post of duty. But on the other hand, none ever failed more miserably than these in accomplishing their mission, for all they succeeded in doing was to furnish a new set of symbols for an equally mistaken superstition.

Perhaps Mr. Parkman's best work is his "Canada under the Old Règime," in which Louis XIV of France figures largely, and the sufferings and rejoicings of the settlers claim equal attention. The descriptions all through are particularly fine. It is here that his wanderings through forest and valley, by stream and through swamp, come into active service. "He gives us a picture of the wilderness that affects us like a vigorous sketch made by some quick-eyed painter in the presence of the scene; the desert breathes from it; the canvas has the very light and darkness of the primeval woods upon it." His style is accurate, concise, and flowing, and his works are in the most perfect form of the historical novel.

It is interesting to note that our four great historians, Prescott, Bancroft, Parkman and Motley, were at one time near neighbors in Boston. Like Prescott, Mr. Parkman, during his later years, has been almost blind. His home has been during this time in Jamaica Plains, where he might exercise to its full extent his love for roses. His work, too, has steadily gone on until his death last November.

In summing up, we may certainly call him one of the first authorities in his department, and Mr. Howells is right in saying that "his is a work that need not be done over again."

Donald Gordon.



The Mystery of Movember Eleventh.

F course, you know Carl Emmons, P. A. '94. by sight, although you are probably not intimately acquainted with him. That tall, slender fellow with a slight stoop, whose frailty, and small, white hands, inspire in you an impression of physical weakness. You will mark him by his mysterious, large, deep-set eyes, almost as dark as his long, jet-black hair, parted in the center and brushed back from his forehead. What is there in those black eyes that impresses you with awe and command? And yet there is in the nervous tremble of those puny hands something that causes you to shudder and draw back from a close companionship with this fellow; something that fills you with a nervous apprehension, such as you might experience if you were compelled to live with a man wasting away from the last stages of some terrible disease.

But it would be useless to further describe one whom you all know; likewise you also have a superficial knowledge of that remarkable event of the 11th of November.

Since Carl Emmons came to Andover last fall he has greatly puzzled his acquaintances by his Wednesday and Saturday afternoon trips to Boston. What he does there no one has been able to ascertain, beyond the fact that immediately upon arriving at the Boston & Maine depot he takes a cab and is driven to No. 9 Washington Street. Here, he enters a small door at the left of H. S. Hartwell & Co.'s clothing store, ascends two flights of stairs, and, at the end of a long passage, knocks at a door without name or sign, and then is lost to sight in a spacious and handsomely furnished room. After two or three hours he is known to descend the stairs again, drive to the depot and return to Andover.

Of course, Emmons would bet on the Exeter game, so the fellows said: but they were rather surprised when it was rumored that he had nine hundred dollars which he intended to put up, and that he was giving large odds in order to get it all covered before the game, for it was generally supposed that Carl had not a superabundant supply of money.

The facts, however, were these:—Carl received all the allowance that his father could afford him for the school year, at the beginning of this

term. But he soon found that the limited amount would be insufficient for all the pleasures that he desired, so he took this means as the safest and easiest way of increasing it. He had looked into the matter very earefully, as a business man might, and as there seemed to be practically no risk, he did not hesitate to hazard nearly all his money, although losing meant leaving Andover forever.

In a little village of New Hampshire, in one of the pleasantest of the students' rooms, was assembled, one evening, a jolly set of those Exeter fellows who have "nothing to spend but eash." They were all secret society men—secret in every sense of the word—and they controlled.

"Now, fellows, there is but one way to win that Andover game and you know what I mean," said Manager Pright. "Only three weeks remain before the game, and yet we can do it. First, we've been promised the Harvard coaching. But we've got to have the men to work. Now it only takes the cash to get them, and whatever you subscribe, you're sure to recover by your bets with Andover. They think they have the game pinched, and so are willing to give us large odds. Why! there is a fellow down there who has nine hundred dollars to put up and is giving odds, three to one, and he's not the only fool. Of course, you will give us your support, and those Andover muckers, when they come up here thinking they have such a cinch, will go back home singing,

"'And one of his legs is longer than it really ought to be."

The looked- for day had at last arrived, and what a beautiful day it was! On either side of the railroad station the platforms were packed with Phillips students waiting for the special for Exeter. Every one of us was happy, and why not? We were to have a jolly time singing songs and cheering the team on the way up, and better still, we would win a glorious victory and come home with colors flying.

At the end of the platform a couple of fellows were walking slowly back and forth waiting for the train. One might readily distinguish the outside fellow as Waters '95. Perhaps he was thinking, as he gazed abstractedly at the long line of milk-cans at his feet, of another time he walked these planks or leaned against the railing when a full moon threw its mellow light over the station and the mist rose stealthily up from the

meadow. He is listening to a laugh like unto sweet music, and a voice softly whispers, "Nay, Nay, Pauline," and he looks into eyes of a beautiful hazel which are drawing nearer and nearer to his, until—the bell, yes, it is the bell of the locomotive, with its tut, tut tuts, and its bellow and roar which awakens him from his reverie.

The long train is soon filled and is bounding over the rails towards New Hampshire. In spite of Carl's confident hopes of victory and sure gain, he had experienced during the last two or three days a strange presentiment, a dread that after all he might lose his money. In vain he tried to shake it off. Why, it was only a few hours ago in chapel that he had heard Mr. Lark ring out the foot-ball glory in such stirring words, "We have been beaten only by two colleges! We have done what no other college has done; we have scored against Harvard! Gentlemen, we have a team to be proud of!" And yet his mind, his soul, warned him that he had made a fearful mistake. He started, to see how his hand trembled, as he brushed the ashes of his cigarette from the velvet cuff of his overcoat.

The bleachers were rapidly filling with the grand old blue of Andover and the fiery red of P. E. To while away the nervousness and anxiety of the long wait before the beginning of the game, a brass band perched aloft on top of a barge, which was decorated with the great red placard, "Exeter Forever."

swung slowly around the end of the campus and entertained the spectators with its noise.

And now the rival teams appeared. Emmons mechanically watched them lining up. Every minute was torture. Would the game never begin? Suddenly, that little bunch of eleven men in red start down the field. A thrill of excitement sets every nerve of Carl's body on edge. But see! we have stopped them. Only a few yards gained, and our hero throws his whole heart into the good old

"P. A.! P. A.! RAH! RAH! RAH!"

which goes rolling across the campus and mingles with the din of the Exeter tin horns and their lusty cheers. The whole grand-stand becomes a mass of flying and waving colors,

Suddenly Carl's face pales and a fcarful apprehension comes over him, for steadily down the field go the Exeter team, and before we scarcely had time to realize it, P. E. has made her first touchdown! Nine hundred dollars gone — gone? Oh, no! 't is but some idle dream. Yet again he sees our men fight desperately to stop those steady gains of the Exeter eleven. Slowly, yard by yard, the red stockings push the ball down the field until another touchdown is scored. With an agonized groan, Carl, his whole being racked with torturing anguish, sinks back in his seat and hides his face in his hands as black despair crushes the life out of his soul.

The first half was ended. A cold, cold wind whistled mournfully around the bare pine boards of the grandstand. The crackling of the dry leaves, blown about by miniature whirl-winds, sounded like the death rattle. Across the campus, from the Exeter brass band, the same bitter wind brought the strains of "After the ball is over," and as the gusts gained strength each P. A. man drew his ulster more closely about him and sank down in his seat, sick at heart.

The teams line up once more, but it is only to give Exeter a chance to carry the ball steadily down the field for another touchdown. The cheering staff call for a brace in yelling, and manfully every fellow responds — responds as a martyr who goes singing to his doom. And in reply comes slowly across the campus from those three hundred Exeter throats "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two ou-o-ou-o-o-o!!" and every note jars upon Carl's nerves like the mournful toll-toll of his own funeral dirge. Down the length of the grandstands, on the P. A. side, came an Exeter mascot, swinging his red and gray hat in the air. Carl saw him and a great longing seized him to grapple the grinning fiend and rend him limb from limb. The mucker also saw those great, gaunt hollow eyes, and the clownish grin sank out of his face as he hurried down the line.

The sunny and bright blue sky of the early afternoon had changed to a deep red. Mechanically Carl looked across the campus, past the struggling players, past the dusky outlines of the Exeter students, away off toward the western horizon all banked with crimson and gold, "Nine hundred dollars," he murmured feebly, "gone — gone forever," and the

dying sun lighted up his face and bathed him in its yellow rays. "See!" he cries wildly, "there it is — my money!" and eagerly he stretches out his arms towards the masses of golden horizon. How near it seems! He opens his hands to take the phantom gold, when — he sees it slowly slipping, slipping away from his grasp until it is gone, and darkness comes over the sky. And the tooting of the Exeter horns sounds far away like the dull, heavy moaning of a fog-horn on a stormy coast.

For the fifth time the rival teams line up in the centre of the field. Just then our flying wedge stands there, watching Dynn's up-lifted hand. Carl rises from his seat. They who look upon those haggard features, those wild, glittering eyes, shudder and turn away fearfully, nor dare to look again. He laughs—a strange, unnatural laugh—as he stands there a moment, and from the Exeter grandstand is echoed back, as if in contemptuous mockery at his powerlessness, that "Te-he! sher-ha! sher-ha-ha-ha!" Suddenly with one wild yell he plunges forward, and no man dare lift a hand to stay him. In a moment he is beside the players. He fastens his eyes upon every one of our men, and their exhausted bodies take new life and their muscles harden like steel.

The ball is put in play. "Come on!" Carl yells, and down the field he flies. Canning has the ball. In vain the red champions try to stop him. They are powerless. Some strange force has suddenly sapped away all their strength, and they have become weak as little children. Down the field the ball goes, and with Carl's eyes riveted upon him Latan kicks a perfect goal. Again and once again the strange manoeuvre is repeated, and now the fourth P. A. touchdown is made, even before the crowd of spectators has had time to realize what has happened. Latan steps up to kick the fourth goal, which, if successful, will make Andover victorious. In front of him stands Carl. His whole soul shines through his eyes as he fastens them on our full-back. His face is ashy pale, his body sways and totters, and as the ball flies squarely over the goal, Carl clutches wildly for support, and then falls unconscious in a heap upon the cold ground. But kind hands are ready instantly, and as they carry him off, there goes up such a yell from those thousands of loyal throats as was never heard before upon a foot-ball field; a yell whose echoes go rolling far away over the hills, and mingle with the roar of the waves on the New Hampshire coast. Then as the heavens commence to rain down hats and banners, time is called and the great game is ended.

How jolly to settle oneself in the warm cosy car for the return trip to Andover. With what a resounding chorus we sing,

"Line up quickly! Line up briskly!
Dynn's passed well and true!
Exeter we have always beaten,
That again we'll do."

as the brilliantly lighted special with its merry load goes flying away toward home. And now from the end of the car comes the plaintive melody "Two little girls in blue, love," followed by hosts of other songs, such as "We want more lager beer."

During the journey home I learned from Carl the secret of his semi-weekly visits to Boston. It seems that he spent his afternoons in taking lessons in mesmerism under Prof. Somberst, one of the most renowned hypnotists in the world, who meeting Carl accidentally, and discovering in him peculiar traits especially fitting him for this pursuit, had undertaken to instruct him as a subject. It was the power which this instruction had given him that enabled Carl to win the game.

What joy once more to march down School Street, four abreast, to listen to those stirring speeches by the professors, to yell again that delightful cheer,

> Wah who wah! Wah who wah! Giddy, giddy Fem. Sem. Wah who wah!

And, finally, what happiness to drink that glorious hot coffee — none ever tasted sweeter — and to dance the evening away around the great bon-fire, singing,

"P. A.! boys, forever! Horu! ho, horu!

Down with the red and up with the blue!

So we gather round P. A., boys,

We gather round P. A.,

Waving the banners blue of Phillips."

A. B. Emery.

Editorials.

In a great school like Andover, where English is a secondary consideration, there rests upon each student the responsibility of embracing every opportunity that is offered for promoting a free and easy expression. These opportunities are necessarily limited, and hence it is doubly important that we take advantage of them. The school should feel particularly grateful to the late Mr. William G. Means, for the benefits he has given to students here for years past in the training and practice in English. The competition is a feature of our school life that we can in no way afford to neglect. It is very fitting that it should be placed in the winter term, the one term of the whole year that out-door sports do not occupy the minds of the students and in which the most literary work is ordinarily accomplished.

The Means Competition offers superior advantages. There is a great variety of topics given, topics suited to every condition of mind. Nearly every fellow has a peculiar bent or channel of his own, a line along which he does most of his thinking; he will invariably find in the published list one or more subjects to his liking. By writing these essays the expression of native thought is greatly promoted, and the mere possession of *ideas* upon any subject is a sufficient indication that the man has something in him to work upon. Aside from the benefits arising from the practice in writing, the training in clocution and the cultivation of an easy manner, are alike invaluable. It gives not only an opportunity to a student for measuring his ability in this line with that of other men, but affords an admirable chance of accepting success or failure with true manliness.

We urge men who are intending to write, to begin early and not put it off until a day or two before the essays are due. This has been done often in years past to the great regret of the writers. Things done in a hurry are nearly always poor. We are positive that all the time put upon these pieces will be well spent, and we therefore look for a strong and hearty competition.

The attention of the public has lately been called to the great advance, both in the quality and quantity of literary work, made by college publications. One of the questions now being discussed by them seems to us a very fair one; namely, whether the efforts of their editors should not have some weight as to their standing in the English Department. We call the attention of the Faculty and students of Andover to this matter.

In view of the extent and quality of work demanded by the college papers, the editors must devote an increasing amount of time and attention to them. In our own institution, especially since the work is subject to acceptance or rejection by the Faculty, it seems fair to ask that it be recognized as a part of the English course. It would seem but right that the editors receive at the end of the year a fair indication in general standing, of the quality of editorial labor.

Steps should soon be taken to secure a base-ball game which shall fill the place of the Exeter contest. Our annual fall and spring games have become as much a feature of our school as the matches between Yale and Harvard are to those colleges. They serve as a stimulus with which our teams have worked with a great goal in view. The training periods have been so managed that the teams should be in the most perfect condition near the close of the season.

The crowd, the fluttering colors, the excitement of the matches and the attendant celebration in case of victory, have been time-honored features in our school life which we would fain give up. Shall they be terminated now when we have better teams and more numbers than ever before?

We are nearly evenly matched with Lawrenceville. Might not a game be arranged at some neutral point? For instance, at New London, which is almost mid-way between the two schools. These of course are only suggestions. We believe that our Faculty, in the light of our past bearing toward athletics, would heartily co-operate with any reasonable plans. Let us then surely have an annual game with some school nine.

The Month.

Philo and Forum both having agreed to jointly publish our Annual under its new name, have elected as the editorial board of the Pot-Pourri the following men: D. B. Eddy '94, C. A. Worrall '94, M. B. Patterson '95, L. E. Guillow '95, L. E. Bristol '94, and L. G. Pettee '94.

The following elections for the winter term occurred just before the Christmas vacation:

Рніло.—President, Fuller; vice-president, Emery; secretary, Whiting; treasurer, Hinman; executive committee, Emery, Branch, Mack, Bingham.

FORUM. — President, O. M. Clark; vice-president, Bale; secretary, Starbuck; treasurer, Skinner; executive committee, Woolsey, Patterson, Gardner.

INQUIRY. — President, H. Bingham; vice-president, A. W. Ryder; recording secretary, L. G. Billings; corresponding secretary, Donald Gordon; treasurer, D. B. Eddy.

THE SENIOR CLASSES.—P. A '94, President, F. H. Simmons; vice-president, Mason; secretary and treasurer, Woolsey. P. S. '94, President, Worrall; vice-president, M. T. Clark; secretary, Hinds.

Since last going to press we have had some exceedingly entertaining lectures. On December 4th Dr. Bowker presented an illustrated discourse on "Imperial India," and on December 11th a most realistic series of views, and an attractive talk was given by Mr. Ragan on "The World's Fair."

A "Bazaar of all Nations," with songs and music, attracted a large crowd to the Punchard School Hall on the evenings of December 14th and 15th.

At a special meeting of the foot-ball team, Charles E. Durand, '96, was unanimously elected captain for next fall's eleven.

A school meeting was held shortly before the holidays to obtain a collection of clothes to send to the Boston charities. The response was general and liberal, and a large quantity of needy garments was sent to Boston.

At a school meeting held Monday morning, December 18th, G. R. Widdicomb was elected first manager of the foot-ball team for 1894, and M. B. Patterson and A. C. Twitchell second and third respectively.

Tucsday evening, January 9, the Dartmouth Glee and Banjo Clubs gave a somewhat disappointing concert in the Town Hall.

We take pleasure in announcing that R. O. Ryder '94 has been elected to the Contributing Board.

All matter for the March Mirror must be in on or before Feb. 16.

Following is the report of the Foot-ball Management:

| RECEIPTS. | | | Stationery and postage, | 8 | 50 |
|---------------------------|--------|----|---------------------------------------|--------|----|
| From subscriptions, | \$1193 | 50 | Grounds, | 79 | 25 |
| • | | | Badges, | 16 | 00 |
| From games, | 25 I | | _ | 56 | 50 |
| From Exeter game, | 115 | 00 | Exeter game, Supplies athletic goods, | 201 | |
| | ., | | | | |
| | \$1559 | 60 | Suits, | 225 | 30 |
| | | | Sundries, | 14 | 00 |
| EXPENDITURES. | | | | | |
| Games, | \$379 | 00 | | \$1405 | 86 |
| Training table, | 261 | 95 | Balance cash on hand, | \$153 | 75 |
| Travelling and carriages, | 93 | 70 | O. M. Clark, | | |
| Medical attendance, | 39 | 80 | W. H. Gould, | | |
| Printing, | 30 | 66 | A. E. Branch. | | |

Clippings.

Pick up some coins that circulate
In this land of the brave and free,
And on the front of every one
A woman's face you'll see.

Some people think it rather strange That men don't get a show; To me the reason's very plain, For *money talks*, you know.

Stevens Life.

A COMPLAINT.

The foot-ball man is much abused
By his creditors over the town:
For they forever are touching him up,
While he strives to make a touch-down.

ADVICE TO A DILETTANTE.

Don't rub too long in polishing—Perhaps 'twill be demolishing.

I knew a man who made a hit,
It was a pretty piece of wit;
But, thinking he'd improve a bit,
So long he rubbed his jokelet that
The point broke off and left it flat.

The Inlander.

TETE-A-TETE.

Go up the hill unto the pine
Which marks the summit, then along
The ledge until you reach the wood.
Descend the thickest among,
And in the center, 'neath a larch,
You'll find a rock,—I well recall
Carved to a double seat. Then rest,
But do not go alone— that's all.

Vassar Miscellany,

LOVE AND FOOT-BALL.

A man and a Vassar maiden, With wind and wave atune, Talked low of love and foot-ball 'Neath a mellow Newport moon.

The Vassar maid had hinted That Vassar girls might play At Rugby, 'gainst his college— And beat them too—some day.

If you should play, he whispered, Your college against mine, . I'd like to play left tackle On the opposing line.

Then drooped her head, the maiden, With blushes red as flame, And said—since this may be so Let's have a practice game.

The Inlander.

AN IDYL OF THE STRAP.

She spoke to me, her voice was low And sweet;

With hidden thought I could not know Replete.

She cast on me a lingering look
That all my inmost being shook,
And, as our glances mixed, she took
my seat.

Red and Blue.

A spider may spin, and spin, and spin, And spin a web all day,
But he can't spin a top to save his life,
Because he's not built that way.

Syracuse Herald,

Mirage.

I always hated that teacher. It seemed to me that he must have taken a dislike to me at the very first, for, though I worked pretty hard in my own stupid way, he took occasion to flunk me almost every recitation. And now here it was only a few days before the Christmas vacation and I had failed miserably in his final examination. "Well," I thought, "I suppose I must go home anyway, though I hate to when I have disgraced myself by such a record." That reminded me that I must settle a few bills before going home, and I immediately wrote to my father with my usual plea for more money.

Then I fell to abusing and cursing that teacher and wondering what I could do to revenge myself upon him. At last, a brilliant idea seized me,—I would write an anonymous letter and in it express my feelings towards him very plainly. It makes me blush to this day to think how I insulted him in that letter. I told him that he was mean, partial, unfair, and ended by calling him a fool and a block-head, emphasizing the objectionable words by innumerable blanks.

"Hello, Jack," called a cheery voice, as I was walking up from the post office, "Old—gave us each C in that exam."

"What?" I gasped, "C? Are you sure?"

"Dead sure! I just asked him," he said, and hurried on.

Then, and not till then, it came over me that an anonymous letter is a mean and cowardly way of venting one's spite, and I heartily wished that I had never written one, though I comforted myself with the thought that the teacher would never know who the guilty one was. Then, I realized that he had really treated me well during the whole term and had been doubly kind in giving me such a good mark, and I actually began to like him and to set down my recent feelings to mere prejudice.

Suddenly, in the midst of thoughts like those, the dreadful conviction seized me that I had put the letter into a return envelope. What could I do? I turned and ran swiftly down to the office, and, between my gasps, asked the post-master if he would return it. Though contrary to the rules, he was obliging enough to give it to me, saying as he did so, "Here it is with your address on it; five minutes more and it would have been gone." With a cry of gladness I seized it and tore it into minute fragments and once more freely breathed the air of heaven.

Four days later all the fellows were going home, but my money had not come. I could not imagine what could be the matter, and was puzzling my brain over this as I went down to telegraph for it. Father immediately telegraphed back the required amount, and I was soon on my way towards home. How happy I was at going home at the glad Christmas time! How long the journey seemed! But at last here I was at home and my parents and sisters and pretty cousin were all greeting and making much of me.

After the first few words of welcome, I asked father why he had not sent the money when he received my letter. He looked surprised and said he had received no letter. Then it was my turn to be surprised. Suddenly the whole truth flashed over me. The post-master had given me the wrong letter and I—wretched fool—had not even looked at the address.

And then and there in the presence of my honored father, my dear mother and sisters, and my lovely cousin, I snarled out between my clenched teeth, "Well, I'll be d——!"

Chiko.

People may say what they will in regard to Darwin's theory. I for one am a firm believer in it, and this is why.

For a good many years we used to camp through the summer months on a mountain which, though not very far from the city, was yet rather secluded. By reason of its many spurs and valleys and its really tropical verdure, it afforded an almost infinite number of delightful walks and rambles, and any

one who loves nature would here find a perfect paradise.

I was rather fond of having picnics on my own account that summer, and on that particular day I had decided to go to a place we called the "Picnic Grounds." This was a bold spur on the other side of the mountain overlooking the lake, and on it many a gay time had we spent.

I made short work of the two miles I had to go through the tall grass, and swinging myself up into a tree whose branches extended far out over the point, I began to eat my luncheon. Suddenly I was startled by a loud "Chahe! Chaha! Chahahaha!" from across the valley. I at first thought it was some one sawing wood, but on straining my eyes I saw that the sound came from near the top of a huge tree, whose roots grappled the side of the bluff, and whose crown reached up nearly as high as I was.

There on the notch of a large limb was comfortably seated a motherly monkey with her infant son seated upon her capacious lap, while back and forth, as if composing a sermon, paced the fond papa. Madame didn't seem to agree exactly with her lord, for it took many gestures and glances toward me on his part to bring her to his views. Then, after the manner of the toy McGinty, he lolled down the tree, and like Satan "slowly climbed the steep ascent" towards me.

When he reached the tree where I

was tremblingly crouching, he began a lengthy harangue full of "both-posatives" and "right-impassioned-elevateds," and then folding his arms and solemnly eveing me he "paused for a reply." I had none to make. Again, he spoke; and this time, in words perfectly intelligible, he pleaded for his dues and then pointed to my lunch. This I hastily dropped to him, and with an intensely theatrical bow, he modestly retired. I did the same, not waiting either to see the family enjoy their feast or to hear their ill-concealed mirth over the poor, frightened thing without a tail.

Ali.

-I had gone up to chapel that morning with a heart lighter than usual, for I had had a splendid time the evening before with Molly. But, I tell you, all my light-heartedness left me when I heard the principal quietly saying that he would like to see "Thompson at half-past four."

Oh, how my heart sank! So I had been caught! Well, why shouldn't I go with Molly if I wanted to? A fellow had to have some one to talk with when he was away from home, and Molly was not a bad girl at all. If the principal said a word against her I would—, but my hostile feelings left me when I remembered that this was my last morning at chapel, my last day at school. To-morrow I would have to say goodby to all the fellows. Even the teach-

ers, most of them at least, looked quite attractive to me. Then I thought of going home disgraced. What would my mother say? How could I, after blasting all her hopes of me, go back to her and crave forgiveness?

Slowly, slowly, the day wore on. At last, yet all too soon, half-past four came, and, resolved to tell the truth and die, I slowly made my way toward the office. Up the stairs I staggered, and with pale and haggard face crossed the room where the principal was sitting. I went to his desk and stood before him. At last he looked up.

"Well, Thompson?"

"You—I—Isn't—D-didn't you want to speak to me, sir?"

He passed his hand over his forehead as if trying to recall something, then—"Oh, yes, I remember," he said, "Miss Watkins wishes me to hand you this. Good afternoon."

Overcome as I was by revulsion of feeling, I do not know how I reached the door, but I did it in some way, and, opening the envelope, found a daintily-written note inviting me to that evening's musicale at the Fem. Sem.

I didn't go though; I went to see Molly.

Chiko.

I met a cold little mucker,

And heard him say, "Oh, sir, please," And dropping a half in his cold, blue hand,

Thought, "Cheap for an Irish frieze." Chiko.

Leaves from Phillips Ilvy.

Mr. William G. Means, the founder of the Means Prize Competition, died Jan. 4, at his home on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. He was a native of New Hampshire, but was known and highly esteemed throughout all New England. In him the Academy loses a faithful friend, and the cause of education a most zealous supporter.

'34.—Dr. David Thayer, a well-known physician of Boston, has recently died. He was, early in life, active in all reform movements and was one of the students expelled from Phillips Academy for attending a lecture against slavery in 1834.

/ '42.—Luke K. Bowers died at Winchester, Jan. 17.

'51.—Rev. Henry J. Richardson died at Lincoln, Mass., Dec. 19, 1893. He was a graduate of the Seminary, and of Amherst in the class of '55.

'54.—Oliver P. Billings, University of Vermont '57, died Jan. 6, 1894. At the time of the activity of the Committee of Seventy in New York he was elected Alderman and was twice re-elected. He was a member of the Union League Club, Bar Association, and several other New York clubs.

'56.—Judge Solon Bancroft, who has held the position of Associate-Justice for many years, has resigned to take his seat in the Massachusetts Legislature to which he was recently elected.

'62.—On Sunday, Dec. 2, 1893, Rev. Albert G. Bale celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate over the Malden Congregational Church. Mr. Bale is a very popular man, not only from his work in the pulpit, but from the interest and sympathy he has shown toward the people of the whole town.

'82.—Rev. G. H. Flint, now at Yale Seminary, has accepted a call as assistant pastor to the Phillips Congregational Church at South Boston.

'83.—Rev. S. S. Livingstone of the Egremont Congregational Church has been called to Derby, Conn.

'89.—F. W. Moore, H. U. '93, who was manager of the Harvard foot-ball eleven a year ago, has been selected the successor of Mr. White, as manager of Harvard athletics. He is now in the Law School.

ex-'94.—W. F. Skerrye is a promising candidate for the Harvard Freshman crew.

Books.

My Arctic Journal, by Mrs. Peary: The Country School in New Eng-The Contemporary Publishing Company, New York and Philadelphia.

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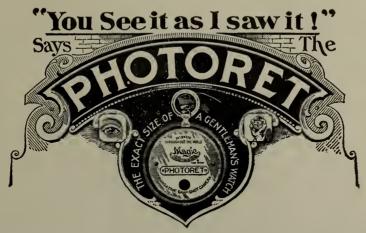
A reader of these thrilling experiences can hardly fail to admire the remarkable pluck and daring of the author. The patient watching at her husband's bed-side during his painful confinement, the long trudges across ice and snow, the anxious days and weeks at Redcliffe House on the shores of McCormick Bay, and the happy return of Mr. Peary, with the joyous re-union of the brave couple, is all intensely interesting. The noble qualities of this unostentatious woman give to her writings a charm reflected from their author's own character. A. C. M.

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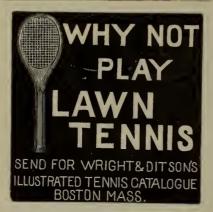
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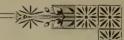
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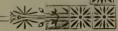
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Mo. 5.

Football Training in Preparatory Schools.

A COLLEGE man who has been in any way connected with the athletics of his Alma Mater, realizes only too well that the men most sought after from the Freshman class for the various athletic teams are those who have gone through a course of training at some of our large preparatory schools. Among these, Andover stands forth second to none in sending foot-ball material to the different Universities.

The value of a preparatory school man entering college as a foot-ball player, does not consist in the coaching received, but more particularly in the field experience he has derived by meeting in contest, rivals, who in his estimation are as formidable to him as Yale is to Harvard. Then it is in these encounters that the true worth of a man is discovered. In the language of the athlete, questions frequently arise, such as: has he enough "sand"? Will he show head-work? Can he stand the strain? Is he a "quitter"? The majority of these queries are answered before the man enters college, as there are few school athletes of any note whose reputation, good or bad, has not preceded them. Games similar to the old struggles between Andover and Exeter thoroughly answer the preceding questions, but although it is in such contests that a man's physical powers are developed, yet the training of the preparatory school teams, when compared with a University team, is far inferior to what it should

be. The difference in the style of the games played, can readily be understood, both on account of the weight of the men and the coaching they receive, but this is no excuse for men being in poor physical condition owing to a lack of proper food, good bathing accommodations, and neat and regular habits.

The old-style training table is now a thing of the past. Athletes realize more than any other class of men that their success is largely dependent upon the food they eat. After careful study and investigation, the present system of the great Universities is being adopted by the smaller colleges and athletic teams all over the country. In a few words, this system differs from the old one in that there is a greater variety of food. In the three years' experience of my preparatory school life, the training table was modelled principally after the old system, the greatest fault of which was the insufficient variety of food, and that of an inferior quality. The idea of limiting a man to one piece of butter and a single glass of water at each meal is not only obsolete, but is condemned as being prejudicial to obtaining the best results. The modern training table sets before the athlete every kind of wholesome food, endeavoring to make the necessarily restricted diet as palatable as possible. A long list of articles suitable for the training table might here be given, but space will not permit.

It will be found more practical and satisfactory for the captain of the team each year to have an interview or correspondence with the captain of one of the leading University teams in regard to proper diet. He can in this manner keep pace with the latest theories developed. Finally, every captain and manager should realize the importance of setting before his men only the best quality of food, and should have it served in the neatest and most tasteful manner. He should warn his men of the danger of satisfying too fully one's appetite before violent exercise, unless sufficient time intervenes, and they should also be prohibited from eating between meals and should never be allowed to quench their thirst immediately after practice or a game. At that time it is not a natural one.

A matter too often overlooked by the younger teams is an utter disregard of bathing after violent exercise This is owing partly to a lack of bathing facilities offered by a preparatory school, but it is pleasing to note that in the last few years rapid strides have been made in this direction, and some are now as fully equipped as many of our colleges. However, the importance of this branch of training is now fully realized and is speedily being remedied. Another suggestion in this line is the proper care of the players' suits. There is an absurd idea among some athletes that foot-ball clothes should never be washed. This is an extremely harmful delusion, and has been carried to excess. Of late years it has been found necessary to enforce a rule on the Yale foot-ball team, requiring the part of the uniform worn next to the body to be thoroughly cleansed once each week, thereby obviating any chance of disease. This method has been found most successful, and after its practice, men soon realize their former folly.

A team should be started in on its season's work gradually, having at least a week's preliminary practise, hardening up of muscles, improving their wind, and preparing them thoroughly for the hard struggles to follow. It is in the first few weeks that a team is often crippled in such a manner that it frequently never regains its full strength. There is great danger of a man's becoming over-trained as the work becomes more severe, particularly if he be of a nervous disposition. This is detected by a loss of appetite, uneasy sleep, and a feeling of fatigue. When these symptoms are noticed the man should be carefully watched and at once "laid off" for a complete rest, releasing him from all training rules. Not enough care is taken of slight injuries. Frequently ambitious men, candidates for the team, receive apparently trifling bruises or sprains, neglect them, and consequently have great trouble later. All of this might have been averted if the captain had forbidden the candidate playing until perfectly sound. All players should be protected as fully as possible by the numerous devices that have come into use in the last four years. It is no longer indicative of a lack of "sand" to use shin protectors, but it is now considered a prudent guard.

At this uncertain epoch of foot-ball history, it is highly proper to enter a plea for this game in regard to its interference with the curriculum of the student. No student in school or college should be allowed to use

foot-ball as an excuse for his low stand in the class. There is only two hours' regular practice, with some little outside work, which should interfere with no man in the performance of his duties. It has been known in Yale for many years that the stand of her athletes is of a higher average than any other class of men in the University. In the past few months, much has been written for and against foot-ball, for the most part by people entirely unfamiliar with the game. From last season's developments it has become clearly evident that changes in the style of game played are necessary and they are now being legislated on.

A writer in speaking of the game itself, well says: "The physical health, the clear head, the regular and wholesome habits, the strong desire for the respect of others, which the athlete quickly develops, helps a man powerfully in the acquisition of knowledge." He who denies himself pleasures and comforts, endures long training and faces not a little risk every day in his struggles to uphold the honor of his college or his class, or even of his associates, must surely develop qualities that are not altogether selfish, qualities that will make him a power in any occupation in life, qualities which will help his country and mankind.

Vance C. McCormick, '90.



The Power of Music.

A FTER a long day's fishing trip on one of the bayous back of Pass Christian La., I was returning, late one evening, in a skiff rowed by a powerful negro called Fred. What his full name was I never found out, as everyone spoke of Fred's house, Fred's boat, Fred's this or Fred's that, without ever mentioning his last name.

The bayou was narrow, scarcely more than fifteen or twenty feet wide, and wound in and out through the tall marsh grass; now and then diving into the lonely cypress swamp where the branches of the trees, hung with Spanish moss, meet just above one's head almost shutting out the moonlight.

Fred was talkative, for we had had good luck, and when a negro is happy he always has something to say.

"Did you eber hear tell," asked Fred, as the boat emerged from the cypresses into an open sheet of water where rowing was easy, "Did you eber hear tell ob de power of moosic on a animile?" I replied that I had, and he continued, "I des wanted t'know kase me and Remus Blodget had a berry quaar 'xperience ober nea Biloxi one night a couple a years ago. Ole Sam Johnson done gib a danze an' invitationed all de boys t'go. Korse we all was berry pleased t' except, so we done started for Sam's house 'bout seben as it was des 'bout fibe mile fum town. Remus hed an ole fiddle, an' I hed one a dese yer trombomes. Dere wus ten on us, an' we was steppin' 'long laffin' and talkin', when Remus sez t' me, 'Fred,' sez he, 'I'se done forgot de grease fur my bow!' Well, we wus 'bliged t' have some moosic, so we went back fur rosin.

"When we started for Sam's agin, de odder boys wus near 'mile 'head ob us, so we packed 'long quite swifly t' try t' ketch up wid um. Mos' all de way de trail wus fru de woods, but de moon wus bright, des 'bout de way 'tis now, so we could see all right. We had transgressed 'bout free mile, when Remus sez t' me, sez he, 'Did yu hear dat!' 'Hear what?' 'Hit sond like a dog,' sez Remus. We bof listened but didn't hear nuffin so we kep' on.

"Blimby we bof hear'd de sond at de same time, so we stopped

agin, a' shor 'nuf hit was des like a dog yowlin' at de moon. 'Des wolveses, shor as I'me a' sinner?' sez Remus. Well, sah! you kin des be shor dat we put out fur all we wus worf. We run, an' we run twel we wus 'bout tired out, but t'warn't no use fur de wolveses kep' a gittin' nearer and nearer twel at las' dey wus so clos' dat we wus 'bliged t' take t' trees. De trees wus only small saplins, so dat wen we got t' de top dey bent a good bit.

'Well, de wolveses come chasin' up, an' wen dev foun' out wherebouts we wus, der tried t' klimb de trees but korse dev couldn't do dat, so den dey 'gun t' scratch up de yeath roun' de fut ob de trees we wus in, des de way a dog does wen he's atter a hat. Blimby dev got a good, big hole at de fut of my tree, but Remuses tree was right side ob a rock, so dev couldn't do berry much. Den dev bit de roots wid der touffes an' gnawed 'em so dat my tree 'gun t' get shakey, so I said t' Remus, sez I, 'I'm gwine to klimb inta nerrer tree.' Wen I wus reachin' out fur one, I heared Remuses fiddle go plunk! Hit hed brushed up 'gin some leaves. Wen de wolveses heared dat noise dev looked up, an' wen de fiddle rubbed some more an' went plunkety! plunk! plunk! dey kinder backed off a bit and circumspected us. Den de notion struck me dat t'was de moosic dat done skeered um, so I squawls out, 'For de Lord's sake, Remus, scrape dat fiddle!' Well, sah! Remus des wropped his legs roun' dat tree an set t' scrapin' dat fiddle fur dear life, an' I blowed de trombome, an' such a vellin' an' screechin' you nebber heard since Adam was a baby.

"An den!—Well, de wolveses stayed 'bout one second an' den dey put out fur all dere wus in um. We sat dere, we did, fur 'bout ten minutes blowin' an' scrapin', an' den we made fur Sam's like de berry debbil was atter us.

"But hear me! We was so trepidatious dat we stayed all night an' went home de nex' day in one ob dese yer ox-teams. An' ebber since dat time," said Fred, pulling a harmonica out of his pocket, "I alyls carry one dese mowf-harps 'long wid me wen I go in de woods."

By this time we had reached the landing, and as I went home I heard the sound of Fred's "mowf-harp" dying away in the distance.

Edward F. Hinkle.

Two Cousins.

"But, Mother, how does she look?" I insisted, for my cousin's personal appearance seemed to me a question of great importance.

"Why, Jack, how should I know? I haven't seen her for fourteen or fifteen years; no, not since she was a little bit of a thing, but I have no doubt she's a very sweet girl, and we must make her visit as pleasant as we can. But now it's nearly train time and you must be at the station to meet her."

I walked slowly toward the stable and told Jim to harness the bay span to the new beach wagon, the best turn-out we had, for we must put on all the style we could for Miss Marian Stevenson, my Detroit cousin.

As I drove down toward the station, I tried to picture the girl who was going to spend the rest of the summer with us in staid old Andover. First came the vision of a tall and stately maiden, stretching out her hand and saying in a cool, calm voice, "I am charmed to meet you, Cousin John,"—then of a vivacious school-girl, crying out impulsively, "So glad to see you Jack," and possibly—perhaps giving me a cousin's kiss.

Standing looking at the swiftly approaching train which was bringing my summer's companion, I found myself almost trembling with excitement. To think that I, a Yale Sophomore, should be so completely "phased," even before I had met my Western cousin!

Ah! Could that be she? That dainty little dark-haired maiden? Yes, for she was the only girl among the passengers. Rather awkwardly I went to her and bashfully said, "Is this you, Cousin Marian?"

"Why, Jack," she said, "I am perfectly de-e-lighted to see you—awfully glad," and something in those jolly, brown eyes told me that I might, so I gave her a cousin's kiss.

What a pleasant drive we had, going home together! How pretty and jolly she was, and how pleased with everything! "Oh, Jack," she said, "it's so nice to be here in the dear country after that hot city, and so nice to see you, and yes I do believe there's Auntie," as she espied

Mother standing at the door. "I never saw her that I remember but I just know it is Auntie."

Mother came rushing down the path, as I helped Marian out of the wagon, and greeted her with aunt-like warmth, but it seemed to me that she looked a little bit mystified. I thought that it was because she was so stunningly pretty.

"No, Marian, dear," said Mother a little later, as, seated on the piazza, we were enjoying the sunset, and Marian, "I couldn't believe it was you, for do you know, dear, that when you were a little girl your hair, now so dark and wavy, was red as Jack Huntington's and straight as a stick?"

"Why, Auntie," broke in Marian, "I don't believe you ever saw me, for my hair has always been dark brown and wavy, and as for Cousin Jack's," looking at me, "I don't see that his is a bit red,—it's a very pretty light brown with just a tinge of yellow."

"Why, I didn't mean our Jack, dear," said Mother softly. "Didn't I say Jack Huntington? You know--"

"What!" cried Marian, jumping up in consternation, "Is not this young gentleman Mr. Jack Huntington, my cousin, and aren't you my own dear auntie, Mrs. George Huntington?"

Slowly the truth came over my slow, dazed mind. Jack Huntington's name was Jack,—his cousin's name was Marian.—My name was Jack, my cousin's name was Marian. Neither of us had seen our cousins for many years, and a trying mistake had been made.

We tried to make Marian stay over night at least,—'twas half-past seven then,—but poor, mortified, blushing Marian would not stay, so Mother finally said to me, "Well Jack,—Mr. Jack Phillips,—you'd better drive her right down to Colonel Huntington's—they will be anxious about her."

Our conversation was not very brilliant on that drive down to the Colonel's—in fact, it was almost a minus quantity,—but just before we reached the house I blurted out something about what a disappointment it was for me, when, ever since I had seen her, I had been looking forward to such a jolly summer. "Oh, but you must come to see me very often, Mr. Phillips," she said, and I felt that life was perhaps still worth living.

But this temporary aberration left me when I saw Jack Huntington,

long, lean, red-headed Jack Huntington on the piazza with a grin so broad that it must have been very uncomfortable on that thin face of his.

... Well, I accepted Marian's invitation to come and see her, and well,—it was the happiest summer I ever had, and well,—that kiss—not a cousin's kiss, either—which I received at the station by mistake was only the forerun—"Jack, Jack," cries Marian, looking over my shoulder, "you positively must not write another word about me. Tell about your real cousin," and of course I must obey.

Well, the other Marian came after a day's delay, and I know only one nicer, jollier girl in all the world than this cousin of mine, and I guess Jack Huntington wouldn't make even one exception.

Haggard Ryder.



A Cameo.

The sandman is hovering over your bed,— Hush-a-bye pet.

His sand he is scattering over your head,
Mixed with the petals of poppies red
That make the two weary eyes heavy as lead,—
Hush-a-bye pet.

The poppies in at the window peep,— Hush-a-bye pet.

And two or three over the window-seat creep And scatter bright dreams your brain to steep, Till a smile peeps out in your dreamful sleep,— Hush-a-bye pet.

Now a dream is hid in each crimson flower,— Hush-a-bye pet.

For way, way off in a mystic bower,
Up in the magical fairies' tower,
The fays breathe dreams in them every hour,—
Hush-a-bye pet.

There is one small dream of a splendid drum,-Hush-a-bye pet.

And a blue-eyed doll and a big sugar plum, And thick and fast the other dreams come Of beautiful books and of tops that hum,— Hush-a-bye pet.

So dream all the dreams so hazy and fleet,— Hush-a-bye pet,

That the poppies waft over the window-seat
Straight from the fairies of Rock-a-bye Street;
And may life be a poppied dream to you, sweet,—
Hush-a-bye pet.

Sidney R. Kennedy.

DAISIES. 173

Daisies. A Vignette.

THERE she sat in the old rope swing between the two great maples shading the porch. I can see her now as plainly in the smoke of my cigar, as on that bright day in June a year ago when I sat in the soft, blue grass at her feet, leaning my back against the rough bark of the tree. And I can hear her laugh as I plucked the dainty white leaves of a large field daisy, saying, "she loves me," and "she loves me not." How well I remember seeing the rich flow of crimson rush to her cheeks when the last leaf of the daisy told me that she loved me. What a charm the past has for a fellow sometimes!

This evening, a bitter cold one without, with a howling north-wester rattling the windows of my room, I can see and think of nothing but that sweet, girlish face with the shining mass of golden curls above it and the beautiful violet eyes peeping from beneath the long, dark lashes; the rosy, dimpled cheeks; the half-smiling lips with the rows of whitest teeth just visible between them; and a chin as perfectly rounded as if chiselled by a Grecian sculptor. One could dream forever of that face and be happy.

Here in the light and warmth of the room, seated in my lounging-chair, with my feet toasting on the shining brass fender of the fire-place, I live over again the days gone by and wonder if one will ever come when there will be another chair drawn up before the fire-place beside my own, and a soft, gentle woman's voice to break the quiet monotony of these bachelor's quarters and talk over, in *real* talk, not in the voice of imagination, the dear old days gone forever.

But I was talking, was I not, of some one in the swing, close beside the old vine-colored porch? Well,—when the daisy told her love for me I rose and took one of her dainty hands in mine and told her that I loved her and asked her, with a throbbing heart, if the flower had spoken truly. And she,—well, she pointed over yonder where the meadow was white with daisies and asked me to go and gather some for her. And when I dropped her hand with a sigh and turned to do her bidding, she ran laughing into the house, telling me to keep those I picked to remember her by.

And there those wild beauties of the meadow are yet, in the vase on my mantel. Withered and faded they are, to be sure, for they were put there nearly a year ago, but they will always have a tender place in my heart. True, their beauty has long since fled, but there they will stay till *she* takes them away.

Some one knocking? "Come in! Come in! I'm all by myself and was wishing for company, for it's awfully lonesome listening to that howling blizzard and the tick, tick, tick of my noisy friend, the clock." 'Tis a beautiful form which enters, and a face as lovely as the morning's light beams upon me. My visitor is dressed in long, flowing, white drapery, a peculiar garb for winter.

"Dearest Alice, have you come to tell me at last that you love me? I know 'tis you for I see the daisies in your hair, just as you used to wear them, and you smile at me so prettily, just as you used to do."

She walked straight to the mantel-piece, took one of the withered flowers from the vase and tossed it into my lap. Then, kissing her dainty hand to me, she was gone. "Come back! Come back to me, dearest Alice!" I cried—and was awake.

But that's strange; there's one of the dead daisies in my hand. It must have fallen; yes, it did fall from the vase up there. All its little brown leaves are scattered on the carpet,—but one,—and she loves me still; she has told me so.

Now I am no longer alone in my musings, for Alice is mine and is here with me. She is sitting in a chair close beside me, as I had long wished for, and oh, how her presence lights up the cosy quarters, so long knowing no master but myself. Now there is no fire in the grate, for it is summer, and I notice that the dear old bunch of withered daisies, that once meant so much to me, is gone from its accustomed place in the vase on the mantel-piece. The vase is now filled with a large bunch of daisies, and I look inquiringly at Alice. She smiles, blushes in her old bewitching way, and says, "I picked them just for you."

Howard P. Sanders.

3ack and May.

THAT Jack and May were in love with each other, was painfully true by their actions. That is to say, they were as much in love as a "Cad" and "Fem. Sem." could possibly be. They would risk almost anything to talk to each other for a few minutes in the afternoon, and many were the plans they formed for walks and talks in the grove and down the old railroad both night and day. Of course, they expected every time to be caught, but then it was for love, you know, and they did not care. It was partly by their own planning, and partly by the aid of a village friend, that they first met, and they had not been together more than five minutes before they were working out a deep laid plot.

It was like this. Miss X——— is going to have a tea at her home in the village and some of her Fem. Sem. friends, the smartest girls in the Sem., are to be there. One in particular will be there at just such a time and Jack must "be sure and come." Venit, vidit, victus est, and the result a scheme to deceive which works well.

When the teacher informs the girls that they must go, May is the first to start. Nothing unusual, for she is always first at everything. While putting on hats and cloaks, a number of heads are close together, a number of brains are busy working, and a number of glances denote a thorough understanding of the plan. When all are ready and start, while half bunch forward and out upon the walk, the teacher is standing yet in the hall, hunting vainly for her glove, which by accident(?) has dropped from her pocket. After some slight delay it is found by "Little Inconvenience," the pet of the Sem., in a far room where the teacher no doubt dropped it. But the delay, however slight, was enough to allow a flying figure to disappear around the next corner amid the suppressed laughter of the girls on the sidewalk. And Jack was there to meet her. The teacher never misses her, and when they enter the Sem. hall, May is with them, in some mysterious way, and talking to the teacher, the picture of innocence.

In this style, Jack and May pass the fall and winter, and nobody but

dearest friends suspect their plans and times. Jack says at last he knows that no teacher will ever catch them; that Destiny had ordained that they should meet and have just such good romantic times, and that a certain "coming-events-cast-their-shadows-before" sort of idea tells him that no one will ever find them out. And Jack is a firm believer in Destiny.

It is December, and the most beautiful winter weather ever seen. The finest of sleighing, the largest of moons, and the best of schemes find Jack and May preparing to take a mid-night ride through the rather pleasing, rather romantic "dark woods." It is strange that they should be so nervous to-night. They before have thought more of the fun in a lark than of the danger. But to-night, for some strange reason, a dark foreboding of coming harm seems to hang over them both. They are to meet at 11 o'clock by the old railroad gate, and as the time draws near, instead of coming too slowly as before, each seems to hate to see it going so fast.

Jack is pacing up and down his room, now looking at his watch and now at his revolver which he has laid upon the desk before him. "Why should I want to take it with me to-night?" he says to himself. "I have never used it before this. Ugh! this feeling. This is what I get for believing in Destiny. I have half a mind to give up the ride. No, May will laugh at me. I will go, but I'll not take that — yes, I feel as if I ought — Destiny? — yes, I do believe that Destiny tells me that I may need it to-night," and he shoves it down deep in the pocket of his buffalo coat. Much relieved, he rushes out into the bright moon-light and up to the corner, where a team is impatiently pawing the ground and awaiting his arrival.

The clock strikes eleven, a light, low whistle floats across the snow. A window is cautiously raised — only Fem. Sems. know that way — and a figure steals along the shadow of the building and through the grove to the gate. A hasty greeting, a quick jingle of bells, and they are off. "Isn't it glorious, Jack?" The words are just in touch with May's very impulsive nature. All gloom is cast aside and a rich peal of laughter rings out upon the frosty air. "Why don't you laugh, Jack? You are so moody to-night."

Jack answers by telling her how he felt at starting, and ends by

handing her the little silver-mounted bulldog revolver. "Oh, isn't it a beauty, Jack? Let me keep it in my pocket, I am afraid that it makes you moody," and it finds a resting place deep in the pocket of her heavy cloak. As for Jack, it does seem to lift away his nervousness, and laughing they speed on to their "Romance Woods," as May calls them. Ah! how often after they recall that name.

Impulsive as May generally is, even Jack seems to think that she is more reckless to-night than he has ever seen her. What doesn't she want to do? Shoot the revolver, tip over, run the horses, jump into the "beauful snow drifts," and Jack has all he can do to keep her from doing all at once. At last they have reached the woods and as yet have met no sleigh, to the great relief of Jack's mind, which has been in fear of Profs. all night. Jack has just been telling May the story which gave the woods their name. How often about the hour of twelve has been seen a snowwhite span driven by a fierce-eyed, heavy-bearded man, holding in his one hand the reins, and in his other arm the body of a beautiful girl with face as pale as the snowy manes of the steeds, except only a vivid scar on her temple. A cold shiver runs up and down Jack's back and even brave May stops her laughter and grasps tremblingly at Jack's arm, as, now in the thickest part of the pines, they hear the fierce crack of a whip and the sad, low music of frosty bells echoes through the trees. Instantly their horses, shying at some object by the road, spring quickly aside and forward. As they peer ahead into the gloom they do not see the crouching figure by the roadside, but only the snow-white span that looms up before them.

But romantic fiction turns too soon into reality as a gruff voice shouts: "Turn out there, youngster, and give me half the road, or I'll tip you over!" Jack is too nearly paralyzed to obey, and suiting the action to the word, a whip is cracked, a white span moves forward, and Jack and May are in the snow by the roadside. Jack, hardly yet in his senses, feels a revolver thrust into his hand and hears May's quick, impulsive voice in his ear, "Shoot him, Jack! Shoot!" Both are led by the impulse of the moment, as to many often are. May, ever too quick to follow impulse, Jack ever too ready to thoughtlessly follow a girl's com-

mand, no matter how impulsively given, thinking of consequences only when they are passed.

Grasping the reins firmly with one hand, with the other he levels the revolver at the figure in the retreating sleigh, and fires. In the same second, as though reflected from the first, a flash lights up the road around the sleigh beyond, and the two echoes roll on through the dark woods together. The figure in the sleigh, simply throwing its head to one side as if in contempt, disappears around the corner at the cross roads. In silence they fix themselves in the sleigh and drive on, May holding the reins and Jack with a very mystified expression on his face examining the revolver.

May sees but the very ridiculous side of the affair, while Jack looks at it in all its seriousness. A mystery was always a serious thing to Jack, and here is a mystery. That second shot, what did it mean? Jack is sure that he fired but one. Only one barrel is empty. Perhaps he heard wrong. To be sure, he asks May. "Of course you did," she answers. "I shut my eyes when you shot first, but I heard two." Again her merry laugh rings out, and tauntingly she says, "You can't shoot, Jack! I can shoot far better than that. One shot was enough to kill him, and you didn't even hit him with two." But in spite of May, Jack is sober for the rest of the ride, and his last words on bidding May good bye at the gate are "I hope this night will not bring us trouble." May answers with a laughing "you will never make a hero, Jack," and they part for the night.

They reach their rooms in safety, and now that the excitement is over, utterly exhausted. However, very little is the sleep they get that night. Jack sees sober judges, police, and gallows running continually around his room. May sees all sorts of strange beings and white horses dragging Jack over the snow and hanging him to trees. Morning comes and with it studies and recitations. They think but occasionally of the night's adventure amid the Latin, History, and Greek. But at noon two hearts beat rapidly, and two faces, paling and flushing by turns, bend over the article in the morning paper that is causing so much excitement in the country near the schools.

"MURDER!"

"A well-known farmer shot by an unknown man."

"A detective on the trail."

"The assassin will be captured by night."

No one can describe the feelings of the two young people during the long recitation hours of the afternoon. At last recitations are over, and they hasten to their winter trysting-place. May reaches it first, and with trembling steps she walks up and down the path. "It was all my fault," she says to herself. "I handed him the revolver, I asked him,—I made him shoot. Oh, why did I do it? Why must I ever be so thoughtless? If Jack is punished it will be because of me. What shall I do? What shall I say to him when he comes? Well, I am decided on one thing, if they arrest Jack I will go too."

While she is thus musing, Jack is hurrying down, as he thinks, to bid good bye to May for the last time. He has a long speech all planned out, which he is going to say to her before she will have time to say a word of remonstrance. He will make her promise not to tell a soul that she was with him that night. May's name must not be connected with it. They meet, and as Jack has planned, he says his speech. May listens throughout without a word, but after he has finished, she says calmly but firmly, "No, Jack, if you go I go. I was with you then, and I will stay with you now." It does Jack no good to plead. May is firm. Her last words are "I will never leave you, Jack." When they part, there are tears in their eyes, yet to them they do not seem to be tears of separation but of union.

Both are ready now to be taken, as Jack says they may as well give in to Destiny. But one thing is certain, if they want him they must come for him. He will not go after them. Night comes and goes. The morning is far spent and still nothing out of the general order of the day has occurred. Jack is puzzled. Where is that detective who knew so much? Again at noon the papers are read, and this time with what different feelings!

"The assassin caught."

"Gives himself up at his own home."

"The weapon a 48 army cavalry revolver."

Jack sees now the meaning of the second shot. With a sigh of relief, he throws down the paper. All he can say is "Destiny again." The afternoon finds them again at their familiar meeting place. May with laughing eyes, looking up into Jack's still sober face, "My! what a scare we had, Jack. I guess we had better be good the rest of the year." Jack thinks so too.

The school year draws to a close. lack and May are together for the last time before Commencement the joyous time for parting, for those who come back in September, when the little slip calls them back to work again. In fact, they had been saying good bye for more than a week in a joking way. But now at the last lack is sober. Ever since that sleigh ride, Jack has felt that it was only a way Queen Venus had of bringing two hearts together for life, and he intends to tell May so to day. But when May's bright eyes look into his he loses his nerve, and can only stand in embarrassing silence and vainly think for some beginning. if May could only read his thoughts. But no, girls will never think as one wants them to. When he is almost speaking, May, who has been watching his face and its changing expression, confuses him again by asking, "Why don't you speak, Jack, you don't seem to care at all that you are going away. Why don't you tell me how much—" It is May's turn to be confused. Jack, however, remembers the motto of the class of 18—, "γαιρόγ λαμ βάγετε" and seizing his opportunity, clasps a willing figure in his arms and whispers, "May, do you remember the last words you said when we parted the day of our big scare?" A moment of thoughtful silence and a softly answered "yes." "May, does it still hold good?" A blushing face hides itself upon his shoulder, and - silence gives consent.

Years have passed. Jack and May have finished their college courses. In a quaint old New England town, seated around the cheery fire-place of an old colonial homestead, is a cheerful family group. In the centre, a charming mother is telling her children the story of a "Cad" and a "Fem. Sem." who once took an eventful mid-night sleigh ride through the "Romance Woods," and a happy father, peering over the top of his evening paper, nods approval.

Masqué.

The Wilson Bill.

A Democratic View.

OR many years, the United States has been staggering under the yoke of a high tariff, which has gradually been sapping away the life of our American labor and enriching the few monopolists. The people soon began to feel this steady drain, and long before the election of 1892 there seemed to be a growing demand for a reduction of the tariff; so, with this fact in view, Mr. Cleveland was elected President by one of the largest majorities ever received by a candidate for that office.

The result of the triumph of the Democratic party is that it has placed before the people the so-called Wilson Tariff Bill, which has recently passed the House of Representatives, and is destined before long to become a law. In speaking of this Bill we must take this fact into consideration, that it is the result of considerable study and forethought on the part of the Ways and Means Committee, which is composed of such brilliant men as Congressmen Wilson, Turner, Breckenridge of Arkansas, Breckenridge of Kentucky and Montgomery, all of whom have been connected with public affairs for many years and are fully capable of framing a bill for the welfare of the people.

The Bill, as it now stands, is simply a reduction in the tariff upon all necessary articles and an increased tax upon all luxuries. To make up for the deficit caused by the ill-fated McKinley law, it is proposed to place an income tax upon the people, which is to tax a man, who has an annual income above a certain amount, a fixed rate of interest. By this means, the workingmen and the farmers will be greatly benefited, while the rate of taxation will be so small that the rich monopolist will hardly feel its effects.

This clause of the Wilson Bill has been opposed by the Republicans, and a very few Democrats, on the ground that the citizens who would be reached by the income tax are only such men as control the manufacturing interests and do most toward developing the resources and wealth of

the nation. The Populists advocate the measure simply because it was one of the pillars of their platform of two years ago. In defending the income tax the Populists naturally defend the Wilson Bill, upon which point they agree with the Democrats that a tariff for revenue only is needful for the welfare of the country.

The majority of Democrats are in favor of the tax because they claim that the country must have some revenue, but that it should not be forced out of the poor man's pocket for the special benefit of the few wealthy monopolists. Many Democrats claim that the Wilson Bill, as it now stands, is not radical enough. But if these same men who condemn the Bill will only think, they will see that if the tariff were made lower than that specified in the Bill, it would be disastrous to the country, owing to the recent financial panic; they will also notice that this Bill is the first step toward the reduction of the tariff since the war of 1861. They should keep in mind that it is a step toward the right goal; that after it has been thoroughly tested, then will be the time for further reduction. The people will also notice that every reduction of tariff will result in an increase of revenue for the government, as well as benefit the workingman who only receives a dollar a day. If the tariff is reduced, the necessary articles of life become cheaper; the poor man will soon be independent and be able to pay his share of the running expenses of the government. These will be the benefits derived from the Wilson Bill. The Bill is young yet, but before the next two years will have passed, we shall see an era of prosperity never equalled in the history of the republic.

Richard M. Lester.

A Republican Opinion.

In the presidential election in the Fall of '92 the Democrats elected their candidate upon a purely free-trade platform, by the largest majority given to any party in recent years. They obtained control not only of the presidency, but of both houses of Congress with good working majorities. All opinions concurred in attributing the victory to the discontent

of the people with existing conditions. They wanted a change, and the democratic landslide was the result.

Although an overwhelming defeat, there was not wanting an element of comfort for Republicans. A chance would now be offered for a trial of the much vaunted democratic principles. For the two years previous, "Tariff for Revenue only," or virtual Free-Trade, had been their cry. The victory had been won and the Millenium was to come at last. Immediately following the triumph for "Reform," manufacturers and business men began to retrench, and the panic of '93 is a matter of history. There were two courses open to the Democrats: either to pass a free-trade measure and encounter defeat at the polls, or betray the people by a disgraceful compromise. They chose the latter alternative.

The chief ground of republican criticism of the Wilson Bill as a democratic measure, is its repudiation of the Chicago platform and the inconsistency in its make-up. The party explicitly demanded the *abolition of Protection*, as something wickedly "unconstitutional," and called for the adoption of a law that would free the American public from the clutches of the "robber-barons." Democratic speakers have long dwelt upon the pathetic picture of the working man paying to the manufacturer twice the required value of his coat, when under a low tariff he could buy foreign goods at a mere song. A pretty argument, but in working up his schedules, Mr. Wilson evidently thought that the day laborer could struggle on a little while longer, even under the "infamous oppression," as raw wool is admitted free, while woolen clothing is taxed 15 per cent.

There could be no better tribute to the republican policy than has been afforded by the present Congress. A very large proportion of democratic representatives appeared before the Ways and Means Committee, asking for the retention of duty upon this or that article, accompanying their requests with predictions of their own defeat if they were not heard. If Tariff Reform is to confer such blessings upon untold millions, if the good of the whole people is to be considered, why tax the rest of the country that a privileged few in Virginia or Montana may be benefitted? This is the very point that Mr. Wilson and his associates complained of so bitterly in the McKinley Bill, and yet we find the same "injustice to

the many" in a measure that was framed by the democratic majority! Its supporters say they must go slow, but since they wisely declare that half the evils we are enduring to-day are caused by a high tariff, is it the part of justice or wisdom to throw a drowning man a few straws to grasp, when a life preserver is at hand?

One feature of the Wilson Bill that is decidedly objectionable, and a feature that seems somewhat likely to compass its defeat, is the income tax amendment. Corruption and deceit would follow its adoption, and private and official dishonesty would go hand in hand. It is class legislation and at a time like the present, when money distinctions are already too sharply drawn, it is a peculiarly dangerous experiment.

The Wilson Bill will not ruin the nation. The American people have too much natural energy and resource to be *entirely* overwhelmed by an adverse act of legislation. But we had hoped for an unprejudiced trial of a free-trade tariff. This has been denied us. Our democratic friends had the greatest opportunity of their lives to perpetuate themselves in power, but such imbecility and worthlessness in matters of legislation as we have recently witnessed, has no parallel in history. The people have found out, by bitter experience, that the democratic party is *not*, as has been often claimed, the friend of the working man.

It is this knowledge, together with the repudiation of principles, to an unheard-of degree, that will accomplish the defeat of Free-Trade in the Fall election.

William M. Gardner.

Gallery Aumber Ten.

SUPERINTENDENT Bates was sitting in his office one morning looking over his mail. If anyone had been present, he could easily have detected the thoughts engendered in the Superintendent by the letters, while watching the expressions of his face, for if a thing pleased him, he smiled slightly; but if not, then a scowl darkened his brow. This morning, since his last letter did not please him, he was cross, and a frown marred the appearance of his face.

He was an old man; perhaps sixty years had flown by since his birth, but he was still the active director of the great Acme coal mines. He was ageing so rapidly, however, that the firm who owned the mines had determined to send a younger man to assist him. This pleased Mr. Bates well enough, but he had desired to appoint his assistant himself. For once his wishes had been disregarded; his letter informed him that the new official would arrive that very day.

In a little while, however, the Superintendent was engaged in the affairs of the mine, and the matter of the new assistant had slipped from his mind, when he heard a knock on his door some time later in the day. He immediately surmised that it was Mr. Loring, the new assistant, so he assumed a stern air and cried out, "Come in!" The young man who entered, introduced himself as Mr. Loring and produced his warrant for acting as Assistant Superintendent.

"So you are my new lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Bates, "I hope we shall get along well together and that you will be able to fill your position satisfactorily, but I have my doubts; it is a very hard place, sir, to fill, a very hard place. Please report to-morrow morning for duty." The young man bowed slightly and left the office.

Several months had passed. The new assistant was fully equal to his task. Even Mr. Bates could find no great fault with his work. Loring also became very popular with the workmen, as he always had a kind word

for everyone. In making maps and charts of the mine, he discovered several old abandoned workings which had been forgotten. Some of these were all right, but there were several supposed to be filled with the water which had collected in them gradually during many years.

One day Loring perceived that Gallery A was fast approaching one of these old workings, if his calculations were right. There might be no danger, but certainly the matter was worth looking after. He reported the affair to Mr. Bates. The Superintendent laughed at him. At length, Mr. Loring persuaded the incredulous director to examine into the matter; so the two went down to gallery A.

It was a long, low passage cut through the coal. The miners were busy at one end picking away at the coal, which was afterwards drawn off in carts. Mr. Loring took a pick from a workman and struck the wall at the farthest end, where the men were at work. The sound was solid enough. Mr. Bates sneered. Then Loring went a little farther down; a faint echo seemed to come from behind the wall. He struck still farther down, and the sound was like that of a drum, hollow and reverberating.

"You see," he said, turning to Mr. Bates, "I was correct."

"Indeed you were." "You men stop work immediately and go to the surface."

But it was too late. A crash as of thunder, and a roaring torrent surged around them; the wall was broken, and the water from the old river shaft and Gallery 10 was rushing in. The men ran off for life. Loring could have escaped, but he perceived that the old man was fast being overwhelmed. He struggled to the Superintendent and supported him

"Come this way, sir," he cried, "it will be all right when the water ceases to run in." But the muddy liquid was up to their necks, and still it kept coming. Ten minutes passed, and the torrent had at last stopped. The water reached to their chins, thereby cutting off all hope of escape. The elder man gave up hope at once; it seemed as if they must die like rats in a hole.

An hour passed. The great pumps were already at work lifting the water to the surface, but it would take them at least four days to clear the

mine, working day and night. But how could the two men, deep down in the mine, with the water up to their chins, live for four days? Their stock of provisions contained only three sandwiches and a little cake.

Another hour passed. Loring discovered a quantity of floating timber and managed to construct a rude raft. On this he placed Mr. Bates, while he himself was obliged to remain in the water. Meal time came and passed. At last they were obliged to eat. Without allowing the Superintendent to perceive it, Loring ekes out their food, robbing himself for his companion.

The first day had dragged by, and the second had come. The only changes in their situation were that the water had fallen to their arm-pits and their provisions were nearly exhausted. Loring becomes desperate; he clings to life. The old man is calm; he has given up hope. Their limbs become numb with cold, and the water eats away their strength. At last a ray of hope comes to Loring. "If," he reasoned, "the water was able to break through, the wall must be quite thin; perhaps I can break through into the old river shaft." For if he could only reach the shaft he might obtain help from above, as the shaft reached to the surface. Although his strength is nearly gone, yet urged on by this hope, he leaves the old man and forces his way to the wall. Under the water he finds the pick. He grasps this, and with his remaining strength he attacks the wall. He works desperately for a few minutes, seemingly without effect. Then he rests. Again he works. The wall yields; it totters; it falls! The road to safety is open!

He stumbles back to his companion and rouses him from his lethargy of despair. Together they struggle on into the old working. On and on they go, toiling up the steep slope of Gallery 10 towards fresh air and life. But the old man's strength fails him only a few feet from the shaft. He cannot rise; he begs the younger man to leave him to perish and to save himself.

At length, Loring sets forward, and, entering the shaft, looks up; far above he can see a bit of blue sky. What hope and strength this gives to him! He goes back to his companion, and somehow half carries, half drags him to the bottom of the shaft. Then Loring calls; no answer.

He cries again, with the same result. Again and again he shouts until he sinks down exhausted.

The night comes on and the stars appear. One, more bright than its neighbors, stands over the shaft and is reflected in the shallow water. Two black patches lie motionless at the bottom of the pit. The star wanes, and rosy morning comes; the patches lie motionless still.

"There he's commin' roun', Mike; han' yer bottle."

The eager faces, full of sympathy, bend over the forms of Loring and the Superintendent at the head of the shaft, and at this they crowd around yet closer.

"Stand back, men," said Foreman Dickerson, "give 'em air."

The eyes open. Dickerson bends down his head and hears the words, "Did I save him?" "Yes, sir," said the foreman; he didn't have the heart to say that Bates was dead. The eyes close; the heart ceases to beat.

"Men," said Dickerson, "it's all over.

Tredwell G. Hojkins.



MDv Bull Dog Dive.

And now another day is nearly over;

A page in Life's short book is nearly turned,
And as Night's dusky shadows o'er me hover

I pass the hour of rest I well have earned.
Leaning in my easy chair, I ponder

Of Love, and best of all, sweet Friendship ripe;
And gazing up I see in dreamy wonder,

Two faces dim in the smoke of

My dear old Bull Dog Pipe.

The curling rings descry a charming maiden
With laughing eyes and loving glances coy;
A sweet guitar with lover's music laden,
And holding it a handsome college boy.

Soft and low the music seems to linger,
While the faces slowly vanish from my sight;
And looking up I see, almost in anger,
Only the curling smoke of
My dear old Bull Dog Pipe.

Oh! Curling Smoke, bring back again those faces;
Let me hear again the tones of that guitar.
Oh! Memory, picture once again those places
Where by-gone pains and pleasures lingering are.
But the curling smoke returns no more the picture;
Memory's fancies vanish from my sight,
And now in vain I look for one, "ma soeur,"
In the mystic smoke of
My dear old Bull Dog Pipe.

'Tis ever thus with Memory's fleeting shadows,
And the thoughts of school-day pleasures we have passed,
Wavering like the mist across the meadow,
While the evening twilight's hazy shadows last.
But when the dusky evening falls around me,
And I feel again the spell of dreamy night,
'Tis a pleasure to build pictures up before me
In the changing smoke of
My dear old Bull Dog Pipe.

Incog.



Retrospection.

FIRE blazed on the hearth and threw a fitful light over the bare and cheerless room, whose sole occupant sat silently gazing into the coals. The face was that of an old man, prematurely old, and showed the marks of excess and dissipation. He was absorbed in reverie. Feeling the warm influence of the fire, his thoughts naturally had turned to the only happy period of his life and with vivid reality recalled his boyhood. He was living his life again, and its incidents passed before him in quick succession. The picture of the last happy Christmas at home came to him. Then, the busy office, where he had drudged and labored so long. Next, the image of the pretty cashier at M— Café in East 13th Street, was outlined by the leaping flame. At one time, her face was never absent from his thoughts.

In one short year his die was cast. Like many another young man, the great city with its excitement and pleasures had strong attractions for Winters, but for a time he kept himself within bounds. After his engagement to Marian Hartwell, the Café heroine, he set out to reform. The resolutions made at the time, to work hard and break entirely his evil habits, struck the old man with bitter force and caused him a sharp pang of remorse. How utterly he had failed! In sober moments his reproachful thoughts would drive him to drown them again in drink, and never had he dared to face the situation. Now, too clearly he saw his early error.

Harry Winters' reformation had been but short-lived, and his patience soon gave way. After an unusually trying day's work, in a sudden and reckless rebellion, he returned to his old ways of pleasure with a savage satisfaction. Finally the crisis came. One evening Winters visited his fiancée while in a maudlin state of drunkenness. Repelled and brokenhearted at the sight, the girl immediately ended the engagement. When Winters reached his room that night, without undressing, he fell heavily on his bed to sleep off the effects of his debauch.

In the next few months he kept up his fast life, and his face began to show clearly the effect of his excesses. But a bitter experience awaited him. The sad picture of the dying father and the promises made at his bed-side brought tears to the old man's eyes.

Meanwhile the fire on the hearth had been slowly burning out, and leaning over, he mechanically stirred it into flame. To the cold blood of age, the warm room seemed damp and chilly, and with a slight shiver, he edged nearer still to the glowing coals. He recalled his second reformation and the kindness of his friends. Again he seemed on the fair road to happiness and prosperity.

Mr. Driscoll, Harry's employer, who had been a personal friend of the late Mr. Winters, treated the son with great consideration and kindness. In his intercourse with the Driscoll family, Harry, unfortunately for all, had fallen deeply in love with the only daughter. The old man recalled the handsome, striking face whose image was graven on his heart. After all the long years, he still loved that fair recollection. Mabel Driscoll soon perceived his infatuation and did not at first seem displeased. Encouraged by this, he resolved to learn his fate at once.

It was still early when he returned to his rooms that evening. Throw ing off his coat and hat, he sank into a chair, and leaning forward, covered his face with his hands. For a long time he remained in this position, the picture of despair. At last he arose, his face looking pale and haggard, and entering his chamber, threw himself on the bed. Mabel Driscoll had listened to his declaration with well-feigned surprise, and in the end firmly rejected it, with a kindness which was certainly ill-timed. Her thoughtless coquetry was to change the whole course of Winters' life.

The morning found him still lying face downward on the bed. Passionate and proud by nature, when he had recovered sufficiently from his grief and disappointment to meet the eyes of the outer world, reaction speedily set in, and in the attempt to forget his trouble, he plunged into all manner of dissipation.

Years passed; he lost gradually all that was his, money, position, and friends. It was the same old story; a life of continual struggles and backslidings, till the time when we find him seated in lonely and silent misery before the dying fire. Bitter was his remorse and regret, as he thought of the neglected opportunities and wasted life and the premature

old age which had come upon him. He had been a particularly brilliant boy and seemed favored by nature in all things; but want of restraint and patience, combined with the unfortunate circumstances of his life, had compassed his ruin.

As he sat before the dying embers, the vision of his early home again recurred to him, and he felt an irresistible desire to see it once more. He seemed again to visit the little flower-garden, and clearly recalled his mother's well-arranged beds of flowers. Here, he had had his own little plot of earth to cultivate and had spent many a happy hour in his boyhood. From the house near by, he seemed to hear cheerful sounds of life and see his mother standing in the doorway about to call him.

The old man's head was beginning to droop on his breast, and soon his low, regular breathing was heard. He had fallen asleep. All else was quiet in the room and the coals on the hearth threw a dull, red light which flickered with uncertain glow.

At last the room was in total darkness; the last spark of fire went out, and with it the feeble spirit of the old man took its departure.

Robert H. Gay.



The Old Light=house.

I HAD been spending a quiet summer at Anchorage, which in former days was a thriving post on one of our Great Lakes. No longer does the streaming ray from the light-house guide the storm-tossed ship into the little harbor. Since then the age of steam has taken the place of many white sails.

The light-house to which I have just referred, was a quaint, round tower, and extending from one side was a dwelling for the keeper and his family. Both ports were built of stone, which is found there in abundance. I had never ventured inside; somehow it appeared to be a tomb of the past. However, one afternoon, wishing to get a view of a sunset over the lake, I entered the door and walked across the room to the foot of the stairs. A short distance up the stairs I noticed a small landing with a narrow door, which young curiosity prompted me to open. It led to the garret over the dwelling. Closing the door, I made my way to the top of the tower, which was covered by a canopy and surrounded by a railing.

The view spread before me was beyond description. The broad bay lay calm, while the sun, a great ball of fire, was slowly sinking into the lake. All the western skies were ablaze. Daylight fled away and stars began to appear. I forgot all, until awakened from the reverie into which I had fallen, by the sound of voices below. Leaning over the railing, I saw by the aid of the stars two men who were standing near the tower.

I waited to hear them speak again. I hardly had time for a second thought, when I heard one of them say, "He told me he would be here at II o'clock. John, you take the lantern up in the tower, and open it only to show the signals. I will go down to the beach and wait." "All right, I'm the b'y for that," said the other. "But what will I do if any of them revenue officers come prowling around?" "Rap them over the head with a stick," came the reply. I was in a nice plight. Suddenly, I remembered the door which led into the garret.

I crept down-stairs softly and entered the garret just in 'the nick of

time, to escape the man coming up. I lay down on the floor to await further developments. Soon the sound of approaching voices grew audible, and three persons entered. "Wait till I get a light," said the one whose voice I recognized, and, lighting a match, he took a candle from a package which lay on the table.

I now found that I could see all that took place beneath me, as the floor on which I lay was full of wide cracks. After lighting the candle, the man took a blanket and covered the window. After which, John was called down from the top of the tower and placed on guard outside the door.

Taking a small book from his pocket and seating himself at the rickety table, he said, "Now, we will proceed to business, Lengthy."

Lengthy's friend now produced a large bottle, from which the three each took a pull. "What's the boodle this time?" he asked.

- "Linen, skins and whiskey, that's three."
- "Well, but how much?"
- "As much as we wanted to take chances on," retorted one.
- "Oh! that's all O. K., but what's the price?"
- "Well, there is one hundred yards of linen and four seal skins, twenty and two hundred, and sixty gallons of whiskey, that is thirty dollars, a total of two fifty.
 - "Oh! whiskey is worth no fifty cents per gallon."
 - "But it is prime stuff, and I will take no less for it."
- "All right," said the other, making a few figures in his book. He now drew forth a leather bag, from which he counted out the required amount. The bottle was again sampled and a pack of cards produced.

Lengthy's friend had in the meanwhile strolled out and was talking with the guard. The others each placed a small stake on the table, and the game commenced. Luck appeared to be with the buyer at first; then the smuggler had a run of luck. During this time both the others had entered the room and were watching the game with interest. After winning and losing alternately several times, the smuggler staked all that remained of his money, and lost.

"D-you!" he hissed, as he arose from the table, "you done it to

fool me," and dealing the other a blow that sent him sprawling on the floor, he snatched the bag of money and turned to flee. At that moment the door opened and four men entered. The four occupants were covered by the rifles of the others, whom I thought to be revenue officers. "You are the men we are looking for," pointing to Lengthy's friend. But at this moment Lengthy overturned the candle, and under cover of darkness, Lengthy and his companion dashed through the door and were lost to sight before the officers recovered from their surprise. Discharging their rifles at the retreating figures, they ran in pursuit of them, leaving the two remaining, who quickly made their escape.

After this all became quiet. When I had waited a suitable time to make sure none of the persons intended to return to the house, I arose, and, feeling my way out, went up into the tower. After being shut up in the garret, the cool air was refreshing. I felt my way down and out of the old tower, and in the early gray of morning started for the village. What became of the smuggler and his companions I never knew.

Frank S. Porter.

Editorials.

We have received several communications in editorial form, more or less severely criticising the *Phillipian* We should have made no public mention of these, had they not of late been even more pronounced in their sentiments. It may, therefore, be appropriate to offer a few remarks concerning the pertinency of these productions.

There are always in school a number of fellows, especially among the new comers, who think that they are about right in every particular, and that if entrusted with the management of the school publications, they could carry them on in a manner far superior to that at present in vogue. They grumble with every issue that reaches their hands. They discant learnedly upon the glaring faults of this paper or of that magazine. They note with troubled countenances that the periodicals are steadily getting worse. They imagine that their ideals are as simple and as easy to live up to as it is to conceive them. The best literary productions are received by them with ill-granted approval.

Among this class of would-be reformers there are always fellows who raise their voices very loudly and express their ideas in highly colored terms. In proportion as the loudness of their plaints increases, we believe their literary and executive ability to decrease. If they have ever had experience on school or college papers, as few of them ever have, they well know that the path of these editors is anything but flowery. The popular and poetic conception of the editor playing upon the keys of his paper with the same abandon that the musician touches the piano, and obtaining a result of equal harmony and melody, is a very charming myth. The sphere of the editor of the school or college paper is complex, for aside from the cares and duties of his publication, he has the even more binding and constant requirements of study.

We believe that the *Phillipian* will bear us out in saying that it does not pretend to be in any degree perfect. We are likewise confident that the Mirror asserts no such claim. We believe that the fellows who have criticised our school paper have not had a clear idea of the work of

carrying it on. The *Phillipian* is issued semi-weekly. It is primarily and only, a newspaper. All its news must come from intervals of a little over three days. During the monotony of the winter term, when there are no athletic games and few other happenings to note, a scarcity of Andover news must necessarily exist. The *Phillipian* can not manufacture much news when there are few incidents to chronicle. On the other hand, there is always open an opportunity for pertinent editorials, and in this department our esteemed contemporary presents excellent views. Its editorials are up to date, simply told and necessary. We have thus answered the chief criticisms that have come before our notice and no doubt cleared away some of the false suppositions taken in some of them.

We believe that the *Phillipian* is one of the best preparatory school newspapers, and if there is anything we could criticise in the present arrangement, it is only the over-prominence given to college doings and the abbreviated space allotted to Andover news. As an instance, we cite the account of the Banjo and Glee Club Concert, in which we expected to see a longer and fuller report. Instead, there was only half a column with the programme, and all the other space on the page filled with college news. Most of us read the important college items in the reading room and would prefer more space given to whatever happenings may occur in town. We offer these suggestions in the hope that they may be received in the same spirit as they are given.

In many of our large institutions of learning, training in public speaking has of late years come to be regarded as one of the necessary courses. A man to-day is not considered educated unless he knows how to make a speech. He *must* know how to express himself easily and forcibly on his feet. Some, of course, enter professions in which this knowledge will not be required. But all men, whatever their occupation, will have occasion, sooner or later, to make use of their early training to great advantage.

In Andover there are two great annual contests in public speaking, the Means and Draper. The contest for the former has already closed, and the successful men will soon be announced. The Means is a literary competition, in addition to the practice afforded in speaking. There is in every school a large number who can not write, but for whom public speaking either has a charm or offers a method to attain certain ends. It is to these men that the Draper Competition gives an opportunity.

In the Means, original compositions are used, but in this second contest a man may choose whatever suits his taste and style. In this way a wide range is given, and men have great opportunities to familiarize themselves with great master-pieces of oratory.

It is not the public exhibition itself that is of such lasting value, though that gives great experience, but it is the training in preparation for it, that men who have received it, say they could have gained in no other way. When the time is announced for the trial before the Faculty, we earnestly urge every man to try, who has the least taste or ability in the line of speaking.

ALL contributors to the May number of the Mirror will please take notice that articles *must* be in on or before April 10th, instead of a week later as usual.

The Month.

On the morning of January 25th, after a long illness, Prof. John P. Gulliver, P.A. '36, passed away at his residence on Main Street. After leaving Andover, Prof. Gulliver graduated from Yale with the class of '40, studied at the Yale Divinity School, and came to graduate from the Andover Seminary in 1845. Prof. Gulliver's anti-slavery convictions were very firm. He was largely influential in the founding of the Norwich Free Academy. For several years he preached in Chicago, was later president of Knox College, and finally came back to Andover to conduct the chair of Modern Science at the Seminary. Prof. Gulliver was deeply respected by a wide circle of friends. In theology he was one of the best-known members of the old school. He was a frequent contributor to the *Independent*, and one of the pastors of the Chapel Church.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges, January 25th, was observed in Andover by an able address from the Rev. Dr. E. L. Clark of Boston. Dr. Clark is an Andover Alumnus.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs, under the auspices of the Universalist Church of Lowell, gave an attractive concert on the evening of January 25.

The musical event of the Winter Term, the annual concert of the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs, was held in the Town Hall on Friday evening, February 9th. Our expectations of a regular treat were fully satisfied. The numbers were pleasingly arranged and most skilfully executed. The performance of the Glee Club in particular was far superior to last year. Every seat was filled by an audience which enthusiastically encored every part on the programme, amply attesting to their artistic rendition. The topical song, which has become such a popular feature of

these entertainments, was perfect and one of the best that has ever been heard in Andover. The following were the numbers:

PART L Banio Club. Mardi Gras Patrol Glee Club. The Wandering Singer's Patrol Mandolin Club. Silvery Waves March Solo by Mr. Weston. Selected Banjo Club, Daudy Eifth March Glee Club. Fair and Bright PART II. Banjo and Mandolin Clubs. Washington Post Glee Club. Her Laugh Banjo Club. Phillomae Polka Solo by Mr. McLauchlan. Au Abbot Episode Mandolin Club. Sleighride Galop Glee Club. Arion Waltz

A Dickens Party, participated in by several P.A. fellows, was held on the evening of the 7th at the November Club House. At the same place an exceedingly pleasant German was given under the auspices of Mrs. George Harris. The latter entertainment was on Thursday evening, February 1st.

The Forum cannot be commended too highly for continuing last years' series of lectures by college presidents and professors. It is by such means that a literary society widens its scope of utility and commends itself to the school at large. There is not a fellow in this school whom these lectures will not benefit to some extent, although there may be some that will not appeal to individual interest. We sincerely hope that more students will avail themselves of this free opportunity to hear excellent speakers. Prof. Rice of Wesleyan gave the first of the new series, an illustrated lecture on "The Bermuda Islands." It was an instructive and interesting talk.

Under Captain Greenway's guidance about twenty-five candidates are trying for the base-ball team. The new material shows up fairly well, as far as can be judged by the gymnasium work thus far.

Ninety-four was the first class to celebrate the custom of holding a banquet at Boston in place of the old-time sleighride. The new entertainment was in every way a complete success. Most of the class attended the matinee of the popular comedy, "Charley's Aunt," at the Columbia Theatre. The event of the occasion, however, was the goodly banquet at the Tremont House. Ninety-four has earned the gratitude of every future class in abolishing the class sleighride, which under most circumstances was anything but enjoyable. Saturday evening, the seventeenth, will long be remembered with many pleasant thoughts by her members. Nearly a hundred fellows were present. The following responded to the toasts: "The Occasion," Prof. Moore; "Young America," Prof. McCurdy; "P. S. '94," C. A. Worrall; "P. A. '94," F. H. Simmons: "The Mirror," W. M. Gardner; "Athletics," J. O. Rogers; "The Phillipian," J. M. Woolsey; "The Advertiser," S. L. Fuller; "The Ladies," G. G. Schreiber "The Faculty," H. B. Wilcox.

On the evening of the 19th Prof. Moore delivered an interesting lecture to his Greek classes on "The Buildings of the Acropolis in Athens."

Mr. Samuel Abbot, P. A. '83, gave a lecture on his school days at Andover, in the Academy Hall on Wednesday evening, the 21st.

The fire bell sounding about midnight of the 23d brought a large numer of fellows to the new Grammar School building, corner of Bartlett and Morton Streets. Ere the flames had ceased the fine structure was destroyed. It was one of the largest fires the town has seen for several years.

Clippings.

AFTER VISITING THE COUNTY FAIR.

Walk up, walk up, and try your luck,
Try your luck and shell out your tin,
Your chances are good if you've money
enough,

The girl you ring is the girl you win.

Brunonian,

CAN'T KEEP IT DARK.

I like to be one of the boys,

To indulge in late hours and fun,
But I don't dare to do it because

Dissipation tells on one.

Brnnonian.

My love is like a lily, So beautiful, so fair, She bears herself so daintily, With such a queenly air.

But I am a poor man,

To love her is a sin;

Alas! the lily toils not,

Neither does she spin.

Oberlin Record.

TRIOLET.

My valentine
I fondly wrote,
'Twas just a line,
My valentine.
She thinks it mine
Although I quote—
My valentine
I fondly wrote.

Brnnonian.

A SHY LITTLE MAID.

A love-lorn lad wooed a coy maiden once,

All of a summer's day he plead, Oft he spoke of the bonds of love—the dunce!

And she shyly shook her head.

When from his heart hope had almost fled,

He spoke of the bonds he had in town, Still the shy little maiden shook her head,

But she shook it *np and down*.

**Trinity Tablet.

LINES TO AN OLD JOKE.

It came out to-day,
Will it come out to-morrow?
Be that as it may,
It came out to-day,
And we groan as we say
With a feeling of sorrow:
"In the Herald to-day?
In the Crimson to-morrow!"
Harvard Lampoon.

A FURNITURE ROMANCE.

A piano loved a carpet gay,
On account of its figure trim,
"But the chair has the rocks," the carpet said,
"So I think I'll marry him."

The Tech.

Mirage.

WHY?

I drink, I I suppose I'm tough. swear, I gamble, I do other things which would not look well on paper. I'm not quite a brute, though, for I really loved her. We were at the same place last winter, and I loved her from the first. Tall and graceful, with fine features. dark, curling hair, and exquisite color, - but I can't describe her loveliness. so I won't try. She didn't know I was not good and I thought she was becoming quite attached to me as the short. short days flew by. We walked or drove together every day, except the stormy ones, and then I always went down and spent the day with her indoors.

One day, the last of her stay, I had determined to tell her all — how I loved her, how I couldn't live without her. Well, she was very sweet and gracious that day, as we sat side by side, toasting marshmallows over a little alcohol lamp. At last I screwed up my courage and called her by some term of endearment, thinking this a good way to preface my all-important remarks.

A curious expression came over her sweet face when she heard it, but she did not fro wn, no, she smiled sweetly and said, as she toasted her marshmallow, "Are you good at conundrums? Because I've a fine one for you. Why are you like this marshmallow?" holding it up

before my face. I did not answer, wondering whether I was to be good, or sweet, or what.

"Why, can't you guess?" she said.
"It's very plain. Don't you see? You're so tough and yet so soft."

Chiko.

THE "B. HIVE."

A neat little white-painted building bears this inscription on its door. Some enterprising urchin has cut the initials "A. M." below. Should you be a boy, and should you enter, a snappy little old woman would promptly tell you, "You know you must be-have when you're in the 'B Hive.' That's my little joke." And if you show any inclination to smile she will laugh for five minutes. Your first sensation is smell, and whatever it is, it smells like everything under the sun. Next, you look around, and a strange sight meets your eves. All the room but about three feet square is filled with counters, barrels, boxes, bottles, etc. Long festoons of pop-corn adorn the walls. Suspenders also hang from various parts of the ceiling. Peanuts, "T. D." pipes, popguns, base-balls, matches, watch-charms, garters, molasses candy, dolls, pickles, tooth-picks, and various other articles, from chewing gum to New Testaments, are lying around in pleasing confusion.

You may also buy a kitten cheap if old pussy happens to be supplied.

MIRAGE

If you desire choice candy, a layer of the above-named goods is made in one of the floor's square feet, and boxes, bottles, trays, and jugs come down till a huge pink box is reached, in which are chocolate creams and marshmallows, "each the same price as one is of the other." If you purchase and don't happen to have the right amount, you will get in change a handful of coppers (all she deals with). This is candy "very fraish (?)" but an axe will come in handy at home.

You cannot buy more than two or three things at a time or there will not be standing room. When you have finished your purchases you are invited to sit down for a chat, and all the village gossip is related to you and a similar return is expected. When at length (and it will be at length) you leave the "B. Hive," if you have entered into the spirit of the place, you will feel as though you had made a pleasant call.

D, G.

PHILLIPIAN PHILOSOPHY,

No wonder time flies when so many people are trying to kill it.

Like many other things at a boarding house, the pepper-box is usually out of season.

He is wisest who laughs longest and loudest at a class-room joke.

It is a strange fact that it is the dull boys who do the most cutting.

It is only by grinding that a fellow can hold his ground.

We ought to be able to develop some good fencers here, judging from the way some boys cut and stab at recitations.

It is a less jagged road to Lawrence than before the no-license people carried the place.

If anyone gives a laundry-man cuffs, he'll do 'em up, quite naturally.

S, R, K

I have been reading up on Political Economy. The famous author has convinced me that it is foolish and wrong to give to tramps and beggars. this little fellow was so different from the ordinary street urchin. I was walking leisurely through town, smoking a cigar, when I first saw him. He was coming slowly toward me with an indescribably pitiful look on his fair face. I thought that I had never before seen such a beautiful child. His curly hair hung in ringlets over his white forehead, and his eyes were big and blue. alas! he was clothed in tatters, and through those big blue eyes his hungry little soul looked out.

As he came slowly nearer, I was more and more struck with the singular beauty of the child's face, for truly it was the face of an angel. I plunged my hand deep into my pocket, resolved to let Political Economy take care of itself this time. Then I waited for him to speak, wondering with what sweet and plaintive words he would ask my aid. The sweet and plaintive words

were these, "Hey, mister, gut any cigar- you will have good luck and success." ette pictures? Chiko

It was a windy, starlight night when I, on a wager, slept in the attic of Draper Cottage. I passed the first four hours in quiet sleep, but just as the Old South struck one, I was awakened by a loud squeaking and scampering. Looking about me. I saw seated on boxes and trunks a great number of rats and mice. who all seemed to be in the best of spirits. They were soon called to order by a wise-looking animal, who had probably had ten years' experience in commons life. He rapped his tail on a box for silence, and then said: "Fellow rats, as vou enter into your new quarters, let me extend to you a hearty welcome. You can all be thankful that you are not in the old commons this awful, windy night. Look out of the window and see how the third house rocks to and fro. It cannot possibly stand till morning. The others are in just as great danger, so your change has secured you not only comfort, but also safety, and you who have come from the third house can congratulate yourself that you will no longer be annoyed by the excruciating songs of the "bee hive" and the unceasing "scrapping" in the room opposite. The rest of you have had grievances in your former homes, but you cannot imagine the relief of your thirdhouse brothers, who are now freed from all their sorrows and cares. I can only tell you that I wish you well and hope

"It's the whiskers that make the man, my boy,

So grow them if you can," And 't was posted in the village. That he might read who ran. "Although you're small in stature,

And your strength is but a few, As long as you have the whiskers For the wind to whistle through. You'll never be called a boy, my lad, And I don't see how you can,

For it's the whiskers that make the man. my boy,

The whiskers make the man."

Masqué.

UNFORTUNATE WORDS.

He was a red-haired fellow And she was a maiden fair. And she loved him to distraction In spite of his auburn hair.

He came once to take her driving, She called him from the door.

"Oh, John, you're a brick to be ready so guick."

"And he never went there any more." ·Chiko.

"Oh, Rob," said dearest Agnes, "I dreamed last night of thee." My heart beat high with gladness To think she'd dreamed of me.

"'Twas the very first real night-mare I've had for many a year." And then I tore my foot-ball hair And dropped a bitter tear.

Chick-oh.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

'25.—Rev. Thomas K. Fessenden, a graduate of Williams College, and for three years a member of the Connecticut Legislature, died Jan. 18, at his home in Farrington, Conn. Mr. Fessenden was the founder of the Girls' Industrial School at Middletown, Conn., and by his own efforts secured \$300,000 for Hampton Institute, Va.

'50.—Rev. Dr. Carroll Cutler, a distinguished graduate of Yale, died at Talladega, Ala., Jan. 25. He was an efficient officer in the Civil War, and afterward became President of Adelbert College in Cleveland, Ohio. At the time of his death he was a Professor in Talladega College.

'51.—Rev. Henry J. Richardson, until within a short time pastor of the First Congregational Church in Lincoln, Mass., died recently in that place, after a short illness. He was a graduate of Amherst College and of Andover Theological Seminary.

'53.—Rev. Edward T. Fairbanks on Tuesday, Feb. 20, celebrated the 20th anniversary of his service as pastor of the Congregational Church, St. Johns-Vt.

'65.—William E. Davidson, a Boston lawyer of considerable prominence, died Feb. 2 at Danielsonville, Conn. After

his graduation in '65, he was for a short time in the service of the Union Army, and at the close of the War entered Yale in the class of '71. Later, he was Principal of the Woodstock (Conn.) Academy.

'89.—The engagement is announced of Mr. Edward N. Blake.

'92, '93.—On the evening of Feb. 24 the charter members of the Forum Society, who are now in Harvard, held a meeting in Room 9 of the Academy building. The following men took part: Dudley, '92, the first president, presided; Closson, '92; Wyer, '93; Parker, '93; Skerrye, ex-'94, and W. T. B. Williams, '93. There was a large number of men present.

'93.—M. E. Stone has been elected President of the Harvard Freshman Banjo Club.

ex-'95.—George H. McClellan, the first financial manager of the Mirror, has been elected to the same position on the Brown *Daily Herald*.

The following P.A. Men have recently been in town: F. E. Weyerhæuser, A. Foster, T. W. Hyde, W. T. B. Williams, F. deP. Townsend, F. Rustin, W. B. Parker, W. F. Skerrye, Dudley and Closson '92.

Books.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ROMANS, by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge; Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

This work, recently issued from the piess of Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, is a welcome addition in its department. There is a surprisingly small number of books in English, accessible to the student, that treat exclusively of the private life of the Ancients. In this volume, the object is apparently not originality, but to give useful information about the early Romans and still to make an interesting and attractive book. Although short, what is said is to the point, and a subject that usually would be treated in a matter-of-fact way, is here made highly entertaining. There are six chapters: The Family; the House and Every-Day Life; Children; Slaves and Guests; Food and Clothing; Agriculture: and the last, Travel and Amusement.

In several places where Roman prices are mentioned are rather interesting discussions as to the relative value of money now and then. By statements of the cost of articles, at that time regarded as luxuries, it appears that the school-master was not the cadaverous, badly paid individual that he has sometimes been regarded. One is surprised, however, to find nothing said about the household goods, that have always been

looked upon as part and parcel of every Roman home.

The volume will merit a thoughtful reading.

W. M. G.

MYTHS OF GREECE AND ROME, by H. A. Guerbar: New York; American Book Company.

In his "Myths of Greece and Rome," Mr. Guerber has brought together a large number of the better known Greek and Roman legends. While he tells these old stories somewhat in detail, he uses a very pleasing style, which makes one forget that they are many centuries old. Possibly he has gone a little to excess in adopting some of the nineteenth century expressions. Surely, it seems a little incongruous to think of Phaenia's proposing to "elope" with Hippolytus, or of Juno's delivering "curtain lectures." However, the very fact that the myths are written in a lighter vein keeps up the interest wonderfully.

All of the seventy full-page illustrations are beautifully executed. Most of them are photogravures from modern works, both painting and sculpture,— Penault's "Cupid Asleep," and Lichel's "Medea," being perhaps the best.

Two almost perfect indexes and many well selected quotations from both ancient and modern poetry complete a most interesting and instructive book.

R. O. R.

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MAY, 1894.

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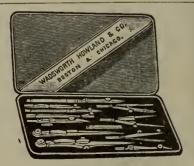
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The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board, as occasion demands, from men who have showed marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the Contributing Board, will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial Staff.

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At the Point of the Sword.

NED SAUNDERS hadn't tasted food since daybreak. As for that matter, hardly a man in the regiment had touched his lips to water, let alone a mouthful of biscuit, since the enemy had hemmed them in.

Ned Saunders was a second lieutenant in Company B, of (we will call it) the 79th Mass. Regiment of Infantry. How he became 2d Lieutenant neither he nor any one else knew. He started in a common soldier six months before the incident which I am about to relate, and remained an undistinguished private until a battle chanced in his way. He had no recollection of what he did during that battle, except a dim remembrance of hiding behind a log; for it was his first encounter with the enemy. But the major said that Saunders—tall Ned they called him—showed wonderful courage and unusual military tact. I think that was the term used. If tact means touch, I suppose that when you touch an enemy before he touches you, that is unanswerable military tact. Ned looked back upon this engagement exactly as one does upon a minute or so in a dentist's

chair when one has taken nitrous oxide. He was as surprised to find his first sword buckled by his side as the patient is to find his tooth out. And the possession of this sword, which he won at his baptism of fire, unconsciously it is true, but nevertheless honorably, had a reflex action upon his soul. True, he had won his rank over the bodies of his superiors: it had come to him, so to speak. But in the unconscious fury of conflict he must have done that which raised him above the common level of men and made him a conspicuous candidate for promotion. Many a time it has happened that a 2d lieutenant has gone into an engagement and come out a captain, or even a major, because his superiors have been mowed down. But the special act of gallantry that marks a private for a commission must be gallant indeed.

It is related of a certain general that when a subaltern he became terribly frightened at his first firing and turned to flee. His horse, by a not too subtle power of sympathy, caught his rider's emotion and became unmanageable. To the subaltern's consternation, the infuriated beast headed for the enemy's guns. Aghast, the army watched the unparalleled act of "bravery." The gunners were disconcerted, dropped the sponges and fled. In a delirium of fear the subaltern slashed like a madman with his sword, keeping a company at bay until reinforcements rode up, at the head of which the coward captured the battery and promotion on the field. Long Ned, ever since his promotion ten days ago, had been jealous of his nightmare act of bravery, in which his ego had no part, and he determined to do some great deed with a clear head.

He was not a coward — only a boy of about eighteen, beardless, overgrown, who had enlisted in his senior year at the great academy, like so many others, to fight for his country's honor. The rattle of musketry, the ping of the bullet as it cut the air above his head, the rush of the solid shot, and above all the scream of shells, — these were enough to try the nerves of the bravest in the onset of battle; how much more to try the courage when in forced repose.

Saunders hadn't had his sword long enough to know how to use it and to keep himself from tripping on it. Yet no one laughed at him. When the assault is momentarily expected, and the stomach is empty and

the muscles weary from watching and dodging, and crawling from trench to trench, then there is no time to make fun of a beardless youth who is doing his duty as best he can.

There were less than a thousand of them surrounded by five times their number of Confederates. Our Union men were convoying guns and ammunition, and the enemy had heard of it and had made up their minds to hoist the enemy with his own petard. We remember Marian Harland's (was it not?) receipt with tears in our eyes: "First get your petard, then hoist!"

The guns were shotted and primed and presented a formidable front. There were no outposts, and the enemy had kept up a tremendous fire from a wood about a thousand yards away. Not for a moment had the rifles stopped their barking. But now at five o'clock in the evening there came a lull. There was a general scramble from the trenches and the ridges where the horses were tethered and a few tents had been set up out of musket range. But the Colonel, a short fat man, put his field glass down and held up his hand.

"Hold on, boys," he roared, "they are assaulting. We must teach those rascals a lesson. Pick up your rifles!"

Saunders' teeth, in spite of himself, began to chatter. He ground them together and pulled out his sword rather awkwardly. There was no time for food or thought, for out of the woods a large rebel horde swept down, uttering cat-calls and yells and whistles that drowned, even at a thousand yards, the Union hurrahs.

"Give me a rifle!" Ned hoarsely shouted. He tried to snatch the nearest gun.

"Use your shooter and your sword!"

"Company B, by the left flank, march!"

Before he knew it Saunders found himself by the guns, which the regiment was soon to deliver to Grant. For an instant there was a death-like stillness on his side of the battle-field; then it seemed as if the earth had opened about him. Cry met cry; shot met shot; bayonet smote bayonet and sword touched sword. And around all, the suffocating, merciful darkness rolled, shutting out the horrors of assault and rebuff. Saunders

felt as if he were glorified. Never was his mind more clear, never was his courage more unshaken.

While he was wondering how he should use his sword after his revolver was emptied, a black body leaped upon him. Instinctively he held his sword up and spitted his foe neatly.

"Well done, boy," said the gruff voice of a fat gunner behind him. "Hold ver blade steady; they'll do the rest."

Shotted with grape, the guns, the Confederates tried to capture, ate them up, and the rifle or the bayonet completed the meal. Not many got so far as the trenches, and when they entered — they entered dead.

The Colonel was hurrying here and there encouraging his men. When he saw the attacking line waver and then fall back — with a stentorian shout he cried:

"Follow me! an' give 'em blazes!" The fire-eater leaped the guns, waving his sword. In the melée Ned Saunders found himself beside his Colonel. The smoke hid them from the following men. It seemed as if the two had run for a century before they caught up to their fleeing foe. At that moment the Colonel tripped on a soft body and his sword fell from his hand; he rolled helpless. A half dozen of the enemy heard his cry and stopped and looked around. They were near enough to distinguish the federal uniform. The smoke still enveloped the Union men who were doubtless following the Colonel; but the Confederates thought that the Colonel and Saunders were alone. They rushed upon them. The boy met the attack like a tiger, and stood astride his superior. He did not know how to fence, but he could jab, and his long reach gave him a tremendous advantage. To the right he thrust, and to the left he thrust, disregarding all rules of thrusting — but each time he stabbed a foe. And now he was left with an officer opposite to him, who leered at him ferociously. Science and instinct confronted each other. It was only a second --- and over; for at the moment when the trained officer was about to give a lunge and the coup de grace, Saunders, poising his sword, threw it at his opponent like a harpoon. There was no excuse for such an unsoldierlike action; but the blade sped, and its point passed into the Rebel's neck. There was a gurgle, and as Saunders bent over to pick up his sword, two faces, one living and the other dead, leered at each other. Both expressed astonishment.

"My God!" cried the Colonel stumbling to his feet and staring at Ned; "who taught you that coup?"

At seven o'clock the assault and counter attack were over. Many men did not come back over the trenches, but Saunders did.

"My heart bleeds for you, boys," panted the Colonel. "I know you haven't had a bite this hot day, but I have given you your stomach full of fighting, haven't I? And you'll bivouac by your arms to-night."

The empty soldiers, whose only food had been bullets, cheered the fighting Colonel to the echo.

At seven o'clock the Colonel called the officers about him, and the whistling of bullets emphasized his remarks. "Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "I expect another attack to-night. We have no pickets beyond our guns. I expect the utmost vigilance. There must be no shirking or lurking in tents to-night. Every officer must be awake, on penalty of court-martial."

It is doubtless evident to the reader that this time our young Lieutenant had distinguished himself. It was his second engagement, and he felt a flush of pride and an access of power. Therefore he prepared to carry out the order of his Colonel with zeal. A bite, a pull at bean coffee, a pipe, a short rest, — and before he knew it Saunders was asleep with his head resting against a gun loaded with cannister.

When he woke up the moon was shining broadly. He started from his comfortable position as if a bullet had struck his foot. He felt like a traitor; and because he had been remiss for an hour or so himself, he burned to atone. He thought of the Colonel's last order, and commented upon the fact that if he had been discovered by the Colonel he might have been court-marshalled and shot. He crept about the camp. Sentinels were alert. Officers congregated here and there with tense expressions. Saunders wandered in the moonlight towards the gleaming tents. No one could be rash enough to be asleep there, he thought; but even as he advanced he heard a deep rumble. He walked forward on tiptoe to surprise the sleeper. It might be a comrade,—a fellow officer, caught, as he

himself had been, in the tightening coils of slumber. In order that he might make no noise whatever, he held his scabbard in his hand that it should not clank.

Yes—the snores came from the third tent. He hardly breathed. He leaned forward and noiselessly lifted aside the flap of the tent. What! Sheets! Snores—and a fat form! It was surely the fat gunner in the 10th Artillery who had encouraged him. But orders were orders, and as an officer, he could not overlook such a flagrant breach of command. How to awake and punish at the same time—that was the question.

Happy thought! His sword! He drew it from its scabbard, poised it, and plunged the point into the vast protuberance an inch or more. Saunders, as has been intimated before, did not know much about the penetrating power of a sharp sword. He had only meant to prick the sleeper. As it was, he stabbed him. This gentle method was answered by a fearful shriek that aroused the camp, and followed by a well-known collection of curses uttered in the Colonel's familiar voice.

Before the unlucky Lieutenant knew it, the mountain of flesh was upon him. He turned and fled—fled in the moonlight, with the Colonel clad—well clad—after him. Saunders dodged here and squirmed and turned there; and after having easily distanced his terrible pursuer, he tripped over his accursed weapon and fell in a heap behind the shadow of a mule. There he feigned sleep.

Would that the sun never shone again! It seemed to our young soldier as if all the glory had suddenly vanished from the service of arms. And what would the Colonel say in the morning to the man who had deprived him of the power of sitting?

Then came the assault—the song of the musket—the Rebel yell—the godlike courage—the gallant defense—the final rout and victory—the morning and the counting of the dead.

"Captain Saunders!" called the well-feared voice — "Captain Saunders."

"It's you, Ned,—the Colonel calls you. Hurry up now, Ned. Hurrah for Ned!" shouted the remnant of Company B.

Blushing like a girl, Saunders stood before his superior.

"Captain Saunders," began the Colonel again, looking at the lad with a quizical smile, which the unwashed powder made ferocious.

"But —" pleaded Ned with hanging head.

"Silence, sir! You are attached to my staff. You have won your rank at the point of the sword. That is the highest honor."

The Major, who had witnessed the boy's gallantry, smiled approval.

And to this hour, when he is beginning to stoop and his hair is getting gray, General Saunders has never dared to ask his old Colonel in which of the two engagements, whether military or civil, he won his Captaincy.

Herbert D. Ward, P. A. '80.



On Lake Champlain.

I.

IT is a dark summer night in the year 1733. The moon, as it appears now and then among the clouds, lights up the dark waters of Lake Champlain. The Adirondacks, and the Green Mountains in the distance, tower darkly up, on either side of the placid lake.

About an hour before midnight a long line of canoes paddles swiftly out of Cumberland Bay, and, skirting along in the shadow of the shore, moves silently down the lake. A small party of Indians coming from a Mohawk settlement—near what is now the site of Plattsburg—are intent on one of their frequent raids against the French-Canadian settlers farther down. An hour before daybreak the canoes suddenly change their course and move across the lake, which is much narrower at that point. Landing, the boats are drawn up on shore, and the Indians, turning south, skulk along near the edge of the water until they reach cultivated land on the edge of a settlement, and hiding, await daybreak.

The moon has gone down and the night is dark and silent, with the deep calm which falls over all things just before the dawn. Nothing stirs, and only the low wash of the waves on the shore can be heard. Gradually, the sky grows pink beyond the distant peaks of the Green Mountains, and the gray light of early morning comes.

It is Sunday in the settlement, and for a long time no one appears outside the high palisade; but the Mohawks, in their concealment, wait patiently, and not a sign betrays their presence. The sun is fairly up when two forms appear from out the enclosure and slowly walk towards the small woods where the Iroquois are in ambush. As they approach, the figures of the two companions become distinct. A large, powerful man in the prime of life saunters along, holding a gun in his right hand, and in his left, the hand of a little golden-haired child at his side. The little girl runs along, busily laughing and talking, and frequently stopping to examine and pick a flower in the grass. The other gravely watches her and replies to her chatter with an amused smile lighting up his countenance. Father and daughter are enjoying the bright morning, feeling secure in the broad daylight.

Suddenly an arrow whizzing from the bushes pierces the broad brim of the Frenchman's hat. Another, quickly following, buries itself deep in his breast. As he falls heavily to the ground, his loaded piece explodes. With a yell of rage, the Indians spring from their cover. The alarm has been given and their presence is discovered. Paying no heed to the dying man, the Mohawks rush to attack the settlement, which is now thoroughly aroused.

Meanwhile the brave little golden-haired child, pale-faced, with streaming eyes, vainly tries to stanch the blood from her father's wound. Feebly he caresses her, while fast-approaching death dims his sight. The arrow has reached its mark, and the life-blood stains his garments. Ignorant of her loss, the little child sits watching by his side, now and then speaking to him softly and gently stroking his hair.

The timely alarm put the pioneers on their guard and the attack is easily withstood. The Indians then begin to destroy the crops and whatever property they can lay hands upon. In the dead of night they depart as silently as they came, taking with them the unfortunate child and the father's scalp. No one could save her now nor foretell her destiny.

In the settlement a young boy is left orphaned through this cruel day's work.

П

Five years have passed, and the little French settlement at Chimney Point has outwardly changed but little. The young boy has grown to manhood, inheriting the strength and stature of his father. No trace of his sister has ever been found, though he has searched diligently. At last, he is forced to the conclusion that she was either murdered or carried far into the territory of the Five Nations.

One day in August, 1738, news was brought to the neighboring colony at Crown Point of a large party of Indians encamped on Cumberland Bay. It was planned to surprise and attack them by night, and the pioneers from both settlements eagerly joined the expedition, among others, the young Frenchman, urged on by his hatred of the Indians.

The appointed night is favorable, not a star being visible to betray them. After the long silent ride on the Lake, they land a little south of

the Indian village and proceed stealthily toward it. In small bands, they station themselves around the camp. At the first light of dawn the signal to attack will be given.

Our young Frenchman is posted behind, with the Indians between him and the lake. He has taken a position a little apart from his companions, under a large pine tree, on a knoll overlooking the camp. A storm is coming over the distant Adirondacks, and, at intervals, low peals of thunder break the deep stillness. A sudden flash of lightning shows him the camp of sleeping Mohawks and the dark waters of the lake beyond. As he watches and waits, the storm comes nearer and breaks at last, directly overhead. By the frequent flashes, the young pioneer is able to reconnoitre his position and clearly distinguish the silent wigwams. The minutes seem hours to the impatient youth and the wildness of the scene works on his imagination. Gradually the time for the signal approaches.

Suddenly, in a vivid flash of lightning, he sees a dark form gliding swiftly by a wigwam, not ten rods distant. On the instant he raises his piece and fires. All is darkness again, but in his over-wrought imagination he seems to hear a low moan and a dull sound, as of a body striking the ground.

At this unexpected alarm the Frenchmen rush forward for the attack, closing in on all sides. Many of the Mohawk warriors are absent on a hunting expedition, and the camp is taken wholly unawares. A few, reaching the shore and their boats, escape in the semi-darkness; all the rest fall an easy prey to the revengeful Frenchmen.

The storm and the bloody work of the night are over. In the early morning light the pioneers plunder the camp and prepare for departure.

Prompted by curiosity, the young Frenchman wanders back toward his station of the night before. Near the edge of the camp he stumbles against a form in the underbrush. Stooping, he turns it over. The face he gazes upon is white, crowned with shining golden hair. The eyes, fixed in death, gaze beseechingly at him. With a heart-breaking cry he falls on his knees beside the lifeless form of his lost sister.

Robert H. Gay.

Under the Elm.—An Etching.

SHE was lying in a hammock slung under the spreading arms of a huge elm tree. Scarcely could the eye rest on a more delightful picture than she made with her small head, covered with beautiful ripply-brown hair, resting on a dainty pillow. But her face! What words could describe it? It was oval, and had dark, deep, lustrous eyes, a nose truly Grecian, a mouth full and expressive of the deepest feeling, and a chin firm and bold. Hardly could there be a face capable of more expression, a face so completely a mirror of the mind and heart and soul.

She had just come out under the trees, and without noticing me, seated near by, had taken her position, opened her book, and was then reading the first few pages with the indifference one usually feels.

For some reason I began to watch her. The book, of which I could distinguish nothing further than a handsome binding, was evidently one which struck a sympathetic chord in her heart; for in a few moments the listless look was chased away by various expressions of pride, love, contempt, seriousness, scorn, pity and amusement. What *could* she be reading?

Having long entertained a rather abnormal opinion of my phrenological attainments, I now set for myself the task of finding out, by pure observation, the name and author of the volume in her hands.

I hastily ran over in my mind the authors I knew of who are characterized by a rapid and vigorous style. Shakespeare, "the master of all passion," I dismissed at once, from my previous acquaintance with the lady's tastes. But, look! The quick transitions surely betoken a nervous organization such as the French alone possess,—and she reads French too, easily. Then it is a Frenchman, but who? and what? Dumas, or Daudet? No, too profuse, and the latter too strong. De Maupassant? Possibly,—but no, after all it can be none other than Coppée. Who so tender, so pathetic, so passionate and so charming? And WHAT? One of his contes, of course.

Proud of my rapid and logical conclusion, and forgetting for the

moment that my thoughts had been unshared, I quietly advanced, and said confidently, "Well, what do you really think of him?"

She started; and then with a quick blush, the cause of which I was to learn in a moment, she stammered, "Think of Geor——, of him? — of whom?"

- "Why, of the author of that book, Coppée.
- "That? why, that's my JOURNAL, Crazy!"

Donald Gordon.



Golden Castles.

"The gold for me," says the active boy,

"Lies far away in some distant mine;

When I'm a great big man, I'll dig

The nuggets pure and fine.

And when I'm rich, a cowboy I'll be,

I'll ride on the prairies wild and free,

And naught will then be that I won't dare."

And this is the youngster's castle in air.

"The gold for me," says the pensive youth,
"Is the glorious gleam of her golden hair;
No wealth nor power would my bosom want,
If only her golden head were there,—
If only I could ever rest
With her golden head upon my breast;
For none beside her's half so fair;"
And this is the lover's castle in air.

"Gold! Gold! 'Tis all I want or ask,"

Says the miser withered and old;
"What else could I wish? What else could I lack,
Had I yellow, yellow gold:
Ah! would these trembling hands could hold
Gold, gold, untarnished yellow gold.
What else — aha! — would be my care?"
And this is the miser's castle in air.

All men thus cherish wishes dear,
Some sordid, foul, some pure and fair.
But oh! how oft our best hopes prove
But castles in the air.

Golde Bugge.

The Cavalier's Suit.

BEFORE an old castle stretches a well-kept lawn, dotted with oaks here and there. The sunlight sifts down through their boughs and rests lovingly on their rough bark, and at last it plays around the head of a golden-haired lad who is sitting on a rustic bench reading. But either the sun's rays are too warm or the book uninteresting, for the reader strolls slowly off toward the old building. It is half castle, half chateau. The Stanleys have owned it for many generations, and each has seen some alteration in the original structure. Here and there, ivy grows in patches on the wall, and in places the lichen has fastened itself to the stone. Very little of the first edifice remains; but though the building is without any special design, still it is beautiful.

Harry Stanley has other views. To him the castle is a stupid, dull place to live in. For his part he much prefers London, or some fashionable resort, and indeed he finds it hard to kill time.

"I do wish mother would give a ball, and then there would be one thing to look forward to in the coming week," he listlessly murmurs. "There she is now; I'll ask her."

He hastens eagerly to the castle, and meets his mother before the entrance. Soon the two stroll off together, and at last he obtains Lady Stanley's consent to his scheme.

"I think it would be rare sport to make it a masquerade ball instead of the ordinary thing," Harry remarks.

"But where will you get a fitting costume? Have you any idea of what you wish?"

"No, mother, but there's plenty of time; I think I'll be able to get something out of the old rubbish in the North Chamber."

"I wouldn't go there," Lady Stanley says rather earnestly. "I know it's foolish, but I don't wish you to."

"Oh, bosh!" her son laughs.

So it was decided, and forthwith preparations were begun for the ball. Quite a sensation was created in the neighborhood by the unusual gaiety. Old gossips declared that since the time of Rupert Stanley of old, no such

festivities had been at the castle; and that was long ago, for Rupert lived in Charles II.'s time. Old costumes were produced from strong boxes, long forgotten. The ball dresses of grandma and great-grandma were altered to fit the present young ladies, or, if time had destroyed the fabric, new ones were made from the old models.

As the days slipped by, Harry was so busy that he forgot to look up his costume. He knew that there were lots of old garments in the chateau that he could utilize, so it did not trouble him much. But the day before the fête he commenced his search. Many beautiful and many groteque garments were brought to light, but fastidious Harry discarded them all. None seemed to fit his special case in all particulars. True, there were several that he laid aside to use if no better ones appeared. Under the hands of a skilful tailor, one of these costumes was changed to fit his own figure. It was that of a courtier of George IV.'s reign. But Harry was not satisfied.

The day before the great event, Harry was wandering aimlessly about the castle. He chanced upon a tin box, which lay covered with dust in a garret. He opened this with some difficulty, and found it contained a file of old deeds and letters. Most of them were of comparatively recent date, but there was one receipt of a bill against Rupert Stanley dated 1660. Harry glanced curiously at this. He had heard of Rupert before, but really knew little about him.

At that moment he was startled by a footstep. He glanced quickly, but laughed when he saw it was only Williams, the oldest servant in the castle. Williams advanced respectfully and apologized for his intrusion.

"I only came to find some old stamps for my nephew, sir," he explained.

"Who was Rupert Stanley?" Harry abruptly inquired.

"Why, it's a long story about him: I don't believe it all myself. He was one of those old gay, licentious courtiers of King Charles. He was vastly rich, sir. But he gambled it all away, save this place. Asking your pardon, sir, from his picture he looked like you."

"Well, that's interesting. What else?"

"Well, sir, he went on gambling till he died; cut off in the prime of

life he was. If I remember rightly, sir, he died here, in the North Chamber, some say."

With this, Williams moved slowly off, stooping here and there, where an old bundle of letters lay.

* * * * * * *

The castle is lighted up, and the great doors stand hospitably open to admit the guests. The music of the orchestra comes in a low tone from the ball-room, while Lady Stanley stands welcoming her guests, whom she can hardly recognize, so disguised are they by their costumes. Several courtiers of different periods pass by, and Lady Stanley hears Sir Walter Raleigh inquire where Harry is. His mother herself does not know, but perhaps after all he is in the ball-room, where the dance has begun.

Ah, there he is now; she can recognize him in spite of his costume. But where did he get that suit? It is not the one formerly selected by him, but it certainly is more becoming. How handsome he looks as he comes down the grand stair-case! So the young ladies evidently think, for in a few moments he has become the most popular man in the ball-room. Lady Stanley watches him with fond eyes. There, he has just finished a dance with a Spanish beauty; now she must really ask him where he obtained the costume.

So in a few moments Harry and his mother are together in the little withdrawing room.

"Mother," he cries, "I am the happiest fellow on earth; only a few moments ago the dearest woman in the world accepted me."

When his mother discovers who it is she is well pleased. So in a few moments she inquires where he got the costume.

"It's capital, isn't it, Mother? I got it out of the old North Chamber only an hour ago. I was wandering around to while away the time till the dance commenced, and went in out of curiosity. I discovered an old iron chest in one corner, unlocked. I opened it, and found this suit, which seems to fit me perfectly; in fact, too much so, for I'm awfully hot. I put it on, and was so well satisfied with my appearance that I took it for my costume. How hot it is ——"

"Harry, Harry! what's the matter?" cries his mother.

He has fallen on the floor; his face becomes drawn with pain; his features swell and blacken — O heavens! he is dying!

Through the open window comes the music of the waltz; a happy laugh floats into the room, and in walks Harry's loved one. One look, and she is beside his mother, kneeling over him.

"Well, Doctor, what do you make of the tragedy up at the castle?" says the vicar in a choking voice. It is a day later.

"The plague. That suit was Rupert Stanley's; you know he is said to have died of the plague of 1650."

Tredwell G. Hopkins.



The Power of the Cup.

TRAIN number sixty-seven was standing, ready to pull out, on track four. None but the most trusty and old employees manned the express, which was the fastest train on the road. The superintendent, wherever he might be, at his office, at home, or at a theatre party, knew that at precisely six o'clock, P.M., the wheels of number sixty-seven would begin to revolve out of the big terminal station, and that all along the hundred mile run, watchful eyes and careful hands would guide his pet train safely to its destination. During the three years that the "limited" had run, exemption from accident strengthened this confidence.

The speediest engine on the road was coupled to the baggage car that evening. Out of the high cab window leaned Engineer Grant, a big, trusty fellow, who said little, had a careful eye, and who knew not the taste for liquor. His fireman, Joe McGuiness, was stirring up the seething flames in the fire-box with his long poker, when the gong sounded, and the conductor, watch in hand, waved his arm. Simultaneously the throttle was opened, and the long line of cars glided out into the storm. It was truly, as Grant remarked to his fireman, a "dirty night." A raw wind, accompanied by rain and sleet, blew straight toward the head-light, the rails were slippery, the red and green signals were hard to see.

What did the passengers care for that? They leaned back in plush-covered chairs of vestibuled cars, chatted, or read by soft electric lights. The men smoked in the buffet car, and the waiters moved noiselessly to and fro amongst snowy linen in the dining car. Surrounded by this warmth, light, and luxury, all was nonchalance. The conditions were very different with the two grim men in the uniform of overalls and jumper, who were guiding in the darkness and cold these many lives at high speed over the steel roadway.

On through the storm rumbled the "flyer." Peter Grant felt that sense of pride known only to engineers, as he came through the last station on time. It wasn't every man who could keep to the close time card of number sixty-seven on such a night. The last signal tower showed a white light. This told Grant that the belated local ahead was still well

cleared. The next tower received greater vigilance, but the twinkling white light greeted the straining eyes, and into the next block Grant let her thunder. Such is the confidence of man in his fellow-man.

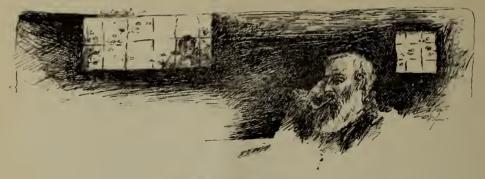
The engineer never took his eyes off the black void with its beam of light that was ever before his engine. In one of those moments when a man's life is reflected upon the retina of his brain in the space of a lightning flash, Peter Grant saw a sweet-faced mother and a curly-headed boy at his fire-side. The passengers felt the wheels slide on the rails, the headlong stopping, and then the sickening crash.

An engine stands hissing in the midst of a shattered car. Cries of the injured and dying urge the rescuers on. From a heap of broken wood-work and grimey coal, just back of the cab, they draw a bruised and bleeding body.

The rear brakeman, who runs back with torpedoes, is astounded to find the signal, which was fatal to so many lives, still showing a clear, white light. Hastening up the steps of the signal tower, he meets a startling scene. Both operators are sound asleep, one on the floor, another, mouth open, lolling on a chair. A couple of whiskey bottles lie on the floor, and a flask nearly exhausted of its supply of brandy stands on the table.

Little curly-headed Harry Grant is for the first time allowed to see the patient. In that wan face and crippled form lies a temperance lesson which Harry, although young, learns, and it is to believed one which he will never forget.

Arthur C. Mack.



A ffatal Bequest.

N a long neck of land, which runs out into the sea from the mainland at the place where the city of Salem lies, and which forms one side of the entrance to Salem harbor, are the ruins of an old fort, the remnant of a once important post in the by-gone Indian and Colonial days. Nothing but an excavation out of the top of a large hill remains, but in this excavation still exist the underground passages and the dingy, damp vaults which were probably used as the last resort for goods and family when the wily sed-skin made his havoc so long ago.

The view seaward is thrilling, adding much to the spirit in which one finds oneself as one stands in the sepulchre of so many memories and happenings of our fathers. The shore of Beverly, with its jagged rocks and mossy shoals, is just across the waters of the harbor, while more toward the roaring sea, just on this side of the horizon line, is Baker's Island with its grim lighthouse, the lonely sentinel of those dangerous reefs. All along the shore, when the tide is running high, can be seen the surf, climbing the rocks and beating its life out with a heavy thud.

Many stories are told in connection with the history of this old fort: how, in the days of the terrible Salem witchcraft, an old woman ran away from home out of fear of punishment and was supposed to have hidden in the long, narrow vaults and chambers which have been before mentioned; how a skeleton was afterwards found and proved the supposition to be a fact; how an officer who had been temporarily insane from a disappointed love match had committed suicide, thereby bequeathing his ghost, so that it roamed about the fort even up to this time and watched the decay and

ruin—these and many more stories are told by the old fishermen who still relate the tales of the sea and its coast in this vicinity.

Of the many rehearsals of these tales which I heard, one of the number especially was interesting to me, perhaps because of the narrator who was a hoary-headed patriarch of a dozen fishing huts, or because of its oddity. However, it shall be given to you as I recall it.

In the summer of 1796, quite a large garrison — that is, large for that time — was quartered in the fort. Among the men was a lieutenant of about sixty years of age, a man of commanding presence but with the air of mystery about him which told of something remarkable in his past experience. No one knew much of his life. He had served among the soldiers of the war just passed and had conducted himself with becoming bravery and fortitude. The men under him regarded him with respect and did not trouble themselves about his life.

One day when he returned from the town he brought with him a girl of about nineteen years of age, who looked as pure as a lily and was as charming as a rose. Her visits to the fort were frequent after her first one, and everybody who saw her was drawn toward her and felt a deep regard for the maidenly innocence portrayed in her actions. Still, she carried the same air of mystery and backwardness which characterized the old lieutenant. Many times the men would watch her as she stood on the brow of the hill, while the wind blew her long hair back and seemed every minute as though it would take her whole body along with it. Because of her sudden and unaccountable appearance, I fancy, many times they wondered if she were not some kin to the old witches who had paid the death penalty for imaginary communications with the Evil One almost one hundred years before. She continued on the even tenure of her way until she encountered something which changed her very existence; that was a man!

Among the young men of Old Salem was Charles Endicott, the son of one of the thriving merchants of that once important shipping town. He was studying for the ministry, and — the old women confidently whispered — "was of just the right grain." His manly bearing and charming frankness of manner was of common mention among the young women,

who, at that time, felt proud if they could entrap a future minister by their wiles. He seemed, however, to be iron-clad against the onset of maidens' charms, and the old grandmothers worried their poor heads over his welfare in this line.

O, strange Fate, what great surprises thou hast in store for many of mankind! Charles Endicott was one of those mortals who are the recipients of these seeming freaks of fortune. Where all said he was strongest, there he was vanquished at the first attack, for he was "the man" who came across the path of our beautiful young stranger at the fort.

"He met her somewhere, and immediately fell in love with her, which love was cordially returned"; that was all the narrator of the story had ever heard concerning their first intercourse. Whether Charles knew anything of her parents, of her relations to the old lieutenant, or of the standing of her immediate ancestry, which at that time was quite important among the old families, no one could ascertain. At all events he seemed to be fully satisfied with what he did know, so the gossips were wagging their tongues in happiness.

They seemingly met nowhere but at the fort and vicinity. As they strolled along the beach, side by side, or stood upon the parapet, the men at the fort could not help but be impressed by the sight; he, in his strength of young manhood, with firm step and erect carriage; she, in the dainty gown which set off the girlish figure and sweet, honest face to such advantage. The old lieutenant was often seen to cast furtive glances at the pair, but never a word did he say, so no questions were asked him.

About six weeks after their first meeting Charles decided to ask the old lieutenant for permission to wed the young woman. The meeting between the two men was striking, and, although similar meetings are common now, still, they are striking. This was so because of the two almost wholly different types which came in touch; the young man, full of determination, with bright hopes for the future, seeking what was to him the very stay for coming days; the old man, with furrows of care upon his brow, with remembrances of struggle, defeat, and victory, holding the happiness of the other in his hands.

The two men stood facing each other after Charles had asked his

question. Suddenly, the old man's face seemed to be torn by emotion which he manfully suppressed. For an answer he handed over a letter, which ran as follows:

My Dear Brother:

The doctors tell me that I must die. I do not care, but for Anice. I leave her to your guardianship with this command: Never allow her permission to marry, or my curse upon you. A woman was the torment of my life. I should never give Anice occasion to be what her mother was. If she has a lover send him away.

Your dying brother,

The old man's head was drooping. Charles looked at him speechless, though his heart seemed to cry out, through his expression, against this bequest of a man whom some woman had wronged. He turned and left the room of the fort, without a word, and met Anice running toward him, fully expecting words of happiness, but his eyes spoke before his tongue, and she faltered and then advanced with a pleading look and hesitating step. All was told her, and Charles read in her face the woe that a father had bequeathed to his only child. They parted that night, and the next morning she was found dead on a little knoll just outside the fort.

The name of Charles Endicott still lives among those connected with the early history of Illinois, for he had gone into the wilderness to seek comfort in God's solitude.

E., '95.

Louis Kossuth.

WHEN a man early in life sets an ideal for himself, and all through his successive career drains his very heart-blood for its accomplishment,—more especially if his efforts be for liberty, justice and purity,—that man commands universal regard. Such a man was Louis Kossuth, statesman, patriot, and exile. Once, unanimously chosen Governor of the Free Republic of Hungary, with the House of Austria in the balance of his wishes,—dead, March 20th, 1894, at Turin, after forty-three years of banishment from his fatherland! Let us, then, take a rapid view of the chief mile-stones of his remarkable career.

Born in Hungary in 1802, of noble descent, he received a most liberal education, and imbibed at the same time those principles of humanity and freedom that guided the course of his later life. Choosing for his profession the law, he first came into prominence in 1831 at the time of the cholera epidemic. By his persuasive eloquence he calmed the people, who believed the malady came from water poisoned by the nobles, and restored quiet and order. Partly as a result of this he was chosen as the proxy member of the National Diet's Upper House. At that time there was a law forbidding the publishing of their debates; but Kossuth in defiance of this furnished the salient points in manuscript to several friends, the number soon reaching eighty. To diminish the cost and time of this circulation he set up a lithographic press. In this way the fifty-two counties of Hungary learned of the proceedings of the House and became one in aim and effort. The government, however, frightened at this newly organized power, seized Kossuth and sentenced him to four years in prison. After three years of solitary confinement, he was liberated and carried by the people in a triumphal procession through the town, surrounded by a thousand torch-bearers. In 1841, under a Liberal Diet, he issued the first number of that sprightly and daring little journal, Pisti Hvilat. By Imperialist succession, four years later, this was suppressed, and Kossuth realized that permanent good could only come from personal efforts with the people. He therefore set himself about the emancipation of the serfs.

Seven years later he entered the Diet as representative of Pesth, and soon by his eloquence and sound practical sense won the chief position in that body. Fired with the idea of liberty for his beloved people, he made claim to the Emperor for "the old rights of Hungary modified to the present time." A constitution was drawn up at Presberg, and to this the Emperor took his solemn oath. His later perfidy and faithlessness, the treason and treachery of General Jellachich, the gallant and splendid struggle of the Hungarians for liberty, are all matters of history,—of history, but for the unsuccessful outcome,—precisely parallel to that made by Washington, Lafayette and Garibaldi.

There is also more or less familiarity with the warm welcome extended to him by America, who sent her war-ship *Mississippi* across the Atlantic to conduct him from England. During his tour through this country, his glowing speeches, full of the deepest feeling and bursting with patriotic eloquence, moved all who heard him. But in all this it was the man, with his grand magnetic influence, that stood pre-eminent.

Many wondered at the pure English and the striking figures that he used. He acquired this power during his three years of exile in Turkey, where his only books were Shakespeare and the Bible. These he studied assiduously, the result being an immortal testimony to the natural strength of those works from a purely literary standpoint.

The idea of the modern Liberals of Hungary, that Kossuth's position was a mistake, may be taken for what it is worth; and certainly it seems that Hungary under the present rule as a Federal State is better off than she could be, entirely free from Austria. Be that as it may, all fair-minded and patriotic men can but join in the universal praise due to the man, who, with unswerving loyalty and uncompromising determination, followed through fire and sword his one great and unselfish ideal, the freedom of his country.

Ocean Iberoism.

NE calm day, some years ago, the prow of an English transport was cutting its way through the waves of the Atlantic with a precious cargo of lives, — men, women and children. The ship was bound for England, carrying home the officers and men, with their families, who had been in the Indian service. Each revolution of the screw brought more joy to the long-absent parents, sons and lovers as they realized that soon they would be home.

Suddenly the noise of the machinery was heard no more. The ship had stopped on the high seas. For a moment all life was hushed. Then the cry, that wildest of wild cries at sea, "The ship is sinking! The boats! The boats!" But no. The boats would not hold all. They knew it. The brave captain knew, and his voice rang out, heard above the noise and confusion: "My men! stand by your posts like men! The women and the children to the boats! We will die where England placed us. To your posts!" The men obeyed. The tars and soldiers went resolutely to the upper deck; the women and children, with a few oarsmen, were hurried into the boats. Farewells were spoken. Trembling wives were strained to their husbands' bosoms for an instant. A last kiss, a last caress, a last meeting of the eyes, — and the boats were off. The ship was slowly sinking.

The noble tars and soldiers stood squarely on the deck, facing their commander and keeping time to the roll of the drum. From the boats floated the words of the tender hymn and prayer, "Jesus, lover of my soul." It was followed by "Rock of Ages." The women sang as rarely women sing, and the voices of the children and the deeper voices of the men were as the beginning and the ending of a universal woe. Not an eye was filled with tears — 'twas too stern a time to weep, — but there was scarcely a man who did not entrust to God his spirit in those last sad moments.

As the water rose about their feet the noble fellows stood grimly awaiting death — awaiting the life-boat which should guide them across the sea. As the water stood about their knees, the eyes of all were

strained with an awful fixedness upon the dear, familiar faces they would never again see on earth. Whispered prayers to the Almighty rose from fathers' lips for the little ones soon to be fatherless and for the women soon to be desolate. The soldier boys were praying then, as the upturned faces showed, for the sweethearts at home awaiting their return, and for the mothers never again to see the children that once played about their knees. I can see the noble commander standing before his men with folded arms and upturned face, resigned to a noble end.

The drum keeps on. Comrade grasps comrade by the hand for the last time. The farewell word is spoken, and they await their doom, — await it as Leonidas and his Spartans awaited inevitable death at Thermopylæ. But such a death as this was harder. No action; no dying with sword in hand and feeling even the half-dead body used as a bulwark. No, not a shout of success or of despair. Only the beat of the drum to marshal them to sailors' graves.

As the water rose about their chests, and the last notes of the old, familiar hymn fell upon their ears, the drummer, struggling to do his duty to the last, raised his drum high above his head and beat the last tattoo. The great vessel settled in the water, and the masts, yard by yard, disappeared from sight.

Soon the waves of the Atlantic rolled over the ship and its lifeless burden, buried in the fathomless deep. Buried, but not forgotten. No, never could those women, who saw their loved ones perish for them, forget their heroism. And I doubt not that the beat of that little drum, floating over the waters of the ocean, was heard by Him who honoreth a duty well done.

Harold P. Bale.

Poshimura's Visit to the Great City.

(FROM THE JAPANESE)



(OSHIMURA TORA SAN was a strong, good-natured young fellow of that class of people who live in the little villages around the base of Hiezan, farming to some extent. but chiefly engaged in wood and grass cutting on the mountain slopes. In winter these people stay most of the time in their little straw-thatched country houses, amusing themselves as they crouch close to the fire-boxes by smoking their little pipes or playing a game very similar to chess. Occasionally the monotony is broken up by a wild boar hunt on the mountain, and if the hunters return successful, there is a grand feast of free soup in the village that night, with music and dancing. They seem to have an aversion to leaving their lit-

tle villages, and keeping aloof as they do from the outer world, they become veritable Arcadians.

So it was that Yoshimura had never set foot in the Great City of the plain, only seven miles distant. He had had charming views of it, it is true, from the mountain, while he was cutting grass for his oxen, and he had heard about its streets and stores and houses, and the palaces and castles, and he fancied he could make these out when, as often, he climbed to a tree-top to eat his dinner. But he had never really seen them face to face, and this is what he longed for.

One night, as he and his newly married wife were taking a friendly

smoke together, he made the startling announcement of his intention to go to the city the next day.

As it is proper for a wife to do, she at once started to get out his best clothes and to prepare his lunch for an early start. She spread his garments in readiness on the floor, and put the lunch at the head of his bed.

Next morning at two o'clock, arrayed in his best and with a new pair of sandals on, he started out, following along the little road, which gradually broadened as he neared the Great City. Now it ran through low rice-fields, and now over a spur of the mountain, or across a narrow wooden bridge over a foaming torrent.

It was spring-time, and all nature was decked out in her new garments. The hill-sides were covered with all sorts of wild flowers, azalias and cherry trees in full bloom. As every Japanese man, woman or child is a true lover of nature, he plucked a cherry sprig from a neighboring tree, and tucking it in his belt continued his way. As he was walking very slowly, taking in all the beauties around him, he had not gone far when he began to feel hungry, and sitting down by the wayside he made ready to eat the rice and pickles his wife had put up for him. But when he tried to open the box, what was his disgust to find he had brought the wooden block (used as a pillow) instead of his lunch. Calling his wife a fool, and hurling the block into a rice-field, he started on, consoling himself, however, with the thought of a ten sen piece which he had in his sleeve with which he could get something to eat.

Just at the outskirts of the city, he came upon a large temple. "Now," thought he, "I will go up here first, and the Gods will be propitious to me all day." Ascending the steps he walked up to the counter, where any sum of money may be changed to *ichi mon* (one-hundredth of a cent) pieces, and gave them his 10 sen, asking for 8 sen back, and the 2 remaining in the small change. Tossing the publicans one of these pieces for the transaction, he stepped up before the shrine, and repeating his *Namu*, *ama Dabitsu* (Save, eternal Budha), like the country clown he was, he threw the 8 *sen into the offering-box!*

If there were any profanity in the Japanese language it would have been called into lively play then, for poor Yoshimura was tired and hungry, and here the 8 sen he had been counting on for dinner were wasted, and on Budha!

In an entirely different frame of mind from that which he had on entering, he started out to wander round the city. Somehow he didn't enjoy it as much as he had anticipated. He felt out of place. The castle, to be sure, was grand, and the temples and palaces with their five white lines, the marks of royalty which usually tempt strangers to begin writing music. But he saw people nudging each other and pointing at him as he stared round at everything.

At length toward evening, quite disappointed, he started homeward, first entering a little restaurant to buy something with the little he had left. He saw some cake that pleased him, and pricing it he found he had just enough for one of these. Looking around to find a good one, he espied one much larger than the rest. Fearing lest he should be hindered from taking it, he threw down his money, seized the cake, and ran off as fast as he could, followed by the cries of the restaurant keepers. "The countryman came out ahead that time," thought Yoshimura as he stopped when again out of city bounds to eat his cake. At the first bite his teeth gritted, and he found he had brought away a clay cake put on the show counter.

Nearly wild with rage, disappointment and hunger, he ran all the rest of the way home, burst into his house, seized his wife in spite of her cries and protestations, and gave her a sound beating — when, lo! it was his neighbor's wife who was making a call. Bending his head a moment in thought as to how he could best atone for what he had done, he began to make profuse apologies, only to find it was his own wife, just come in, whom he was addressing.

At last he succeeded in straightening affairs out after a fashion, but, as you can well imagine, Yoshimura Tora San never again visited the Great City.

Baka.

Ibistoric Andover.

ONG before the days of witchcraft, and when Boston was but a fouryear old settlement, a sturdy little band of Puritans, finding a scarcity of tillable land at Newtown, now Cambridge, journeyed northward through the primeval forests to the land called Cochichewick. Along the fertile banks of the Shawsheen they planted a new settlement which they named Andover, after the English town in Hampshire whence came several settlers.

Early in March of the year 1646 there walked into the court at Boston, Cutshamache, Sagamore of Massachusetts, and "acknowledged, that for the sum of £6 and a coat which he had already received, he had sold to Mr. John Woodbridge, in behalf of the inhabitants of Cochichewick, now called Andover, all the right, interest and privilege in the land six miles southward from the town, two miles eastward to Rowley bounds, be the same more or less; northward to Merrimack River, provided that the Indian called Roger, and his company, may have liberty to take alewives in Cochichewick River for their own eating."

Simon Bradstreet, the son of a non-conforming minister, built the first house. He had studied at Emanuel College, Cambridge; been the steward of the Earl of Lincoln and the Countess of Warwick. Bradstreet was the moving influence in this remote little settlement.

It is not difficult for us to imagine at this day, the picturesque camp of Indian warriors under the dark woods of Indian Ridge or along the sandy shore of Pomps. The red-skins made many cruel attacks on the little cluster of houses along the Shawsheen. In the winter of 1698 nearly forty Indians surprised the town, killed five persons, and burnt several houses and barns, together with the meeting-house.

"The snow being uncommonly deep, and the inhabitants unprovided with snow-shoes, the Indians were not pursued. Assacumbuit, their leader, had distinguished himself in this war by his horrid barbarities."

To us the town government of those days is quaint and humorous. The first town meeting was held in a private house, and among the by-laws afterward drawn up we find these:

"Whatsoever dogs shall be in the meeting-house on the Sabbath day, the owner thereof shall pay six pence."

"If any persons, whether male or female, shall sit in any other place in the meeting-house than that to which they are appointed, they shall forfeit for every such offence twenty pence."

"1679, ordered that no persons entertain others in their houses after 9 o'clock in the evening without warrantable business, and no young persons to be abroad on Saturday and Sunday nights."

They voted in 1775 to maintain sentinels, who were instructed to question every person they saw walking on the streets or elsewhere, after 9 o'clock in the evening, concerning his business. Refusal to reply was met by a loud demand, and refusal to that by firing.

Andover upheld a firm and outspoken spirit of independence before and throughout the Revolutionary War. A committee appointed to draw up a manifesto and send the same to Samuel Phillips, Esq., representative of the town of Andover, formulated the following:

"Whether should the Honorable Congress, for the safety of the Colonies, declare them independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, you will solemnly engage with your lives and fortunes to support them in measure."

Andover but sixteen miles from Salem, the hot-bed of witchcraft, was not exempt from the horrors of the delusion. Even more were its victims than those of the Indians. Here is a typical confession, given by Sarah Currier, August 11, 1692:

"How long hast thou been a witch? A. Ever since I was six years old. Q. How old are you now? A. Near eight years old; brother Richard says I shall be eight years old in November next. Q. Who made you a witch? A. My mother; she made me set my hand on a book. The book was red and the paper of it was white. Q. You said you saw a cat once; what did it say to you? A. It said it would tear me in pieces if I would not set my hand to the book. Q. How did you afflict people? A. I pinched them; I go to those I afflict in spirit. Q. How did your mother carry you when in prison? A. She came like a black cat. Q. How did you know that it was your mother? A. The cat told me so."

Not only relations, but the entire community, attended funerals. Purple gloves were worn by the bearers. Entertainment was provided for the guests, as is shown by the following account:

Funeral charges of Samuel Blanchard, April, 1707.

| Six gallons of wine, | £o | 15s. | od. |
|---------------------------------|----|------|-----|
| 20 pairs gloves, | I | 10 | 0 |
| Rum, sugar, allspice, | 0 | 9 | 3 |
| Half barrel of cider, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mourning scarfs, | I | 17 | 0 |
| Coffin, 7s. digging grave, 10s. | 0 | 17 | 0 |

In our country's embryo trades and manufactures Andover became prominent. America's first powder mill was here built by Hon. Samuel Phillips in 1775, and a few years later Ames and Parker set up a printing press. Marland's woolen mills were among the first in Massachusetts. Thus we see that the Andover of to-day is laid upon solid foundations. Sturdy settlers who battled with treacherous Indians, fought for their country, cleared and cultivated wild lands, built up mills, and traded with distant hamlets, must surely have left the imprint of their stalwart character on their descendants.

Incog.



In Old=fashioned Log=raising.

THE modern back-woods boy, at about the age of twenty or earlier, leads a blooming-faced young bride to his father's house to pass the winter with the family, and live in the joyous hope of a new log-house that will be built with the opening of the following spring. In it she will exercise unbridled authority, and sing as she shifts the baskets of Minerva from one shelf to another. In full glee she will cut down the smoky ham from the joist and fry it for her husband's dinner, as he fells the tree near by or follows his bull-tongued plow.

Early in the spring the two go on an afternoon stroll to view the spot long cherished by the young man as the site of his future home. There, as the rays of the descending sun pour through the boughs of the lofty trees, and the little brook babbles at their feet, he shows her the site of the house and explains the whole plan. Here is the front; here, the broad piazza facing the setting sun; here the tall stone chimney, at the broad hearth of which they hope to sit together many evenings and hear and return sincere words about what they wish, as well as what they have experienced in former years. Just back there will stand the small log stable, in which the shaggy mule will stand and bray and kick the wall as he laughs at the shivering cow just outside in the open shed. Over there at the foot of a little hill bursts forth a spring from the caverns of a large rock, as cold and clear as nature in all her purity could make it. Around and above the rock, many wild flowers are accustomed to grow in summer, and vines, entwined among the twigs, overhang the rock's edge and shade the spring. Just below where the spring rushes boldly out, will stand the small spring-house in which large jars of cream and bowls of nice butter will sit on a clean, rock floor. Along the garden fence will be a row of bee-stands. The bees in their winding course will carry in clear honey and pack the cells with it, each year sending forth a new swarm to multiply the row. Around on the hills, the hens will cackle and sing as they scratch among the leaves, and eggs will be gathered by the basketful from hollow stumps and sinkholes.

As they go away, casting one more look at the beloved spot, perhaps

they become sad at the thought of laying low the beautiful forest and destroying the lovely wild flowers. Nevertheless, the desire to see their own walls and to sit under their own roof, conquers, and they decide as they talk by the way, to kill the fatted calf and invite their friends to help clear away the trees and get out the broad hewn logs for their house.

The day is appointed and the men and some of the women invited. As Aurora brings forth a kindly day, the men come from far and near,—some because they are uncles or cousins, others because they are friends, and still others because they want a good dinner. Some bring axcs, some knot-manes, and others the long-headed mattock. The work is begun. Over there the oak sounds with the blows of the axe. Another falls headlong with a crash, accompanied by the shrill voices of the hardy men. They mount the huge trunk of the tree as it lies, and cut it into pieces, which others split with wedges and maul into rails. Young men seize the rails and follow each other in a long line, like busy ants, up the hill to the place where the fence is being built. A chattering band of youths trim and pile the limbs of the fallen trees in heaps. Those with mattocks dig around and cut off the tough roots of the saplings, which others follow and throw together. Perhaps, also, the ring of the huge broad-axe is heard on the long, straight trunks of some of the trees.

While all this is taking place without, the good ladies are no less busily engaged in the work at the father's house, where the dinner is to be. Some roll out the wheaten dough and shape the pies and cake, while others tend the fire and bake them. Without, maidens pluck the shaggy rooster for the kettle, and chase the sly old cat, which has just stolen off with a piece of chicken they have dressed. Besides these, there is another company, who are perhaps more skilled in the use of the needle than in cooking. They line off with chalk or charcoal and trace the marks on the newly pieced quilt with their needles, or sew the long seams of bed-ticks with the strong flax.

When all is ready, the men are called to dinner. They wash their rough hands at the brook and dry them on the coarse flaxen towel which hangs at the side of the house. As many of them as are able, seat themselves at the long table, which is made up of the great family table with

all the goods, boxes and kitchen doors added on. They partake freely of the feast, and end with a large piece of delicious apple pie. After these, other men and boys sit down, and lastly the women.

After the older men have had their smoke and chat, and the younger their game of old-field base, they all return with equal zeal to the work, looking forward now to supper, which will be somewhat like the dinner.

I. H. Clouse.

The Tempest.

Nature from a cloudless sky

Had in a moment shown its wrath;
Had rent the heavens with its might,
And driven all things from its path;
Until at last, its fury spent,
Had faded in the evening light.

Sequel Pen.

Editorials.



To-day the Mirror celebrates its second birthday. May, '94, marks our second anniversary. In May, 1892, for the first time in the history of Phillips Andover, a Monthly Magazine, of a distinctively literary character, was published by the school. The innovation that was made at that time, the change from a Termly to a Monthly, and the establishment of an Annual to take the place of the old-time Mirror, —

these steps were taken only after the fullest discussion and the most careful consideration. There was a need felt in Andover for a *literary* periodical, a need that was not filled by any of the existing publications. To supply this want, the MIRROR was established upon its present basis.

There were not wanting those who contended that the new venture must needs prove a failure. According to these wiseacres, there was no place in school for a magazine of this nature. The time for it had not yet come.

The path of a Literary Magazine anywhere is, at best, not of the smoothest possible description. Here it must naturally be less easy than in a larger institution. In spite of all the difficulties that have beset it from the beginning, the Mirror has in every way most nobly proved the right to its existence. It is greatly to be hoped that at no far distant time in the future, the necessity for a broader and more liberal English course will be admitted. As things stand now, however, if a man is to do any writing, his must be the responsibility. He must himself realize how necessary an early beginning is, if he will be successful in any degree in this line in after life. As a promoter of English Composition, as a stimulus to native thought, the Mirror has achieved a success undreamed of by its founders.

After all, however, there is one great point upon which we can congratulate ourselves in consequence of this success. This is the fact that we have shown conclusively that a magazine, literary in character and make-up, can have a permanent place in a preparatory school. Of the Mirror's intrinsic literary merit, we can say but little; but from the numerous testimonials that we are constantly receiving from schools and colleges throughout the country, we find with pleasure that our efforts are appreciated in other quarters.

We are all well conversant with, and many of us heartily tired of, the oft-written editorial in school and college publications, urging more contributions and exhorting the separate classes to make a creditable showing on the editorial boards. Andover publications have not been exceptional in this custom. It is a necessary practice, and largely through it is attention called to the literary needs of the periodicals.

In this school the men have generally heartily responded to such calls for contributions, and a healthy tone of class spirit has heretofore sustained the literary side of our school life. Some time since, we addressed a most urgent editorial to the members of the class of '95, hoping that it would call their attention to the dearth of contributions from them. We expected that the appeal would be responded to, but unfortunately such has not been the case.

There are but two conclusions to draw. Either there is actually no literary ability in the Middle Class, or there is a total lack of class spirit. The first hypothesis has been proven untrue, and we are compelled to fall back upon the second. The results of the case are not such as tend to make the class proud of itself. Unless there is a change during the remainder of the term the underclassmen will have the controlling interest in the Mirror next fall. This is something that has never before happened, and we earnestly trust that '95, which will be the Senior Class next year, will stir itself instantly and do that which is in its power.

It is not a pleasant duty to write an editorial like this, and we are sorry that we are compelled to. We do not mean to scold, much less do we wish to beg. Now will not '95 take these words to heart and do it-

self honor on this publication? The present complement of editors, although smaller than usual, is fully competent to conduct the management of the Mirror for the remaining part of this school year, but with the close of the term three of the four men will leave the Board. Our contributions from other classes are fair, but '95 is doing almost nothing.

Let it not be said that the old-time class spirit of Andover is dying out; let it not be said that the Senior Class of next year is behind the others in literary matters; let new men come to the front and write,—we will help them. Do not think that you have to write something startling or ponderous, and do not be afraid to put your thoughts upon paper. There is a very wide field here for literary work. Essays, short stories, simple sketches, poetry, "Mirage" pieces, book reviews, and editorials, should offer something upon which almost any man could write. Your work will always receive serious consideration.

THE true standard of a school or college is in large measure shown by the character of the students who compose it. The outside estimate of an institution of this kind is in no small degree based upon the conduct of its members upon public occasions. They are virtually its representatives. Its good name is entrusted to their keeping. Just as man is known by the company he keeps, it is none the less true that he is judged by the kind of recreation he adopts. He not only gives conclusive evidence as to the vitiated quality of his manhood, when he stoops to unworthy acts, but he is unjust to many others beside himself. The cause of these remarks is the knowledge, recently come to us, of a most disgraceful and shameful exhibition given by certain persons, to the travelling public, at the end of last term. If such things are common occurrences, what must outsiders think of us? If the men concerned in them have not enough self-respect of their own to compel at least decent conduct on their part, for the sake of the opinions of others, let them bear these facts in mind

WE feel that this number would not be complete without some public expression of our thanks to Mr. W. Gordon Parker. Mr. Parker very

kindly consented to make these sketches for us, and largely through his efforts an added interest is attached to the Anniversary number.

WE take pleasure in announcing that R. H. Gay, '94, and T. G. Hopkins, '95, have been elected to the Contributing Board. All matter for the June Mirror must be handed in on or before Monday, May 14.



The Month.

A Dickens Carnival, representing the characters of Dickens' works, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, was successfully held in the Town Hall early in March, under the auspices of the Niotus Club. Music and dancing accompanied the presentation of characters and the tableaux. The entertainment was enjoyed by a large audience.

The second Abbot Academy piano recital was delightfully rendered by Mr. Busoni, on the afternoon of March 15.

For the first time Andover was represented in the Interscholastic Indoor Games held in Mechanics Hall, Boston, The inability to make a better showing in these contests is excusable by the manifest lack of preparation put on them. It is to be hoped that another year careful training will be begun in time, so that a school of our athletic standing may make the showing she ought to and may. These outside contests offer a new field for the athletic team, and one which they should not neglect. The special feature of these games was a team race between Andover and the English High School. Andover not disputing the conditions which were not fulfilled by the opponents, the race went to the English High. Our entries were as follows:

Shot Put. — Holt, '95; Finlay, '95. Finlay won Andover's only first in this event.

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High Jump. — Merwin, '95; C. H. Simmons, '94; Pope, '96. PoleVault. — C. H. Simmons, '94; E. S. Lewis, '95. 40-Yards Dash. — Farlin, '95; Grant, '95; James, '96. 300-Yards Run. — J. Barker, '95; Le Boutillier, '95; Farlin, '95. 600-Yards Run. — Grant, '95; Myrick, '95. 1000-Yards Run. — Whitford, '94. 220-Yard Hurdle. — Myrick, '95.
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During the latter part of the last term the Mirror Board enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant supper at Chapman's as the guests of Mr. Samuel L.

Fuller, recently elected Business Manager and Editor of this publication. Several pleasant hours were spent in conversation and story-telling.

One of the pleasantest social events of the past term was the reception tendered by Professor and Mrs. George Harris to the Glee and Banjo Clubs, together with many others.

The second joint debate between our literary societies was auspiciously held on March 20, and the Forum has again won. The subject under discussion was, "Resolved: That the American Republic is degenerating." The Philomathean Society took the affirmative side. Messrs. Branch and Guillow represented Philo, Messrs. Gardner and Patterson Forum. The committee on arrangements is to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which the debate was managed. The debating was superior to that of last year, and the programme considerably more entertaining. Music was furnished by the Glee Club, and Mr. Weston favored the audience with two solos. The committee of judges was as follows: Rev. Frederic Palmer, Prof. Clifford H. Moore, Mr. Archibald A. Freeman.

Arrangements have been made for a joint debate between Andover and Worcester Academy. It will be held Tuesday evening, May 22. The following speakers have been chosen to represent us: W. M. Gardner, George Schreiber, and A. E. Branch. The question for debate will be "Resolved: That the principles of the Swiss Referendum should be adopted in the United States." Andover will take the affirmative. Gov. Greenhalge will be the presiding officer.

Kenilworth was dramaticised by the members of the Senior class at Abbot Academy on the evening of March 16. The acting was exceedingly free from amateurism and the characters were well carried out. The costumes were exquisite. Tableaux representing studies from Greek and Roman sculpture were gracefully and artistically shown by the young ladies after the scenes from Kenilworth had been presented.

The following base-ball games have been played this term: Andover 3, Harvard 'Varsity 10; Andover 7, Somerville 6; Andover 8, Lowell 0; Andover 6, Tufts 16.

The Camera Club is arranging to fit up a dark room in the basement of the Science Building. Plans are also being developed for an exhibition, and we hope that a successful one may be held.

On the afternoon of April 2d the New York Alumni Association held an informal meeting and banquet in the rooms of the Aldine Club, 20 Lafayette Place, New York City. Col. Gilman H. Tucker presided. Mr. Graves tendered his resignation, and Mr. Warren, the acting secretary, was elected in his place. After the business had been disposed of, the following members of the Association offered a few words: C. H. Woodruff, ex-President of the Association, P.A. '53; Prof. A. S. Hardy, '64, editor of the Cosmopolitan; Anthony M. Dimock, '59, Judge Winslow, and others. So enjoyable did the event prove, that it was unanimously agreed to make it an annual event.

The general Alumni Association held their annual banquet at the Vendome in Boston on the 28th of February. The Phillips Glee Club furnished music. Nearly two hundred members of the Association were present. Dr. Mowry introduced the following speakers: Gov. Greenhalge, President Eliot of Harvard, Dr. Bancroft, Hon. Sherman Hoar, Prof. Coy of Lakeville, and others. A number of fellows availed themselves of the courteous invitation to be present.

The Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs gave a public concert in Lawrence on the evening of March 21st.

Under the title of the "Punchard Minstrels," about thirty members of the Punchard Alumni Association, in burnt cork, entertained a very large audience in the Town Hall. The "colored ladies and gemmen" presented many witty local hits, songs, and jokes.

The course of lectures maintained by Forum has been continued by an instructive illustrated talk on Oxford by President Buckham of the University of Vermont. We are glad to see by the increased audiences that these lectures are at last being appreciated by the fellows and the townspeople.

The following men are at the athletic team training table: Le Boutillier, Whitford, Grant, Finlay, James, Durand, N. W. Barker, E. S. Lewis, Jesse Barker, A. A. Davis, Starbuck, Chadwell, Alden, J. W. Manning, J. O. Rodgers, Pope, Ryder, Hine, Farlin, E. G. Holt, C. H. Simmons, P. R. Porter, H. C. Potter, jr., Myrick, A. O. Hitchcock.

The twenty-seventh annual competition for the Means prizes took place Friday evening, April 27, before an immense audience. The speaking was superior to that of last year. The competitors were as follows: from '94, O. M. Clark, W. M. Gardner, S. L. Fuller, L. G. Pettee, C. H. Simmons; from '95, A. C. Mack, Donald Gordon, H. P. Bale, L. H. Rogers; from '96, C. G. Sherman. The result was: first prize, O. M. Clark; second, W. M. Gardner; third, L. H. Rogers.

Clippings.

"Shall I brain him?" cried the hazer, And the victim's courage fled. "You can't: it is a Freshman;

Just hit it on the head."

Phillis and I fell out.

-University Courier.

A LA MOTHER GOOSE.

Phillis and I fell out,
And natural it came about;
For once we took a toboggan slide,
And somehow the thing I couldn't guide,
So—

-Harvard Lampoon.

STILL AS OF YORE.

In the days of old
When knights were bold
And barons held their sway,
Men got together
And swore at the weather,
Just as they do to-day.

-Brunonian.

A SOCIETY SWELL.

Bismark, though a warlike man,
Was always found in Fashion's van;
For when he was the army's head,
He also many germans led.

-Brunonian.

The Senior is the climax
Of earthly good, 'tis true.
If you can cap the climax,
Why not gown him too?
—The Hustler.

CONSTITUTIONAL.

The maiden wanders forth in June O'er moor and mountain range, Her health is poor, and so she says She does it for the change.

And while the maiden wanders forth O'er moor and mountain range, Her lover at his counter sweats.

He does it for the *change*.

—Brunonian.

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

Dear heart! To see thy lovely face,
To meet thy smiling gaze,
Is bliss for him who holds the ace
Which gaily down he plays.

-Brunonian.

A COLLEGE-BRED MAN.

She said she went with a college-bred man,—

I had half a mind to forsake her; When she was so wealthy, so witty, and wise,

To only go with a baker!

—The Lafayette.

POETIC LICENSE.

Six senses? Why, yes, we all have six. This statement needs no clear defense—Five common, and one that plays no tricks—

That very poetic lie sense.

-The Unit.

Mirage.

AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

She: "This is the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

He: "The lemon is the only thing about it that's good for anything in cheering."

I had always loved her, and as I lay at her feet on that summer day watching her needle fly, I determined to tell her so. "Dorothy," I began, but as I spoke she frowned, and as I continued passionately she frowned the more and bent over her work. She seemed nervous, and I thought that her hands were trembling. Still I did not despair and became, if possible more passionate.

At length I stopped, and after an instant she looked up with a bright smile. "Oh," she said, "have you been talking? I really didn't hear anything you were saying, for you see there was a knot in my thread."

H. G. M.

SEMPER IDEM.

Of old the Trojans, foolish men, Were covered with remorse Because they'd brought within their walls The famous wooden horse.

And now poor Chappie, foolish lad, Is covered with remorse; He failed to make the Sophomore class Because he wooden horse.

Chiko.

HAVSEEDS.

There were nine college fellows blueberrying upon the shores of Lake Champlain a few summers ago. As one might suppose, they were not dressed in the height of fashion,—to tell the truth, it is a question whether in any antique collection or pawn-shop were ever such specimens of outlandish garb brought together.

They worked hard all day, and by the number of wagon-loads of berries that left the small encampment, it seemed as though they were having good success. When, at 6 o'clock, the work was over they would go out and pass with a base-ball or knock up flies while their supper was cooking.

A company of young "Boston men," spending the summer at the small neighboring town, had organized a ball nine to which they gave the terror-creating appellation, "Pulverizers." These gentlemen, chancing to see the college boys, thought it would be good fun to show them what Boston produces, and, accordingly, sent them the following message:

"The Pulverizers will meet the Hayseeds next Saturday at 3 P. M., on Harding's Field."

Of course the college boys accepted the challenge, and on the appointed day appeared, dressed in their blueberry clothes and broad-brimmed straw hats. They were accompanied by quite a number of girl friends whom they had summoned for the occasion, and these carried huge bunches of timothy-grass, blueberries and other plants in keeping with their adopted name.

The game began, and although there were two in the party who knew nothing of base-ball, the battery and some of the others were college players. The "Hayseeds" had first inning, and one after another they stepped up to the plate and lined the ball out. One after another they went tearing round the bases, holding their straw hats in their hands, yelling their improvised cheers; and the score was 12 to 0 when the "Pulyerizers" came in.

The first two men struck out before the famous Dartmouth pitcher, and the third flied to the field.

And so it went on, and in the fifth inning the score was 60 to o. The "Hayseeds" offered to stop, but hope had not left the "Pulverizers," who declared themselves ready for the remaining innings. When at length the last man was put out, the score was 81 to o, and the "Pulverizers" beat a hasty retreat over the stonewall, hearing as a farewell the cry:

Among the old Indian customs
Which I hope will never cease
Was the habit the chieftains used to have
Of smoking the pipe of peace.

And I think I have good reason
To think 'twill never cease,
For I saw five Seniors the other day
And they had a pipe apiece.

Chika

A TRUE NIRVANA.

The old saying "there is no rest for the wicked" remains as true to-day as ever, but there is a place, and there are surroundings that bring one very near the borders of eternal peace. Such a place is a small sail-boat on a sultry day, backed up with a good dinner and good company. Let me draw a picture for you.

It is the month of September. The sun is shining brightly, but a cool breath of wind is swelling the sails. We are skimming along lightly over the rich blue waters between scores of little emerald islands dotted with quaint old-fashioned farm-houses. We three boys have taken our position up forward to digest our mutton stew and are lying flat on our backs in the sun, listening to the soft gurgle of the water on either side of the boat, or squinting up at the boom just over our heads, lazily swinging to and fro on the tack.

I forget my companions. I forget myself. I see visions, I dream dreams. All nature seems to come to me. No sound disturbs. I grow out of myself

— I am broader. I feel myself a part of the whole. I sink away. "The dewdrop glides into the shining sea," and I am asleep.

ARC-PITCHING.

They say that curve-pitching is modern, But the truth of the statement I doubt, For it tells in the Bible how Noah

Pitched an ark, both within and without.

Chiko.

I had been playing tennis all the afternoon, and as it was then long after the regular supper hour, I went into Rhodes's, ordered and dispatched a "chocolate ice-cream and a ham sandwich."

While recrossing the threshold I met a school friend, who informed me in a mock ferocious tone, that he would "demolish my countenance" if I didn't go to walk with him. So the evening was well along when at last I reached home. Instead of being brilliantly illuminated as usual, the house presented not a single light to my gaze, and everything was dark and sombre. Clearly, they were all away. Climbing through a window, I snapped on a light and seated myself at the piano. I am not much of a pianist, but I have a set of cast-iron chords by which almost anything may be ground out.

I began with that charming lyric of the gormandizing elephant, my stomach

in a very sympathetic mood. struck the last note and the instrument was moaning out a hash of all that had gone before (for I use the pedal assidulously), I heard a laughing far-away voice repeat, "La—crv—mal—glands." I started. Some one must be in the house But no after a careful search I could find no one. I returned to the piano-stool and banged out the wellknown and beloved "Daisy" to ease my feelings a little. Slowly and surely in the same tone came, "Of-a bi-cy-cle built-for two"! I was getting wild, although I didn't know why. big effort I thumped out the old stager, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye." In the middle of the chorus the door-bell rang. It was just enough to upset me, and I jumped as though at the suggestion of But before I had crossed the room, one corner of the piano moved out, and the laughing face of my cousin appeared as she naively remarked, "Oh, isn't it? What?" M.

He wrote a sweet little poem,
As cunning as cunning could be,
And in it he used the figure,
"Like a dead calm at sea."

But when the verses were published, "Alas! Alas!" sighed he,
For the careless printer had made it,
"Like a dead clam at sea."

Chiko.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

'32.—William J. Cutler died at his residence, 388 Beacon Street, Boston, April 1st, at the age of 78 years.

'50. — Charles H. Leeds has recently been elected Mayor of Stamford, Conn.

'53.—Hon. Moses T. Stevens, Representative in Congress from the Fifth Mass. District, has been placed upon the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

'62.—Rev. S. D. Noyes, pastor of the Second Reformed Church of Kingston, N. Y., died March 14th. Mr. Noyes formerly lived in Newburyport. He was pastor of a Presbyterian church there, and had also been at the head of two leading churches in Baltimore.

'63. — Rev. Michael Burnham has recently resigned as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., to accept a call from the Pilgrim Church at St. Louis, Mo. He will begin his labors in St. Louis about May 15th. Rev. Mr. Burnham will be greatly missed in Springfield where he has been for the past nine years.

'68.—J. Fessenden Clark is Vice-President of the Navarro Mill Company of San Francisco, Cal.

'72.—F. G. Pratt, jr., of the firm of Perry Mason & Co., publishers of Youth's Companion, died March 18th at his home in Boston. Mr. Pratt, 17

years ago, became a clerk in the office of the proprietor of Youth's Companion; he worked his way up until he was given a place in the firm. He was one of the foremost workers in the new Berkeley Temple organization, and was one of the prime factors in its great success.

'76.—William W. Northend, an architect of much promise, of the firm of Wheeler & Northend, Salem, died Mar. 22d, after a short illness.

'79. — Daniel S. Knowlton, Yale '83, editor of the Boston Times, has been selected to be the private secretary of Collector Warren of Boston. He is well known in newspaper circles, and is a member of the Boston Press Club. He is a resident of Brookline.

'88.—Arthur H. Jameson is Head Chemist of the celebrated Linseed Oil Co., South Chicago, Ill.

'89.—O. P. Cartwright, Yale '93, the famous pole vaulter, has an article on Pole Vaulting in a recent number of the University Magazine.

'90. — George R. Noyes, H. U. '94. took a very prominent part in the Latin Play, recently produced in Cambridge. His was the longest part of any of the performers.

'93.—R. C. Gilmore, a member of last year's MIRROR Board, has recently been elected to the Yale News.

Books.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Harraden.

A very unusual love story, is perhaps the most natural thought after reading this novel, the latest literary craze of the day. Not the most powerful work of fiction that has appeared in recent years, yet there is a freshness in its style, a novelty in its arrangement, and a soundness and pertinency to its sentiments that makes the seasoning of its plot most wholesome. The author likens the passing of ships at night to the meeting and passing away of friends. Upon this scheme she paints a fascinating plot with the most delicate coloring. As we go through life we form friendships seeming to have lasting associations and interests, when, as the lights of passing ships, they drift irresistably away farther and farther, till they sink over the horizon and are lost. The author preaches the great lesson of the Quaker who said: "I expect to pass through this life but once: if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to my fellow beings, let me do it now; let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Bernardine Holme, the heroine, is not an unusual girl. Quick sympathy, a heart susceptible to suffering, be the ailing mental or physical, lie beneath outward vivacity. A plucky, admirable girl, and in the words of one to whom she ministered, a "little brick" He who is known as the "disagreeable man" is a very unusual hero. His introduction to the reader is true to the appellation. In the eyes of the guests at Petershof, the fashionable winter resort, this man seems truly uncongenial, selfish, and a bit cranky, absorbed as he is with his chemicals and camera, but to the country folk, to good Frau Steinhart, and to the wood choppers Robert Alliston is welcomed cordially. 'To them this outwardly morose, gruff fellow has revealed the better

qualities that lie beneath the rough edge of the steel.

Bernardine and this man gradually come into each other's companionship and thoughts. He tells her that the great sacrifice of his life is to live until his mother dies; that his life has no other attraction for him than that. Bernardine, touched by this pitiful condition of one living merely for death, tries to cast a ray of sunshine into this man's life. Cupid, undaunted by this blunt character who scorns the women of the hotel, and who has known not love, begins to weave his net for them.

A secondary plot, one very true to nature, is here introduced. Mrs. Reffold brings an invalid husband to Petershof. The marriage of this couple is unfortunate for the wife does not love the husband and neglects him for the society of the resort, indulging her frivolous nature. Poor Reffold feels this neglect and confides it to Bernardine, who frequently reads to him. She cheers his failing days till death closes his sorrows. He called her his "little brick," and he taught Bernardine several great lessons of this varied world.

When Benardine leaves Petershof to return to the musty old book store of her uncle in

London, Robert Alliston knows he loves her, but that love he speaks not. Bernardine cheers her uncle, making his life happy, and she often thinks of the "disagreeable man." Then she reads of his mother's death and remembers his "sacrifice."

The curtain falls on a sad scene. The sweet girl, to whom we are all won, is knocked down by a wagon in a crowded street, and soon the brown eyes "in pathos" close forever. Alliston comes the day after, finding the little book-shop in gloom. So these two souls, who have loved each other so patiently on earth, are destined to be separated for yet another period; but let us hope that the two ships which have passed and disappeared will again meet near some distant shore. "The 'disagreeable man' went back to the mountains to live his life out there, and to build his bridge, as we all do, whether consciously or unconsciously. If it break down, we build it again."

> "Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing, Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness; So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another, Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

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# Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Phillips Academy.

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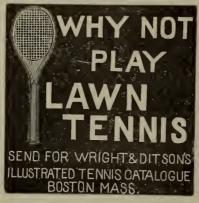
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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board, as occasion demands, from men who have showed marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the Contributing Board, will be filled all the vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial Staff.

All contributions should be addressed to Editors of The Phillips Andover Mirror, and all business communications to

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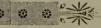
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Vol. 3.

June 1894.

1A0, 7.

#### Lotowana.

S we sat chatting around the camp-fire the lights of a distant hotel were plainly visible on the mountains. I had not been deeply interested in the conversation, and fell into a reverie over the beautiful scene. In the foreground was the camp-fire, burning fitfully, and when the breeze sighed by, flaring up in sudden brilliancy, it revealed the faces of my companions. Back of them the tents were half-visible in the gloom, while the woods furnished a dark background. Above these shone the moon, calm, majestic, flooding the hills with light. Farther off were the mountains on which the hotel lights gleamed like distant fire-flies.

One of my companions, noticing my silence, inquired the cause. The beauties of the scene did not appeal to him, so he only remarked on the hotel. "It's funny," he said, "but that spot where the hotel stands has its legend, as have most of the places about here.

"On that cliff where the hotel stands an Indian chief once pitched his tepee. He was on friendly terms with the Dutch, who then owned

this river valley, and obtained considerable income by trading with the settlers at Kaatskill. Among these was one Norsereddin, a half-breed and a thorough villain. He had often been to Shandaken's lodge to trade for felts and had seen the chief's beautiful daughter, Lotowana. Among his other qualities Norsereddin considered himself a great gallant, and so one night when half drunk in the Kaatskill tavern he laid a wager with a Dutchman that he would win Lotowana for his wife within a year. Everyone laughed at him for this, since Lotowana was already betrothed to a young Mohawk brave. Norsereddin grew angry, threw his beer-mug at a Dutchman, and was ejected from the tavern.

"When he awoke next morning in the gutter he found himself in a bad predicament. However, he at once set out for the mountains to woo Lotowana. He was kindly received and remained several weeks a guest of Shandaken. But when he commenced to make love to Lotowana, the chief bade him leave the place. The half-breed lost his temper and rashly knocked down the old sagamore. Then he fled. The Indians pursued, and he was brought ignominously back to the mountains. Many wished to kill him, but his sentence was commuted to a sound flogging.

"When Norsereddin returned to Kaatskill he was obliged to pay his bet, this leaving him nearly penniless. He now lived only for revenge. He brooded over his imaginary wrongs till he was capable of murder. At last he invented a diabolical scheme. On the end of a strong string he fixed a point saturated with poison. He secured this within a box, fastening the lid with a catch. When the cover was removed, the spring flew up and buried the point in the person who held the box. When all was ready Norsereddin set out for the mountains.

"He arrived in time to witness the marriage of Lotowana with her - Mohawk lover. Everyone was happy, and in the general good feeling Norsereddin was made welcome. In a short time he approached Shandaken.

"'Chief,' he murmured, 'I crave pardon for my former wickedness. Forgive me, and as a token of my repentance present this little gift to your daughter for a wedding present. I can not do it myself, as my grief at her loss is still too great.'

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"'I will do as you ask,' Shandaken answered.

"Then, in the confusion, the half-breed mounted his horse and rode away. When safe from view he applied the spurs and flew over the road toward the settlement.

"Meanwhile Shandaken sought out his daughter and begged her in her happiness to forgive the poor wretch.

"'Father,' replied the maiden, 'I loathe him, but at your request I will forget my hate. Let us see what he has given me.'

"So, Pandora-like, she opened the fatal box and was stung to death. In the strong arms of her father she breathed out her life, with a message of love to her husband. Never a word did Shandaken utter. He brought the husband to the spot and briefly told him all. The Mohawk was for a moment completely crushed, and bent over Lotowana's form, bathing her face with his tears. Suddenly, Shandaken touched him on the shoulder; near by were ten braves on horse-back. 'Be a man,' whispered the father.

"In a moment the party are tearing over the mountain trail in pursuit of the murderer. On, on, they speed, until, after several hours, a rider appears in the distance. They come nearer and nearer; they recognize their victim. He also sees his danger and spurs on his horse. Suddenly, with a horrible oath, he reels and falls; the saddle girths have burst. They are on him in a moment.

"That night Lotowana was revenged. For a time the fire consumed the half-breed at the stake. At last, all was over. His ashes were scattered to the winds, but Lotowana was laid to rest in the mountain's bosom.

"Never again did the aged chief, Shandaken, care to visit a spot so fraught with sorrowful memories for him, and, together with his tribe, he disappeared forever."

Tredwell G. Hopkins.

#### The Spanish Coin.

NE evening Soniat and I were seated by a cheery, crackling open fire discussing our pipes. Soniat was playing with a coin. It looked rather curious, and when I examined it I found that it bore the head of Carolus III. of Spain and the date 1782.

In reply to my inquiring look, my friend began: "I had camped for the night on a small point of land covered with pine trees which ran out into the Gulf at the mouth of the bayou in which Fred and I had been fishing for several days.

"Supper was over, and we were enjoying a smoke before turning in. I was seated with my chin in my hands, dreamily puffing my pipe, when suddenly the rotten log which formed my seat gave way and landed me on my back. 'Yah! yah! yah! ho! ho! ho!' laughed Fred. 'Dat des remind me ob de time when ma ole pa done dat bery same fing. Hit was right smack on dis bery same point too, an' we'l pass de williage wha he libbed on de way back t' Pass Christian.' And then without waiting for encouragement he continued: 'Ma ole pa was a bery ole man when he died. Mos ninety year ole, I speck. Des fo Gubriel done call um he ses t' me, "Fred," ses he, "I got sumfin mighty 'ticlar t' say t' you.

"When I was a leetle pickaninny bout fibeteen year ole, I wus sittin on de warf one day doin nuffin, when I done seed a wessel sailin by. She was long and black and low in de water, an hed big lily white sails.

"Fo I knowed hit de hull town was yellin an screechin and runnin fur de woods wid all de walubles dey could lay der hans on.

"I squawled out, 'What de mattah?' Somebody squawl back, 'De pierates am a comin! de pierates am a comin!' Well, sah, you kin des spec I scratched gravel when I hear dat fo de pierates done kicked up so much debilment when dey came t' a town dat we wus all skeered on um.

"Blimbye I got sorter curisome an kropt back towd de sho t' see what kine men de pierates wus anyhow. . . Hit wus purty nigh dark, but I could see by de lights dat de wessel had stopped bout mile furder down and bout half mile out from Pine Tree Point. I meandered down dat-a-way, and blimbye I hear de sound ob a boat, an I hear a man say,

'Pull fo de point.' I kropt back fro de trees twell I got t' de point, an den lav down hine a tree an wegarded um. . . . When de boat touch de beach fo men jump out an hauled her up on de san, and den tuck holt an lif out a big box wid iron bands roun hit an big hanles. Dev all tuck holt and lugged hit inta de woods. Den dev gun t' mark an measure fum an ole cedar tree an a big rock. Dev make some marks on de groun an chop a cross on de tree an on de rock. Den dey dig a hole, but fo dey put de box in dev make some marks on a paper and put hit in de box. When dev open de box dev holt up de lanterns, an Lord a massey! I swar t' goodness, it wus des plumb full ob gole an silber. . . When I saw all de money I done got so hoxcited dat I riz up to see bettar, an de ole log dat I wus leanin on done gib way, an - dar I wus, right spang fo der eyes. I scrambled t' my feet fo you kuld say persimmons, and put out so fas dat I mos got ma toes tangled up wid ma back har. De pierates grabbed de lanterns and run arter me kussin an swarin. One on um banged a pistol at me, but des den I tangled ma foot an descended plumb in a bayou. I gave a groan when I fell, fo I fought I wus a gone nigger sho, but when I struck de water I doved and an swum as far as I could, an den I come up under de grass on t'errer side ob de bayou. I hear one ob de men swar and say, 'I guess I kilt de d--- nigger dat time.' Dev helt up der lanterns and look and listen fur leetle while, an den dev went back t' de money.

"I stayed dar fur some long time, cos I was so trepidatious dat dey'd come back; but arter while I sneaked out'n de water an lit out for home. I was so skeered dat I didn't say nuffin t' de folks, but I marked de place whar de box was, an a few years arter I went out one dark night t' dig hit up. Time I got dere I was tremblin like a man wid de ager, and when one des yere screech owls giv a yell I lept bout ten feet. I gun t' dig, an I digged an digged twel I wus persweatin like a hos, bu I didn't seem to get bery far down. Blimbye I look up, an good Lord!—de has des fairly riz ofen ma head—dar on de side ob de hole wus a great big hen wid free leetle chicks dat scratched de dirt back in de hole as fas as I digged it out. . . . Well, sar! I mos genally would a grabbed de chicken, but I didn't dat time. I des flewed fur home. I run so fas dat ma insides

wus all down in ma pants pockets when I got dere. . . . Paps, Fred," ses he, "you kin get some a des yere antiquitaries what spends der winters at Pass Christian t' help you git hit out; but fo de Lord's sake, chile, go in de day time!"

"'Den he gabe me de indications whar t' dig, and de nex mornin he wus wid de angels. . . . Arter some long time I got two men from N'Orleans, an we dug up de box, and sho nuf, dar was de money, but hit wus all so ole dat de men say hit wus not worf much. Howsomeber, dey gub me twenty-fibe dollars fur de box, an I let um take hit.

"'To-morrer I'll show you de hole whar we digged hit up, and the bayou whar ma pa descended.'

"On my return to New Orleans I hunted up the men who had bought the coins from Fred and purchased this one. They told the same story that Fred had told."

I took another look at the coin, and then went to bed to dream of pirates with feathers and chickens with big pistols, that were trying to

put me into a big chest full of gold and silver water.

Edward F. Hinkle.



# The Ibyacinth.

HYACINTHUS was the fairest
Of the youths of Sparta's host;
Dear he was to gods and mortals,
But Apollo loved him most.

At Apollo's feast, the discus

By his arm was farthest thrown,
And the great god condescended

To contend with him alone.

Yes, Apollo seized the discus,
Hurled it with his godly might,
Little thinking, as he watched it,
That 't would swerve to left or right.

But the wind-god, seeking vengeance, Forced the discus from its path, · Hurled it straight at Hyacinthus, Struck him in his vengeful wrath.

Then Apollo's grief was bitter,
For from Hyacinthus' head
Gushed the crimson streams in fountains,
And the god's loved one was dead.

Then, to show his bitter sorrow,
From the blood he caused to grow
Flowers with dark and gloomy petals,
Symbols of the deepest woe.

Thus the youth became immortal,
For we think of his sad fame
Ever when we pluck the blossoms
Which still bear his ill-starred name.

Chiko.

# The Ibistorical Meaning of the Success of Greece against Persia.

(First Means Prize.)

In the earliest dawn of history there flourished in the fertile valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates a civilization which rivalled that of the Nile. One after another the Chaldaean, the Assyrian, and the Babylonian empires rose to power and influence, only to yield in turn to the sway of another whenever the genius that held them together was removed by disease or the chance of war.

These ancient nations cultivated art, science, and literature; they had libraries, palaces, and temples. On the ruins of these empires, and that of Lydia, sprang up the great world empire of the Persian. They understood the arts of war thoroughly, and under the leadership of Darius extended their territory until it included India on the east, and Macedonia and the cities of the Ionian Greeks on the west, and numbered among its subjects hundreds of different tribes. This vast empire was held together by the genius of one man, who ruled as a despot, with power of life and death; who carried on his wars not with the aid of devoted subjects, but with soldiers collected from every part of his dominion, and urged to battle by the lash.

How different were the Greeks! All the inhabitants of the various sections of Greece spoke the same language and worshipped the same gods. So evident was their superiority that they called all other nations barbarians. Their country, divided by the arms of the sea, and by its mountain ranges, into many separate districts, was a natural cradle of liberty. A love of freedom was fostered amongst the people, while its wonderful scenery developed all the poetry and love of the beautiful inherent in their sensitive natures. Everything with which they came into contact was transfigured in poetry; every rocky cave, every sparkling river, every waving forest had its nymphs and its divinities. The vine-clad sides of Parnassus sheltered the heavenly muses, while from the lofty summit of Olympus the gods themselves looked down upon their achievements.

Such was the race which in their love of freedom had dared to give aid to their fellow countrymen in Asia Minor. By this act they bearded the dreaded Persian in his den, and to his haughty demand for satisfaction they returned a worthy answer by hurling his messengers into a well, bidding them take earth and water thence. Filled with rage, the Persian despot swore to be revenged; the puny land which had dared refuse his demands, and hurl back a defiance, should feel his power. Accordingly, after years of preparation, thousands of troops gathered from every nation in the East, moved on like some resistless avalanche towards Greece.

The hostile armies met at Marathon: a hundred thousand Persians. ten thousand Greeks! The semi-barbarism of the East contended with the learning and civilization of the West! Despotism with democracy! Slavery with freedom! It was a war waged on one side for conquest and revenge, on the other for those rights and possessions most dear to man, liberty, home, and country.

The Greeks were victorious. In rapid succession they met again at Salamis and Platea. The Greeks proved themselves worthy of the land they loved. The mighty Persian host rolled back upon the Hellespont, shattered and defeated, leaving the Greeks to perfect their civilization and extend its influence to future generations.

Their victories meant that all ages should enjoy the results of their splendid genius; that for us their poets should sing, the sculptors carve the snowy marble, their statesmen pass laws which should be handed on to the Romans, and through them to the world.

The result of the conflict was at once the death knell of Persian power, and the signal for the Greeks to go out with their love of progress and individual liberty, and give light to the human race. Above all, it meant that we should receive as our heritage the home of the Greek. rather than the harem of the Persian.

The Greeks have fulfilled their destiny and passed away. The tall grass waves in the breezes which sigh about their honored dust. Rank weeds grow on the fields which were the scenes of their glory, but the memory of their deeds lives on forever. They fought not for gain or conquest, nor for the empty prize of glory, but for a principle they poured

out their blood upon the altar of their country, and their heroism will appeal to all ages, and beckon future generations to nobler deeds.

What wonder that the Greeks were victorious at Marathon? Did they not stand on ground made holy by their fathers' dust? Did not the nymphs of mountain, stream, and sea whisper encouragement in every rustling breeze? What wonder that they showed at Thermopylae how bravely men can die for freedom? Did not the Gods, themselves, from high Olympus smile with approval on their favorite sons? And as the dark cloud of Persian slavery and invasion rolled away from Greece, still free, did they not hear the heaven-born muses raise their voices in a death-less strain?

"But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Death's voice speaks like a trumpet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

Orrin Melville Clark.



# The Temptation of Gold.

A BIG engine was standing on the siding; a group of loungers were talking in low tones, and water was dripping from the big tank. Only these sounds, with the hissing of the engine, broke the quietude of the scene.

The east-bound overland express changes engines at that small town. That particular evening Southern Pacific locomotive No. 439, in charge of engineer Thomas Elliott, was to pilot the heavy train down the valleys to the distant plains. A slender girl stood beside the engine, talking to the big fellow in the cab. Well might the heart of Tom Elliott thrill with love as the upturned brown eyes looked into his, for few men on the road had so bonnie a little wife. The moonlight bathed her face as she smiled upon him.

"I feel to-night just as I did before you ran into 36 last winter."

The big fellow's eyes twinkled.

"Now don't be a baby, Trix, dear, for smash-ups don't come off on nights like these."

"But I'm uneasy, Tom, and then she's late again to-night—but there she comes at last."

The distant rumble of the train from up the valley came nearer and nearer, till the puff of steam and the bright headlight shot around the curve. Tom bent down to kiss the sweet lips of his plucky young wife, who came out every other evening to bid her husband good-bye and Godspeed on his run.

The express comes to a stop quickly, for they are twenty minutes late. The locomotive that has been pulling them takes the switch. Tom's big engine runs out on the main line and easily puffs down to be coupled to the baggage car. The conductor comes up with his yellow train order. By the light of their lanterns he and the engineer repeat the order, to be sure that they have understood it aright. Its terse words say:

"Make np lost time, and pick up Wells Fargo Express car 201 at Sylvandale."

Then the train crew bunch up together while the conductor gives them some private instructions, received in the general superintendent's offce that afternoon. With a couple of sharp whistles the train pulls out from the yard lights, leaving behind it on the platform the little form of the young wife, who with yearning heart watches the red end lamps till they vanish around a curve.

Through the dark shadows of deep cuts, over dizzy trestles and into dark tunnels she speeds. Fireman Wheeler feeds the hot furnace and tries the gauge-cocks to see if the water be right, while Tom leans out into the breeze enjoying her reckless speed. When the long whistle sounds for Sylvandale lost time is made up and they roll in on schedule time.

It is the work of a moment to shift car 201 to the train, but Conductor Carleton superintends the change with care, and throws the light of his lantern under the trucks, for he remembers the superintendent's last words: "Be mighty watchful every minute, and remember every instant that you have in your charge the \$50,000 worth of gold bricks in that car."

Again the overland express continues on her eastward trip. Tom Elliott keeps an even keener eye ahead, well realizing the awful responsibility that he is under. He knows that others besides the superintendent and train crew must know this minute of the contents of that car. Perhaps just ahead of him may lurk hidden danger; but no—the train goes faithfully on.

It had been a long day. Harold Redpath hailed with relief the twilight as it closed in about the little settlement, eight mtles from Sylvandale. As usual, the superintendent of Colonel Sanderson's "washings" had ridden down after his busy day to this, his western home. The past weeks come up hurriedly before his mind. How coldly the colonel had treated him since he, an ambitious workman, had dared ask the rich old mine owner for a treasure of more value than the biggest nuggets of Sylvandale's mines, — beautiful Lenora Sanderson, his sweetheart, who loved him as he loved her, but whom he might not have because his bank

account was not of the proper amount! Then, as he mounted the black horse at the gate, he thinks of a tender, careworn face, a figure in black; and involuntarily he gasped, "Mother!" Side by side the blue eyes of the girl and sad countenance of the woman follow him on in his night ride. A determined look comes into his features as he mutters:

"Yes, I will do it. They tempted me, but it is his, and he shall know Hal Redpath has power if he hasn't money. They shan't scoff at my money thrown away in 'Frisco investments, by Jove, they shan't! Mother shall have comforts, and I—I shall have her. She shall be mine if I give my life in winning her. It's desperate, but I'm desperate!"

At the forks of the road he meets other horsemen, and single file they ride silently through the pines to the valley. All but one of them dismounts. The man on the horse takes the other beasts by the bridles and leads them away. The men scramble down the cut to the track, walk down a short way, when they meet another fellow with a red lantern, whom they recognize as the section boss. The entire company converse in low tones. At last there comes down the line the rumble of the express, and a few moments later she rounds the curve. Redpath's last words to the party are: "Remember, men, there's to be no killing if possible, or I'm not with you."

There is a succession of sharp curves four miles above Hixie's Switch. Just around the last one is a high bridge that is being repaired now, so engineer Elliott slows down in anticipation of the section boss' red lantern. As they glide around the curve both men are thinking of the Wells Fargo car behind them. Just as Tom expects, the red lantern swings ahead of him. He prepares to go over the bridge extra slow. As he leans out into the night, the moon is so bright that he recognizes the watchman, who unexpectedly swings up into the cab. The next thing Tom and his fireman know is that two cold muzzles are resting against their heads.

Tom knows a bit about such things and coolly runs the train over the bridge. Then he gets his instructions. They are emphatic. His fellow employee, who has played him false, says: "Run her to near Hixie's. When we tell you, haul ahead quick! Your first express car will be

uncoupled then. Let her slide into the switch, and then let the rest of the train run down to you easy. We'll couple you on. Then you go ahead and make up your time. Now don't make an ass of yourself, or, d——— you, we'll run this thing without you."

Elliott feels sure that these two men in the cab are the only ones who have boarded the train. After he has thought for a few moments, he opens the throttle a little wider. Quick as a cat he turns upon the man and hurls him back into the coal. The fireman grapples with the other fellow in like manner. Two dark forms clamber over the back of the tender. A shot rings out. One of the men takes charge of the engine. Over on the embankment they throw the fireman. Further on the wounded engineer is pushed off into the ditch. The little game has been played by skilled hands; but has it been won?

A mile up grade, and then they will run down into Hixie's switch. Into the eager furnace coal is heaved; up the long hill puffs the engine, nearer and nearer the top, where steam will be no longer needed. They know she needs more water in the hot boiler. With cursings they find that she is fitted with a new style feeder, that proves a puzzle to the whole party. In vain they try to work it. The safety valve is blowing off hard. Great flames are fanning the water out; but they are nearly up now.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The trainmen felt the train suddenly slow up. A terrific explosion broke the silence of the valley. With a jerk the overland express stood still. Running ahead, the trainmen discover a cloud of steam over the engine. As it clears away there is no engine there, but a great mass of hissing twisted iron. Fortunately the front cars are uninjured. With quick sympathy the brakemen and conductor search for the engineer and fireman, who must have been killed or severely injured. With hearts bitter in grief, they find only here and there bits of torn bodies and shrivelled clothing.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

A face full of pathetic beauty bends over a haggard looking patient in one of the wards of the Ogden hospital. Delicate fingers lovingly stroke back the thick black hair. A sad smile is her reward. Every day since they found him nearly dying in the ditch, three miles from Hixie's, have those deft hands and that warm heart been strengthening the threads of life. Tom Elliott has told his story, — he who is the only one left to tell it.

Arthur C. Mack.

# To \* \* \* \* \*

I know a face surpassing fair,
A face more perfect than Venus' own,
With lips like the blood-red rose full-blown,
And laughing eyes and sunny hair;
Whose loveliness beyond compare—
A jewel from Heaven, Earthward thrown—
Like the pale North Star, shines all alone,
For none dare rival its beauty rare.
Waking or sleeping, this face I see;
It comes in my dreams 'mid shades of night;
From the noonday glare it smiles at me,
And fans my love with its glances bright,
This wondrous face that a world adores,—
But don't feel flattered,—it is n't yours.

#### L' Inconnu.

THE first streaks of dawn were just beginning to light up the great swamps—"muskegs," the indians call them—that stretch like a network for miles and miles along the northern borders of Minnesota.

At the extremity of a narrow strip of land which extends several miles into this swamp is pitched a tent, and near it four horses picketed between two wagons. A man has just poked his head out of the tent. He looks about in a sleepy way for a moment, and then withdraws it. Presently he reappears followed by three other men. They go down to the stream that flows past the tent about fifty yards away and wash. Then they return, eat two or three crackers, stuff some more into their hunting coats, shoulder their guns and start off, two up and one down the stream. The fourth watches them out of sight, and then busies himself kindling a fire and making preparations for cooking breakfast on the return of his companions.

About seven o'clock two of them return with a score of fat ducks and some jack-snipe. While they are cooking these the third rushes into camp and tells how, as he was hunting for ducks, hidden in some tall marsh grass, a large bull moose had trotted out of the woods only a few yards away and had come straight towards him. He had jumped up and in his excitement fired both barrels, loaded only with bird-shot, into the animal's flank. It had given a snort of fear and pain, and dashed across the stream and disappeared in the swamp.

This was quite startling, but the morning's hunt had sharpened their appetites, so they decided to eat first and talk later.

The meal was almost finished when two gun-shots, fired in rapid succession, made every one spring to his feet. What could it mean? The sounds came directly from the swamp. They were twenty miles from the nearest house, and how could a man get way off there in the midst of the muskeg? While these thoughts were running through their heads, two more shots were heard, and faint cries for help, mingled with the barking of a dog, then three more shots fired at longer and longer intervals, a few more cries, growing fainter and fainter, were heard, and then — silence!

As soon as the camping party found out that some one was in danger they rushed for their guns; but the guide implored them not to go, saying it was certain death, as they could not help getting lost in that pathless swamp. The cries of distress, however, kept ringing in their ears, and so the next day by common consent they broke camp and returned to H——.

A few days later the following article appeared in the H———Inquirer:

#### "AN UNKNOWN MAN MISSING!"

"Silas Brown, a farmer, living thirty-five miles east of this town, on the edge of the muskegs, told this startling story to the editor yesterday:

"'About a week ago a man came to the house and asked to be allowed to board with us for a week or so while he was hunting in the neighborhood. Last Monday he asked if he could borrow my hound, saying that he was going towards the muskegs and might bag some big game. He said he would be back by evening, but he has not been seen or heard of since. Last night, however, as I went out to the barn to milk I noticed something lying near the door. It was my dog, terribly mangled and almost dead!'

"A searching party is being organized."

E. Evette Pilkins.



#### Dereunt et Imputantur.

(Second Means Prize.)

THE first impression that one receives in reading these words of Horace is that of distinct melancholy. They strike a blow at the natural desire of man, not alone for length of life, but that his work shall live after him. Let us apply the sentiment to the progress of civilization and see in what measure it can be verified.

The so-called civilization of the Greeks and Romans has always excited our admiration. We read with wonder the laws of Solon, and of the apparent unanimity of men in measures that were certainly enlightened for that age. We marvel at the achievement of the Romans in developing great municipalities, at their success in grouping bands of barbarians together under one common government. The Greeks have been rightly called the great civilizers, for while Roman progress was built upon armed conquest, Grecian warfare was mostly defensive. The spirit of their institutions tended toward the development of the refinements of life.

But why did these things fail? Roman and Greek civilization passed away because it was founded upon a false conception of truth and justice. It was built upon the plan of elevating and honoring the few by the degredation and oppression of the many. Such a thing as real political and social freedom was unknown. The theory that "might makes right" was an accepted principle. A large part of the population was composed of slaves, who had no rights as individuals, no claims as fellow-men. In the later days of Rome luxury played an important part in the downfall of the State, but that luxury could never have been produced except by tyranny.

In the Middle Ages, in the extended adoption of the Feudal System, we see that the time had come for the recognition of the individual. In the new order of things lay the germ of individual justice. Every one was given distinct rights, which, insignificant as they now appear, was a great and noticeable advance. The lowest as well as the highest had some feudal lord whom he was bound to serve, and from whom, in turn, he could demand protection.

The Crusades show us the complete dominance of an idea. The people were stirred by a great religious impulse, and the result was a triumph for advancing thought.

Following the Crusades, the subjection to a religious idea, came the subjection to a political idea, and the first great expression of the people in the cause of free government was the Magna-Charta. This was a victory of liberty over tyranny, and from this time is dated the decline of the "Divine Right of Kings."

Disregard for the will of the people caused the overthrow and death of Charles the First. With the restoration of the monarchy after Cromwell came the pledge of the Sovereign, under penalty of dethronement, to recognize popular demands.

At the time of the American Revolution, men were morally strong enough to resist oppression. "Taxation without Representation" simply meant that they should have no voice whatever in the making of the laws that governed them. They refused to submit, and the Declaration of Independence was the natural consequence. This important document was but the climax of all political progress in ages past. It showed the lesson that was taught by the fall of Greece and Rome, and laid open the grave of human slavery.

In our own time, in the warfare against that relic of barbarism, and in the final downfall of the unholy institution, the national conscience kept pace with our development in other lines.

That epoch has passed away. We are facing another, and one of increasing importance, marked by the Labor Problem. This is practically a denial of the right of any man to build up a fortune at the expense of his fellows.

Greece and Rome passed away. The Feudal System declined. The Crusades were followed by a period of political unrest, and the great begin ning in the cause of freedom made by the Magna-Charta opened the way for our own Revolution.

There is really nothing sad in these changes, for it is upon them that we base our hopes for better times to come.

Truly, all things pass away. But how do they pass away? Only by

sowing the seed of something finer and better, by making a place where justice and honor may abide.

The life and achievement of a single person may, in the light of ages, seem of little consequence, but it is only through the multiplication of undivided effort that the strongholds of oppression are swept away and the foundations of liberty made secure.

William M'Clintock Gardner.

# Might.

The sombre shadows fall o'er hill and dale,

The western sky shines with brilliant light,

The clouds of gold and purple fade from view,

All things their tumult cease, slow comes the night.

The little stars again send out their rays,
Which seem as golden shafts that pierce the night,
Until at last the full moon comes to view,
Shining on all, with soft, clear beams of light.

Sequel Pen.

# Swede Pete's Death.

SWEDE Pete was a new man in the camp and everybody was afraid of him. He had come with a bad name and had kept it by his bearing ever since he first turned up at the "Lucky Star" camp.

It was New Year's eve and the "Skull" saloon had been doing a roaring business in every line. Drinks were flowing freely, and in the rear part of the room roulette and poker were running high. Swede Pete was in high spirits. He had "bucked the bank" in a great run of luck, and had quite enough ahead to work his claim up the Gulch again. As matters stood anybody by law could "jump" the "Devils Game" that very day at midnight, for Pete had not worked out his assessments for the year, but all knew Pete's reputation and that he would allow no man to fool with him. There were two graves on the book to his credit up in Furnace hollow, and they had within them the bodies of a "tenderfoot" who had "differed" with Pete and "accidentally shot himself"; and of a miner who had "committed suicide" by jumping Pete's claim by mistake in the dark.

The old year was slowly dying. Far up the Gulch the shadows of the dusky pines threw their shadows over the figure of a man, as if to make more quiet the silence in which he loosened the straps binding a pick, some dynamite and candles to his horse. He hitched him under the snow-covered pines. Shouldering his pick, he slowly mounts the winding trail up to the "Devil's Game" to reclaim his own. He had owned the claim once himself, but getting in a bar-room fight with Swede Pete one night, he was severely wounded and could not work out his assessments. When he did return to his claim he found that Pete had jumped it, and was there armed to the teeth to defend it. But Bull Fahey was not a man to give up under hard luck. Shouldering his pick, he has gone away and "laid" for Pete ever since, until now when his chance to catch Pete by the ear is at hand, Bull has determined to regain the "Devil's Game," and to defend it with his life if needs be.

The tunnel is soon reached and the moonlight shining through an

opening in the pines above discloses the location of Pete's stake. He glances at his watch. Exactly midnight. With a fierce laugh he pulls the stake from the ground and flings it far down the mountain. Driving his own stake into the ground, he turns and in defiance shakes his fist in the direction of the town, where he thinks Pete is passing his time as usual in drunken fighting. As he stands thus a clear, low whistle comes floating up the valley. Bull starts, turns to enter the tunnel, then pauses and listens. Someone is coming up the trail below, softly whistling. Bull enters the tunnel and crouching behind a boulder near its mouth, draws his revolver and waits. In a few minutes Swede Pete steps out into the moonlight, carrying in his hands his stake, which he had stumbled over in coming up the mountain path. As he holds it up to read it, Bull suddenly rises up before him, and, holding his revolver with the muzzle almost touching Pete's face, cries, "Hands up, Pete. I've got the drop on ver now." Seeing that Bull had a "full hand." Pete very readily obeyed, and was promptly relieved of his fire-arms.

"Taint no use a fightin' over her now, anyhow," said Pete. "There aint a pound of stuff in the whole mountain."

"None of yer bluffin, Pete, I know yer game. How about the stuff yer shipped last year?"

"Oh, that was out of a pocket I struck, but she went up the flue in a jiffey. If yer don't believe me, gimme your candle an' I'll go in an' show yer," and taking a candle Pete started in the tunnel, Bull following and keeping his hand within easy reach of his gun. The breast is soon reached, and holding up the light and pointing to the rock Pete says, "See! what did I tell yer? It's nothin' but dead rock." Hank does not reply, but slowly examines the sides and roof of the tunnel. Not a trace of ore can be seen. "You are welcome to her now, Bull. I've blown it all out. You can blast her and be blasted."

Again Hank does not reply, but stands lost in thought. Finally he takes up a pick which is lying near and strikes the breast a heavy blow. The mud and rock with which Pete has plastered up the breast falls away, and discloses a glittering vein of metal. Almost instantly there is a deafening report, and Bull falls dead, with a bullet through his heart, while

above him stands Pete holding a smoking revolver which he has snatched from Bull's belt as he strikes the rock, muttering with a grim smile, "another accident."

But Pete does not glory in his deed, for the concussion of air caused by the report has loosened a quantity of loose rock near the mouth of the tunnel, which falling shuts Pete in a living tomb with the man he had murdered. When he is finally missed at camp, and a party makes a search in the tunnel of the "Devil's Game," digging in they find him a corpse beside the body of his victim.

Masqué.



# The Story of a Photograph.

"IT was sort of rank, old man. That I'll admit; but you see I really couldn't help it. Her eyes fascinated me so—they do now. Just look up there on the mantel-piece."

The scene was a pleasantly-furnished college room in Cambridge, and the speaker, Dick Little, and his chum, Bob Richards, were comfortably seated before their open fire. It was not really cold these spring nights, but somehow a fire did make things cosier, and it was so much easier to talk while toasting one's feet on the fender. It was quite late, and the chums were having their customary discussion of the day's proceedings before turning in for the night.

Dick had been out around town all the afternoon collecting subscriptions for the *Lampoon*. At one place he had got off the track somehow, a strange, large house in the most fashionable quarter of the city. While standing a moment in the waiting-room, his eye had chanced to light on a photograph on the mantel. It was that of a girl—not particularly pretty, but with a strangely winning face. The most noticeable thing about the picture was the eyes, and they seemed to read his very soul, but at the same time they attracted and fascinated him. And without a moment's thought, just as the maid returned with the message that there must be some mistake, he seized the picture and slipped it into his side pocket.

"It was sort of rank. That I'll admit" he was now saying, and he pointed at the photograph enshrined in the center of his group of girl friends.

Dick was a queer sort of fellow, and, as the weeks passed away and graduation day approached, his worship for his unknown divinity increased. In vain he searched the section of the city in which the house was located. At least it would be some consolation to look the number up in the Register and find out who she was. But do his best he could not find it. His memory in this respect had played him false. He sometimes even doubted that there was such a place, but the photograph on

his mantel always brought fresh recollections back with it, and he still continued his blind search. And then he set to wondering. Perhaps she would come at Class Day. She would certainly be invited, and he was sure he would recognize her. At any rate, he could then find out her name.

Class Day and graduation, with all their bustle and worry, came and went. Not a sign of his "divinity," as he called her, did he see. Bob had at first twitted him unmercifully about her, and had even tacked a card to the mantel under the picture, with the inscription, "To an unknown goddess." But as time went on and Dick's devotion grew stronger, if if that were possible, he recognized that it was something more than a mere passing fancy and let his chum alone.

With a strange feeling it was that the boys packed up their things and left the little old room in Stoughton that had served them so well during their four years of college life. Bob was going to work at once in his father's firm in Boston, but Dick had decided to spend a year or so in travelling before settling down to enjoy the comfortable income his father had left him. Bob had accompanied him as far as New York, and now on the morning of the Lorina's sailing they were walking down to the wharf arm in arm enjoying a final chat.

From another part of the city, but in the same direction, a carriage was slowly driving down to the same wharf. The only occupant was a tall, slender, young woman who seemed scarcely able to sit upright. She was not pretty, but she was interesting, and the more so as the rebellious thoughts surging through her mind found some expression in her face. Miss Margaret Kate was in no ordinary frame of mind, and Miss Margaret Kate did not care that she wasn't. She was not sick! Why had the doctors told her poor, invalid mother so? And if she were rather tired, and if that awful pain in her head did keep coming oftener and oftener, why had they said she must go to Europe? Why not Florida or California or Colorado, or some place nearer than Europe, way off at the ends of the world? Oh, if George had only lived! How she had loved him, and how he loved her! Why did he have to go, only a week before their wedding day. But that was three years ago. She had always been unfortunate. God himself didn't care what became of her, and she was sure she didn't. Why

wasn't there anybody for her to go with? Why wasn't there anyone to say good-bye to her or even wave a handkerchief as the steamer left? Such were the thoughts that were raging in Miss Kate's usually placid mind. But here they were at the wharf, and the bustle of departure chased away all broodings for the time being.

Dick and Bob were just having a last hand-shake, when the latter suddenly jerked his hand away and said, "Your 'divinity,' by Jove! Just look at her." And sure enough, as Dick turned he saw our friend, Miss Margaret Kate, a little thinner, and with far less freshness than in the photograph, but just as interesting and just as attractive. At that moment she turns and looks at him. His heart gives a great bound, for those eyes fastened on him cannot be other than those of the unknown goddess, The gong sounds, the huge cables are cast off, the gang-way is shipped, the screw begins to turn, and the great ocean steamer Lorina is on her way.

Dick was nearly wild with excitement, though he tried to appear cool. The first thing he did was to go to his state-room, open his trunk, and get out his hidden picture. Yes, it was she—sure! And oh—he drew in his breath and gave a long, low whistle.

That evening Margaret did not appear, but the next morning when Dick opened his state-room door, who should he see coming from the opposite one but his "divinity." And as luck would have it, they both sat at the captain's table opposite each other; and it was then that he learned the answer to the secret that had tantalized him so long. She was Miss Margaret Kate of New York. He longed to tell her she was no stranger to him but wisely refrained.

Now, when they met in the morning or on deck, or at meals, they smiled and exchanged greetings, but affairs progressed no farther. Several times Dick had tried to get her to talk, but she always contrived to get away on some pretext or other. He would make her take notice of him, he was bound he would. A sudden thought struck him. The next morning when the breakfast gong sounded, he lingered behind a minute. As soon as she had left her room he slipped into it and placed the long-beloved photograph, with his name on the back of it, on her wash-stand.

All the rest of the morning he spent in the smoking-room, reading and playing whist. But at lunch-time he was early in his place and keenly alert for Miss Kate's appearance. When she did come, pausing a moment near Dick, she handed him an envelope and said, with more formality but far less indifference than before, "Something of yours, I believe, Mr. Little, and may I see you after lunch?"

Lunch over, they went on deck, and, seating themselves behind the huge, red smoke-stack in shelter from the cool breeze, they "took account of stock," as Bob used to say of the evening discussions. Gradually the formality passed away. Dick decided to explain the whole story, and did so. Instead of being angry, she was amused. And now they talked of one thing, now of another. Later they rose and fell in line with the couples walking the deck. Dick's fondest ideals were fully realized, and Margaret became deeply interested in the tall, handsome fellow who had seen and heard so much and could talk so delightfully about nothing at all. He was going to Italy; she didn't know where to go; and they did not part that evening until they had promised to write, wherever they might be. And this was but the beginning of a whole week of the same sort. It was wonderful how all his musings and divinations as to her character came true, and she was so quick to catch his meanings.

By the last day of the voyage a little question was burning on Dick's lips, and he felt that it must come. But she stayed all day in her stateroom, attending to her baggage and getting ready to go on shore. Once more the cables are called into play, the engines cease, the gang-plank is unshipped, and the people hurry across. Margaret gives a hasty farewell to Dick, and he has only time to remind her of her promise, when she vanishes in the crowd.

Dick leaves Liverpool that night, and hurries on to Italy where he tries to make himself happy in Venice, Florence, and Naples. But he fails,—and fails miserably. And now he realizes that the little question has got to come, and that he will not be at rest again until it is answered. In feverish anxiety he awaits the promised letter. None comes. He remembers something she happened to say about St. Petersburg. He hurries there and hunts through the hotel registers, only to find that she

has come and gone. He guesses Vienna next, but finds no trace there. And so it continues through most of the summer. She may be dead. He will never know. He returns sick at heart to Italy, and there falls ill of a fever. Exhausted by this, he is told that to save his life he must go to Switzerland. He goes and wanders aimlessly about. One day he decides to visit Lake Lucerne, and he obtains a room in the "Schweizerhof," from whose broad windows he may look upon the expanse of the beautiful lake by day, and in the evening gaze at the crimson waves the setting sun has dyed, or watch the shimmering wake of the summer's moon. And here life is endurable.

Meanwhile Margaret, too, has not been happy. She has had a struggle, and has had to confess that the image of her dear George, which she thought would never fade, has been effaced. The canvas is torn, and in its place appears the face of Dick Little.

But where is he? It is her own fault that she does not know. False loyalty to her George kept her from writing when she could, and now it is too late. The old weariness comes back with renewed strength, the old racking agony attacks her head, and, half-hopeless, she turns for relief to the bracing air of lovely Switzerland.

It is a beautiful night, and the "Lake of the Four Cantons" is covered with pleasure boats of all descriptions. Music is in the air, and the sound of happy laughter floats over through the distance. The guests of the "Schweizerhof" are almost all getting ready for a moon-light trip to Alpnach, and are hurrying along the broad colonade leading down to the wharf's stone steps. Towards the end comes Dick. His gait is slow and spiritless. Suddenly a figure at the farthest end of the piazza attracts his attention. He hastens tremblingly toward it. The young woman comes forward to meet him. "Dick!" and for the first time "Margaret!"

The moon has emerged from the cloud under which it has been passing and now shines out bright and clear. Dick and Margaret are spinning over the lake. Never has it seemed so beautiful. Its waters are of molten silver. Dark shadows fall from the lofty crags, the moon sails majestically onward, and darkness embraces the land.

# American Holidays.

(Third Means Prize.)

In all ages and countries, the fête and the festival, the song and the sacrifice, the prayer and the thanksgiving, have marked the progress of man, the periodic passages in his life, and the eventful occurrences therein. The savage conformed his desires and habits to the changes in the seasons. Pagan practices and rites gave way to Christian observances. The Saturnalia of the Romans ceased when Christian festivals began, and in time these became regular in their observance. Extraordinary events produced extraordinary heroes who became the idols of the people who sung their praises and recorded their achievements in story and in song. Events, sympathies, convictions, sentiments, hopes, fears, and aspirations became personified in the hero of the hour, and the rejoicings of the people manifested themselves in every form from the Pagan rite to the Christian festival begetting the holy days; the holiday then followed as an institution natural and necessary to man.

If the toil and turmoil of every-day life be its prose, the holiday is surely the poetry of existence, for it appeals to the sentimental side of our nature. In the glory of the holiday the soul walks abroad and the heart expands with emotions of exultation and gratitude. But when the holiday is set apart and sanctioned by law and consecrated by the sentiments of the people, it then attains its true civic significance, for the wholesome and whole-souled observances of patriotic and Christian holidays are the most trustworthy and powerful manifestation of the genius and character of a people.

The spirit that prompts the observance of the holiday must be spontaneous and spring, like Webster's definition of eloquence, "From the man, the subject, and the occasion." And this spirit has its inspiration in the historic associations and memories of a people. And thus Fletcher of Saltoun said, "Let me make the ballads and I care not who make the laws of a people." If then, the songs of a people are the essence of their history, their holidays and pastimes are the spontaneous outward expres-

sion of their character. Of no nation is this more truly illustrative than America.

Foremost in the calendar of our American holidays comes the twenty-second of February, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the purest great man in universal history, of whom eulogy is superfluous. Well may we revere this holiday, for our national hero is the most exalted figure in our history; his virtues and victories have canonized him in the hearts of a grateful people, and his name is inscribed on the scroll of fame as the "Father of his Country."

Next in the calendar of our holidays is the nineteenth of April, when, on the plains of Lexington, and by "the bridge that arched the flood" at Concord, the embattled farmers, few but fearless, fired the shot that fired the hearts of three millions of their countrymen and broke the chains that Patrick Henry heard "clanking on the plains of Boston" when he foretold the inevitable conflict and heralded its coming as the harbinger of American freedom.

But the holiday which commands universal recognition and reverence and excites eternal gratitude over the seas, over the land, and in every breeze where floats the star-spangled banner, is that glorious festival, the Fourth of July, the festival that commemorates the day when, for the first time in the world's history, the representative intelligence of America proclaimed the principles of the equality of man and his right to self-government, thereto pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor," and heroically redeemed that pledge. We should be recreant sons of worthy sires if we did not annually remember that great day in our national history.

The heterogenous character of our people, the extent of our soil, and the variety of our climate are such that a large number of holidays are celebrated, most of which are devoid of national significance. Some of the Southern states celebrate the birthdays of their heroes, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. Illinois celebrates the birthday of the grandest American of our century, Abraham Lincoln; and may the time soon come when every state in the union will likewise honor his sacred memory.

If there be those who find in our American holidays and the com-

memorative festivities that enliven them no occasion for jubilation and gratitude, no occasion for recalling the struggles, the trials, the agonies, the victories and the virtues of our patriotic and Christian ancestors, no occasion to recount their matchless deeds of heroic self-sacrifice, no occasion to glorify the triumps of art and industry and skill and commerce as we behold them to-day, no occasion for thanksgiving to Almighty God for these priceless blessings, they are not Americans; they do not belong to America. There is no room for them on American soil. Let them go elsewhere. In her great yearning heart, large enough for humanity, America has no habitation for them. Let them find some spot of earth where heroism is no longer a virtue, where self-sacrifice is folly, where sel fishness is honorable, and where patriotic and Christian fortitude is a crime.

Lebbeus Harding Rogers.



#### The Barvard-Andover Club.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MIRROR:

Dear Sirs, — The officers of the Harvard-Andover Club, gladly complying with your request, send you the following brief statement of what the Andover graduates are doing in Harvard College.

In the first place, the Andover Club was founded a number of years ago. It has always included in its list of members all men in college who have ever been at Andover, regardless of whether they are graduates or not. These men, while they are in college, are requested by the secretary of the club to give what they can towards the necessary expenses. Many men give three dollars a year, more one dollar, some nothing.

The necessary expenses for which this money is collected are mainly three. First, to supply the prizes, offered by the club to the students at the Academy, for the best English composition examination. This holding of the English examination at Andover we consider the greatest work of the club. Whether the Andover graduates who have come to Harvard have been instrumental in bringing about the evident advance in the use of good English at Phillips Andover Academy, is not a matter for discussion here.

The second necessary expense of the club is to furnish food and drink at each of the four social meetings, or "smokers" as we call them, held in different college rooms every year. Just how important a part these meetings play in the average man's college life, can best be understood if some of your number will, next year, come down to one of them.

The last, and by far the least, as far as money outlay goes, of these drains on our treasury, is the sort of advisory bureau of information the club has recently formed.

This bureau, or committee, consists of a dozen or more competent graduates of Andover, to whom any man now in the Academy may write for any information he may want about Harvard University. The members of this committee have, moreover, found out the names of all the men at Andover who intend to come to Harvard next fall. These fellows, the members of the committee, stand ready to call on each gentleman from Andover as soon as he gets to Cambridge next fall, and will make it their business to be sufficiently informed to answer any of the many questions that arise in the mind of even the brightest comer to this complex university.

These things, gentlemen, are merely the beginning. The Harvard-Andover Club hopes in the near future to do something for Phillips Andover Academy.

Yours respectfully,

Alfred Johnson, '90, President H.-A. Club.



#### Editorials.

WE are in hearty sympathy with the Andover Townsman in its ardent desire that a large number of Academy men should be arrested. The Townsman has a thirst for justice that ought to be quenched. Our "always esteemed" contemporary is the one newspaper of which Andover is said to boast. Its worthy crusade should receive support, for justice seems to be its one characteristic. Several of its staff are closely allied with the religious interests of the town, so we are not surprised at the admirable heading under which all the coals, cinders and ashes of the Townsman's editorials are collected: "If you see it in the Townsman it's news to be relied upon; if it is news then you will see in in the Townsman."

After these noble sentiments it is not at all unexpected to find an earnest protest against Academy arson and vandalism together with a little talk about the wickedness of neighboring journals and an invocation to the little boys and girls of the town to walk on tiptoe over the asphalt that their heels may "not spoil the nice new sidewalks." This shows how nobly our village advocate ranges itself upon the side of virtue. In its eloquent protest against Academy boys only the most striking metaphors are used. The intelligent writer urges that the "rabbits be caught and skinned clear to the tips of their tails." The latter operation being desired, we would suggest, as a more appropriate metaphorical quadruped, our friend the kangaroo! After reading the cinders we would fain exclaim with Shylock, "'T is very true: O wise and upright judge: How much elder art thou than thy looks!"

It pained us exceedingly to note the sentiments in the second editorial, in which the firm stand against the lawless elements in our town was compromised, intimating, as our friend the *Phillipian* very clearly stated, that they were responsible for a recent fire.

We have even heard it rumored that certain remarks were regarded as taffy and did not digest well among P. A. readers. We fear this edito-

rial lacks moral courage. We are glad to see the crusade for more arrests still staunchly held up.

We call the attention of our faculty to the pointed criticisms upon them, hoping that they will take the matter to heart and early enlist in Andover's band of blue-coats, after providing themselves with helmets, billies, firearms, etc. They may then be legally empowered to arrest the men in their several classes.

We can think of but two reasons why the many arrests that are to be made are unfortunate. The school has been asked to contribute so much lately that it would be sometimes embarrassing for a fellow to bail out his chum; secondly, because not more than three or four of us could stand behind the bars at a time, for we believe that there are not more than four cells in the Andover jail.

The drawbacks could, however, be easily overcome. More cells could be added by the selectmen, and a fine established by bailing out the law-less ones.

Therefore we heartily join in the *Townsman's* eloquent words: "The Offending Parties should be Detected and Punished."

The changes in the course of study and the re-arrangement of the school day, that appear in the new catalogue, are deserving of hearty approval. We have several times called attention to the necessity for more time on English, and are pleased to note that this need is provided for. The introduction of Algebra and Geometry in the Junior year is a most excellent change. It will fill the lack of many upper classmen, who have heretofore felt their foundations in mathematics weak. It will tend also to raise the age of fellows entering the school in these classes, and that will be a marked advantage for all our organizations, literary and athletic. The new requirements in Greek and Latin will be acceptable to the classical students. The ending of recitations at four o'clock will be a boon to the athletic institutions, and the eleven in particular.

The present year has been a most successful one. A steady gain in

numbers is recorded, there being the largest enrolment yet attained, four hundred and seventy-six. The prospects for the coming year are exceedingly bright.

It has come to be an open question whether the members of the Academy who call themselves gentlemen always act in accordance with their idea of the word. Are they not liable to forget that here in Andover, as well as in other places, society has certain claims upon them which they are bound to respect, or else forfeit their place in her ranks? Here. as in almost every school and college town, not a few of the students have received invitations to various places, and it has lately become a common idea that they form a large and necessary part of Andover society. With this idea in mind, some men are becoming careless, and in several instances regardless of the first principles of politeness. It is not only the height of rudeness, but decidedly conceited to be so independent, and still accept favors from people who, as we think, "can't have anything without the Academy boys." When these same men are at home, their invitations are answered and calls made with scrupulous politeness, and why not here? They should be all the more careful here about these matters, because it is a personal favor to each student that an invitation is given him. This of course cannot be said of all the fellows who go about town, but no one can deny its truth in the case of many. Sometime the line will be drawn pretty closely and it will come home forcibly to some that they are not so indispensable after all. Let not this, however, be the motive for redeeming their reputation while it is yet time, but they should remember that a gentleman must never fall below the mark in any matter of etiquette.

Through a mistake, the names of R. H. Gay, '94, and T. G. Hopkins, '95, were omitted from the Contributing Board this month.

All matter for every department of the October Mirror must be given to one of the editors on or before September 17, 1894.

#### The Month.

The result of the vote for class statistics in '04 has been tabulated. and is as follows: Average age, 18 yrs., 3 mos.; oldest man, 23 yrs., 11 mos.; youngest man, 16 yrs., 8 mos.; average height, 5 ft., 7 1-2 in.; tallest man, 6 ft., 3 in.; shortest man, 5 ft., 1 in.; average weight, 147 1-2 lbs.; heaviest man, 242 lbs.; lightest man, 110 lbs. Intended occupations; Doctors, 14: lawyers, 26: business men, 23: engineers, 9: manufacturers, 4; teachers, 2; bankers, 7; ministers, 2; bond-clipper, coupon-cutter, philanthropist, fireman, tramp, debtor, capitalist, monopolist, gentleman of leisure, student, undecided, 15. Choice of political party: Republicans, 61; democrats, 33; mugwumps, 8; prohibitionist, independent, anarchist; others scattering. Best athlete, Letton: wire-puller, Schreiber; most promising man, O. M. Clark; handsomest man, Paige; homliest man, Skinner; greatest dude, Swift; ladies' man, Cocker; class doll, M. T. Bennett; class crank, D. L. Eddy; most scientific flirt, A. I. Lewis; most cool-headed cribber, Paige; class sport, Brady; best student, A. W. Ryder: most popular man, F. H. Simmons: most useful man, O. M. Clark; most useless man, Trull; laziest man, Paige; most religious man, Brady; most modest man, Schreiber; most engaged man, Belknap; best moustache, Paige; best attempt at a moustache, Tyler; best natured man. F. H. Simmons.

The winners of the out-door tournament held on May 23, were as follows: 100 yards dash, won by James in 10 3-5 seconds; Foster second. Half-mile run: Laing first, time 2 minutes, 9 2-5 seconds; Whitford second. 120 yards hurdle: LeBoutillier, time 19 seconds; Booth second. 220 yards dash: Barker, time 24 3-5 seconds; Paige second. Two-mile bicycle: J. W. Manning, time 5 minutes, 38 seconds; Alden second. Five-mile bicycle: J. W. Manning, time 14 minutes, 34 seconds. 220 yards hurdle: Hine, time 29 1-5 seconds; Brown second. Mile run: Laing, time 4 minutes, 52 2-5 seconds; Starbuck second. 440 yards run: Simmons, time 54 1-5 seconds; Barker second. Putting shot: Finley, 37 fect, 6 1-2 inches; Holt second. Throwing hammer: Bennett, 80 feet, 9

inches; Holt second. Pole Vault: Davis, 9 feet; Lewis second. High jump: Merwin, 5 feet, 3 1-2 inches; Grant second. Broad jump: Paige, 19 feet, 4 inches; Durand second.

Andover made a good showing in the St. Mary's A. C. Games held in Boston, May 19th. She made 12 points, coming out second.

The first annual joint debate between Andover and Worcester was held in the Academy Hall on the evening of May 22, before a large audience. His Excellency Governor Frederic T. Greenhalge, was the presiding officer. The subject for debate was: Resolved, That under our system of Government it would be advisable to adopt the Referendum." Andover had the affirmative. By previous agreement there were no judges. Governor Greenhalge and the speakers were tendered a banquet at the Mansion House after the debate. It was an entirely informal affair and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The speakers were for Andover, Schreiber, Gardner, and Branch; for Worcester, Mitchell, Terwilliger and Gaskill.

On the evening of May 11, under the auspices of The Forum, Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge delivered a highly entertaining lecture on the subject of "Athletics." A good-sized audience was present and the lecturer's opinions were well received.

The base-ball scores since our last issue are as follows: Boston University 6, Andover 5; Andover 15, Thomson-Houston 2; Brown 12, Andover 8; Andover 15, Colby 4; Harvard Law School 9, Andover 7; Harvard 'Varsity 8, Andover 7; Andover 10, English High 3; Andover 7, Worccster Polytechnic, 4; Andover 1, Yale Freshmen 2.

On the afternoon of May 28, the team left on their first annual trip. The following games were played: Andover 5, Lawrenceville 2; Andover 2, Princeton Freshmen 0; Yale 'Varsity 5, Andover 3.

# Clippings.

WHERE WE FIND IT.

In base ball it's true
That we make much ado
Concerning each man on the team;
Yet tho' each knows the game
'Tis ever the same,—
In the pitcher we look for the cream.

Brunenian

Blest be the tie that binds
The collar to my shirt.
With gorgeous silken front it hides
At least a week of dirt.

Yale Record.

CALL 'EM DOWN.

The collars now worn so tremendously high,

Which rise up as if bristling with fear, Bound tight in a stock that encircles the throat.

Seem to me like a cuff on the ear. *Yale Record*.

THREE OF A KIND.

The chappie, who with weary smile
Attempts to give his clothes some style,
As tailor, wields the iron, while
His suit is being pressed.

On bended knee he next appears Imploring, 'mid his hopes and fears, "O, wilt thou?" maiden "wilts" in tears; His suit is being pressed.

In married life they've not agreed,
To live in peace he can't succeed
And for divorce his lawyers plead;
His suit is being pressed.

Brunonian.

SIGN OF SPRING.

With prospects of a treeless waste

The botanists are grieving;

For though the sun calls forth the flowers,

Yet all the trees are leaving.

Brunonian.

CHAPPIE'S LAMENT.

I walked one day with Phyllith Ovah in Bothton town,

I, in me long Pwynce Albert, She in a new Worth gown.

I talked that day with Phyllith Ovah in Bothton town, Of things intenth and thoulful,

Begged her me love to cwown.

I pawted that day from Phyllith
Ovah in Bothton town;

She'd be a bwothah to me, she said,
But wouldn't be Mitheth Bwown.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

A RULE OF WHIST.

The swell had lightly answered,
As he donned his new array,
"I'll step outside and change this bill,"
When the tailor asked for pay.
The tailor feared his habit was

The tailor feared his habit was
From his creditors to scoot;
He seized his hat and sagely said,
"Methinks I'll follow suit." Ex.

In a fashionable horse or a pony
One feature to note you'll not fail;—
The general traits are not tony,
The style must be shown in "de-tail."

Brunonian.

# Mirage.

SEIZE HER AT THE RUBICON.

"Oh, Jack!" cried blushing Constance,
"If you do I'll be so cross;
You'll wish you had n't been so bold,"
And she gave her head a toss.

Her ruby lips looked just as sweet, Although her head she tossed, And Jack, the bold, gave her a kiss, And the *Rubicon* was crossed.

Chiko

A NIGHT AT SEA.

We were just drifting. The tide was on the ebb and slowly carried us down the harbor. Not a breath of air was stirring, but far out beyond the white lighthouse that dark line along the water foretells a breeze.

Ah, now it has reached us, and as the boom swings lazily around we stand out across the sound. And now as we are fairly started, I will stop a moment to let you know who we are and where we are going. In respect to number we are three boys; our destination is that low lying island across the sound. We have come over from there this morning and now are on our way back. It is about five o'clock in the afternoon, and if the wind holds good we expect to be home at seven. After we have sailed some time the wind again dies out and we find ourselves being carried by the tide out through the Race towards the sea. We try to row, but it is impossible to stem the current, it runs so strong. But we are soon aware that we are in a greater danger than of being swept out to sea by the tide, for a gust of hot air blows over us, and as we look up we see that it has become quite dark in the last few moments.

Over to the northward the sky is black, and from time to time a flash of lightning breaks through the leaden heaven with a low rumbling of thunder. Now again a hot gust of air blows over us, and we all feel the approach of the thunder-storm that is arising in the opposite direction. We work with all our might, and slowly creep towards the island on our left. We can see the storm coming along on the water, a long low dark line, and the island seems to recede from us as we advance. At last the storm comes on. Now we are fairly under the lee of the protecting island with its high bluffs and are breathing easily once more. We throw over our anchor, and a sudden gust swings our boat around head into the wind.

The storm breaks upon us with all its fury. Our tight little craft tugs and pulls at her hawser to no purpose, while we in her cabin below sing college songs in defiance of the elements

Later we turn in, and as the sun got up the next morning from its watery MIRAGE. 299

bed you might have seen a small white sloop slowly edging its way along the shore, with three boys lazily lounging upon the deck.

The sky is clear, and as the gulls skim here and there it seems impossible that this same scene could have been so different the night before.

S. L. F.

Poor lad! he was poverty stricken,
But she was so sweet and gay
When she asked him to take her driving
How could he say her nay?

He couldn't; so went to the stable
And shelled out his dollars three,
And sighed to himself as he did so
"Alas! That's a horse on me."

Chiko.

#### ONLY A DREAM.

I wonder why I do not hear from my friend Joe. He reminds me so much of the god Apollo in all his purity that often in my dreams I am also an Ancient and associated with him in various feats.

Last night we were dressed in the garb of ancient soldiers and were contending with an enemy. We were fighting in water up to our necks, so it was easier to swim than to walk. The hottest of the fight was over and our number was growing smaller. My friend and I decided to flee, so we struck out to swim ashore and escape if possible. As we neared the shore on the wooded side of the lake, I saw some of their

heads over the rippling waters, in a place darkened by the shadows of overhanging trees: but it was too late to turn and escape without being noticed. I gave the alarm to my friend and turned with him after me. I was cutting the waves and gliding along swifter than the wind or winged lightning, when lo! my friend called to me, as he was beating the waves in vain, and asked me if I were going to desert him. thought not, so I turned and seized his slippery limbs in my arms and tried to assist him. But soon the enemy were upon us. They tore me loose from him and dragged me by the hair to a large opening in the earth where they had been cutting our companions to pieces and casting them in. I saw at a glance, as they hung my head over the edge and prepared to hack it off, limbs and heads of my companions deep down in the abyss, being mangled in the mud by great white swine, some of which looked up with blood-shot eyes for my miserable parts. I thought of Joe, and hoped that if he should perish his body would fall on mine before the tusks of the great white sow touched it. The young and stately king raised his broad sword to sever my head from my body. saw the glittering blade start up, and at first closed my eyes and held my teeth tightly together; but before it had time to come down with its mighty blow all was perfectly quiet, and I had no fear whatever either of the sword or the J. H. C.

#### GEOMETRY.

It's the bane of my very existence,
Ere long it will drive me insane;
Yet the teacher, with brutal persistence,
Insists that Geometry's plane.

Chiko.

"AN EPISODE OF INDIAN RIDGE."

Marion was a queen: not a queen of a country nor of anything else, but just a queen. She was nineteen, and ready to graduate the year I came to Andover. I loved her the first time that I saw her walking down town with some other girls. She passed me without giving a single glance. This almost broke my heart. I followed her up the street till she turned in the oval in front of the school. So things went on for a week or so, when I at last met her; not in the school drawing-room or parlor, but in a beautiful lane on "Indian Ridge." My friend went walking with her companion and we were left alone.

We sat down upon a large rock, with our feet in the melting snow and with large drops of water dripping from the trees o'erhead. It was really romantic, and really very chilly, but we did not mind that. I thought it just the time to say to her, what I had decided to when I first met her, but I did not exactly know how to begin. She evidently knew what was coming, for she encouraged me by giving me a glance. Then I glanced at her and we both glanced at each other, without saying a word.

Being suddenly moved by a gentle

tap on the arm, which I thought to be "Cupid," I decided to wait no longer, and said:

"Marion, wils't thou be mine?"

Then a voice from behind, loud and clear, answered. —

"Not now, most noble sire; it is time she was going lest she be late."

We both jumped to our feet, and looking around saw the Fem. Sem. principal, Miss McCormic, glaring at us. All is over between us. She went her way with the teacher. I went mine, and we never have seen each other since.

E. J. D. '95.

There was an old lady of Punkinville Who thought "swear words" so shocking,

That she'd not even pass the dam, Nor even darn a stocking.

Chiko.

#### A SKETCH ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The big "Gem City" was plowing her way down the swollen Mississippi, the night was dark and the rain was falling in torrents. All was dark except the red and green lights which swung from the smokestacks. The churning of the big side-wheels and the laboring of the engines seemed to make the night more dreadful. Up in the dark pilothouse two trusty pilots were firmly holding the wheel and peering out into the night, for the channel lights on the banks.

She was a few miles above the draw-

bridge at H——, and at that season it was a very difficult and dangerous undertaking for a big boat to pass through the draw.

The pilots were anxiously watching for the red lights on the bridge to appear, the captain in his oil-coat walked slowly up and down the cabin deck, while below on the freight deck the negro deck-hands stood in silent awe.

Suddenly as she rounded a bend, the bridge lights were seen. The big whistle hoarsely broke the spell. The engines were stopped, and she drifted with the swift current.

The lights on the draw began to move, and the pilots breathed easier when the squeaky whistle on the bridge gave the "all right" signal. Nearer and nearer she drifted; the engines were started; she was steered straight for the open draw,—then with a cheer from the deck hands and a sigh of relief from the captain and his pilots, she shot safely between the stone piers of the bridge and glided gracefully down the dark current.

G. D. '95.

#### SOLVED AT LAST.

Phyllis is the maiden's name Always used in college verse, Phyllis, Phyllis, nothing else, Nothing better, nothing worse.

Now the reason's only this,
'T is very plain to see,
College poets always are
In such sweet Phyllisity.

Chiko.

#### A PAINFUL MISTAKE.

Once a fair maid had a garden
Where she toiled full many an hour,
Hoeing, weeding, waiting, watching,
For the first wee budding flower.

And the plants were growing finely,
Till there came a season dry;
Then the maiden's heart grew heavy,
For she thought that they would die.

But one morning, bright and early,
All her sorrow gone, she rose,
She would save her pets from drooping,
She would buy a garden hose.

So she hied her to the merchant's, Gone her sadness, gone her woes, And she gave the clerk this order, "Please sir, twenty feet of hose."

But alas! The fellow's answer

Made the maid blush to her hair,

For he said, "I beg your pardon,

But we call them, Miss, ten pair."

Chiko.

#### THE REASON WHY

The broker's son asks of his dignified dad,

And he knows what the fashions are.—

"Why do you not wear the fashionable stock?

Said the broker "The stock's above pa."

Brunonian.

#### Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Philllips will be gladly received.

'32.—Rev. L. H. Sheldon died in Andover Saturday, May 19.

'44.—William F. Sayles of Pawtucket, R. I., recently died in that city, at the age of 70 years. He was a descendant of Roger Williams. Sayles Hall at Brown University was built in moemry of his son, William C. Sayles. Mr. Sayles was prominent in industrial and financial circles.

'54.—Hon. William A. Mowry, President of the Andover Alumni Association, has recently resigned as Superintendent of the Salem School Board.

'63.—Rev. Charles W. Park, for some years pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Derby, Conn., has resigned. Mr. Park was for a long time a missionary in India. He intends to enter the lecture field.

'64.—Col. Henry H. Hale died a short time ago at his home in Bradford, Mass. He was on Butler's staff when the latter was Governor, and was a delegate to the Democratic Convention at Chicago when Cleveland was first nom-

inated. Col. Hale was prominent in Masonic circles and was a generous, public-spirited man.

'71.—Hon. John Patton of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been appointed by the Governor United States Senator, to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Stockbridge, whose death occurred a short time ago.

'75.—A. D. Bissell is Professor of Modern Languages at Pamona College, Claremont, Cal.

'81.—J. H. Freeman will soon go as a missionary of the Presbyterian Board to the Laos people of Northern Siam.

'92.—L. P. Sheldon Yale '96, will be a member of Yale's athletic team that is to be sent to England to compete with Oxford this summer.

'92.—A. E. Foote, the tennis champion of Yale, has won the New England tournament at New Haven.

'93.—M. E. Stone, H. U. '97, has been elected a regular editor of the Harvard Crimson.

Ex. '97.—W. Gordon Parker has won the tennis tournament recently held in Washington, and is champion of the South.

#### Books.

JOHN INGERFIELD, by Jerome K. Jerome: Henry Holt & Company, New York.

In reading this story one is but poorly impressed with its introduction, and it is only at a second reading that it is fully appreciated. The scene is laid in London, and the story is divided into two chapters, of which the second is by far the better. This is due not only to the development and ennobling of the two main characters, but is true as regards the purely literary qualities. For those who have read the Duchess' "Doris," the story is especially interesting. The plot is practically identical, but the scenes portrayed and the carrying out of the thought differ materially.

John Ingerfield comes of a long line of money-seekers. His one great ambition is for gold, and through the lucrative though plebian business of tallow-making he has got it, but the struggle has made him an old man at sixty-six. In his treatment of the men who work for him he has resembled one of his ancestors on the Spanish Main who preferred to sink ship and all rather than give up one of his crew to the justice of the King's frigate. Stern loyalty, not kindly devotion, is his law.

He now wishes to marry social position, and at last he finds talents, family and beauty united in Miss Anne Singleton. Several years before she had given her heart in full to a young man who afterwards returned it broken to her, with a note saying that "if he kept on liking her, his father would cut short his allowance." Ingerfield makes her a fair offer—social position for wealth—and she accepts. Although in their after life in the great London mansion, he is all consideration and thoughtfulness, and she devotes her all to his advantage, yet a coldness springs up between them which must necessarily exist and ever broaden where love does not rule.

The second part of the story opens with the appearance of that dread angel of death, Typhus. John Ingerfield tells his wife to go to her father, until the malady is over. He must go to his people. He goes and she follows, and together they work for the common good. The counting-house becomes a hospital. In their devotion to humanity love suddenly springs up and flourishes in their hearts—a love so pure and holy and tender that it cannot be long of earth. Like the gallant commander on the high seas, he dies faithful at his post. His people will let no outside hand assist at his funeral. It is they who dig the grave, their children gather the flowers, and he is buried among them where they will pass by every day. One of their number carves upon the tomb-stone: "John Ingerfield," and is going to add a verse of scripture. "Wait," says the plain-spoken doctor; and in a few weeks the same man adds, "and Anne, his wife."

Thus briefly sketched is the plot of this beautiful story, and it is to be hoped that from this meagre account some may realize how well worth reading is the book.

D. G.



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